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THE COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

IN WHICH THE POEMS, INCLUDING A NUMBER HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED,  
ARE ARRANGED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY WERE WRITTEN,  
TOGETHER WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTES,  
AND A LIFE SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY  
EDMUND HENRY EITEL

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**THE COMPLETE WORKS**  
**OF**  
**JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**  
**IN SIX VOLUMES**



## "THEM OLD CHEERY WORDS"

PAP he allus ust to say,  
"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"  
Liked to hear him thataway,  
In his old split-bottomed cheer  
By the fireplace here at night—  
Wood all in,—and room all bright,  
Warm and snug, and folks all here:  
"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

Me and 'Lize, and Warr'n and Jess  
And Eldory home fer two  
Weeks' vacation; and, I guess,  
Old folks tickled through and through,  
Same as *we* was,—“Home onc't more  
Fer another Chris'mus—shore!”  
Pap 'ud say, and tilt his cheer,—  
“Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!”

Mostly Pap was ap' to be  
 Ser'ous in his "daily walk,"  
 As he called it; giner'ly  
 Was no hand to joke er talk.  
 Fac's is, Pap had never be'n  
 Rugged-like at all—and then  
 Three years in the army had  
 Hepped to break him purty bad.

Never *flinched!* but frost and snow  
 Hurt his wovnd in winter. But  
 You bet *Mother* knowed it, though!—  
 Watched his feet, and made him putt  
 On his flannen; and his knee,  
 Where it never healed up, he  
 Claimed was "well now—mighty near—  
 Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

Pap 'ud say, and snap his eyes . . . .  
 Row o' apples sputter'n' here

Mother tuk most comfort in  
 Jes' a-he'ppin' Pap: She'd fill  
 His pipe fer him, er his tin  
 O' hard cider; er set still  
 And read fer him out the pile  
 O' newspapers putt on file  
 Whilse he was with Sherman—(She  
 Knowed the whole war-history!)

Sometimes he'd git het up some.—  
 "Boys," he'd say, "and you girls, too,  
 Chris'mus is about to come;  
 So, as you've a right to do,  
*Celebrate* it! Lots has died,  
 Same as Him they crucified,  
 That you might be happy here.  
 Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

Missed his voice last Chris'mus—missed  
 Them old cheery words, you know!  
 Mother helt up tel she kissed  
 All of us—then had to go  
 And I lost down! And I found "THEM"

"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"—

"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

Over, over, still I hear,

"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

Yit, like him, I'm goin' to smile

And keep cheerful all the while:

*Allus* Chris'mus *There*—And here

"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

## A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

US-FOLKS is purty pore—but Ma  
She's waitin'—two years more—tel Pa  
He serves his term out. Our Pa he—  
*He's in the Penitenchurrie!*

Now don't you tell!—'cause *Sis*,  
The *baby*, *she* don't know he is.—  
'Cause she wuz only four, you know,  
He kissed her last an' hat to go!

Pa alluz liked *Sis* best of all  
Us childern.—'Spect it's 'cause she fall  
When she 'uz ist a *child*, one day—  
An' make her back look thataway.

Pa—'fore he be a burglar—he's  
A locksmith, an' maked locks, an' keys,  
An' knobs you pull fer bells to ring,  
An' he could ist make *anything!*—

Pa's out o' work when Chris'mus come  
One time, an' stay away from home,  
An' 's drunk an' 'buse our Ma, an' swear  
They ain't no "Old Kriss" anywhere!

An' Sis she alluz say they *wuz*  
A' Old Kriss—an' she alluz does.  
But ef they *is* a' Old Kriss, why,  
When's Chris'mus, Ma she alluz *cry*?

This Chris'mus *now*, we live here in  
Where Ma's rent's alluz due ag'in—  
An' she "ist slaves"—I heerd her say  
She did—ist them words thataway!

An' th'other night, when all's so cold  
An' stove's 'most out—our Ma she rolled  
Us in th' old feather-bed an' said,  
"To-morry's Chris'mus—go to bed,

"An' thank yer blessed stars fer this—  
We don't '*spect* nothin' from old Kriss!"  
An' cried, an' locked the door, an' prayed,  
An' turned the lamp down. . . . An' I laid



I slepted nen.—An' wuz dreamin' some  
When I waked up an' mornin' 's come,—  
Fer our Ma she wuz settin' square  
Straight up in bed, a-readin' there

Some letter 'at she'd read, an' quit,  
An' nen hold like she's huggin' it.—  
An' diamon' ear-rings she don't *know*  
Wuz in her ears tel I say so—

An' wake the rest up. An' the sun  
In frue the winder dazzle-un  
Them eyes o' Sis's, wiv a sure-  
Enough gold chain Old Kriss bringed to 'er!

An' *all* of us git gold things!—Sis,  
Though, say she know it "*ain't* Old Kriss—  
He kissed her, so she waked an' saw  
Him skite out—an' it wuz her Pa."

## YOUR HEIGHT IS OURS

TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, AT THE STODDARD  
BANQUET BY THE AUTHORS CLUB, NEW  
YORK, MARCH 25, 1897

O PRINCELY poet!—kingly heir  
Of gifts divinely sent,—  
Your own!—nor envy anywhere,  
Nor voice of discontent.

Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,  
And frail and weak of wing,  
Your height is ours—your ecstasy—  
Your glory, when you sing.

Most favored of the gods, and great  
In gifts beyond our store,  
We covet not your rich estate,  
But prize our own the more.—

## HYMN EXULTANT

### FOR EASTER

**V**OICE of Mankind, sing over land and sea—  
Sing, in this glorious morn!  
The long, long night is gone from Calvary—  
The cross, the thong and thorn;  
The sealed tomb yields up its saintly guest,  
No longer to be burdened and oppressed.

Heart of Mankind, thrill answer to His own,  
So human, yet divine!  
For earthly love He left His heavenly throne—  
For love like thine and mine—  
For love of us, as one might kiss a bride,  
His lifted lips touched death's, all satisfied.

Soul of Mankind, He wakes—He lives once more!  
O soul, with heart and voice  
Sing! sing!—the stone rolls chorus from the door—  
Our Lord stands forth.—Rejoice!

"O LIFE! O BEYOND!"

STRANGE—strange, O mortal Life,  
The perverse gifts that came to me from you!  
From childhood I have wanted *all* good things:  
You gave me few.

You gave me faith in One—  
Divine—above your own imperious might,  
O mortal Life, while I but wanted you  
And your delight.

I wanted dancing feet,  
And flowery, grassy paths by laughing streams;  
You gave me loitering steps, and eyes all blurred  
With tears and dreams.

I wanted love,—and, lo!  
As though in mockery, you gave me loss.  
O'erburdened sore, I wanted rest: you gave  
The heavier cross.

Now, at the last vast verge  
Of barren age, I stumble, reel, and fling  
Me down, with strength all spent and heart athirst  
And famishing.

Yea, now, Life, deal me death,—  
Your worst—your vaunted worst! . . . Across  
my breast  
With numb and fumbling hands I gird me for  
The best.

## OUR QUEER OLD WORLD

*Fer them 'at's here in airliest infant stages,  
It's a hard world:  
Fer them 'at gits the knocks of boyhood's ages,  
It's a mean world:  
Fer them 'at nothin's good enough they're gittin',  
It's a bad world:  
Fer them 'at learns at last what's right and fittin',  
It's a good world.*

—THE HIRED MAN

**I**T'S a purty hard world you find, my child—  
It's a purty hard world you find!  
You fight, little rascal! and kick and squall,  
And snort out medicine, spoon and all!  
When you're here longer you'll change your mind  
And simmer down sort o' half-rickonciled.  
But *now*—Jee!—  
*My!-mun-nee!*  
It's a purty hard world, my child!

It's a purty mean world you're in, my lad—  
It's a purty mean world you're in!  
We know, of course, in your schoolboy-days  
It's a world of too many troublesome ways  
Of tryin' things over and startin' ag'in,—

Yit *your* chance beats what your *parents* had.

But *now*—Oh!

Fire-and-tow!

It's a purty mean world, my lad!

It's a purty bad world you've struck, young chap—

It's a purty bad world you've struck—

But *study* the cards that you hold, you know,

And your hopes will sprout and your mustache  
grow,

And your store-clothes likely will change your  
luck,

And you'll rake a rich ladybird into your lap!

But *now*—Doubt

All things out.—

It's a purty bad world, young chap!

It's a purty good world this is, old man—

It's a purty good world this is!

For all its follies and shows and lies—

Its rainy weather, and cheeks likewise,

And age, hard-hearin' and rheumatiz.—

*We're* not a-faultin' the Lord's own plan—

All things 's jest

At their best.—

It's a purty good world, old man!

ON A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF  
STEVENSON

**A** FACE of youth mature ; a mouth of tender,  
Sad, human sympathy, yet something stoic  
In clasp of lip : wide eyes of calmest splendor,  
And brow serenely ample and heroic :—  
The features—all—lit with a soul ideal . . .  
O visionary boy ! what were you seeing,  
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real  
Ere yet one master-work of yours had being ?

Is it a foolish fancy that we humor—  
Investing daringly with life and spirit  
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumor  
Of your great future spoke that men might hear  
it?—

Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,  
That you were listening, and the camera drew you  
Heeding the voices of your untold stories



RUBÁIYÁT OF DOC SIFERS



## PROEM

*We found him in that Far-away that yet to us seems  
near—  
We vagrants of but yesterday when idlest youth  
was here,—  
When lightest song and laziest mirth possessed us  
through and through,  
And all the dreamy summer-earth seemed drugged  
with morning dew:*

*When our ambition scarce had shot a stalk or blade  
indeed:  
Yours,—choked as in the garden-spot you still de-  
ferred to "weed":  
Mine,—but a pipe half-cleared of pith—as now it  
fiats and whines  
In sympathetic cadence with a hiccough in the lines.*

*'Ay, even then—O timely hour!—the High Gods did  
confer  
In our behalf:—And, clothed in power, lo, came  
their Courier—  
Not winged with flame nor shod with wind,—but  
ambling down the pike,  
Horseback, with saddle-bags behind, and guise all  
human-like.*

*'And it was given us to see, beneath his rustic rind,  
A native force and mastery of such inspiring kind,  
That half unconsciously we made obeisance.—Smil-  
ing, thus*

*His soul shone from his eyes and laid its glory  
over us.*

*Though, faring still that Far-away that yet to us  
seems near,*

*His form, through mists of yesterday, fades from  
the vision here,*

*Forever as he rides, it is in retinue divine,—*

*The hearts of all his time are his, with your hale  
heart and mine.*

RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
DOC SIFERS

I

**I**F you don't know DOC SIFERS I'll jes' argy,  
here and now,  
You've bin a mighty little while about here, any-  
how,  
'Cause Doc he's rid these roads and woods—er  
*swum* 'em, now and then—  
And practised in this neighborhood sence hain't no  
tellin' when!

II

In radius o' fifteen mil'd, all p'int's o' compass round,  
No man er woman, chick er child, er team, on top o'  
ground,  
But knows *him*—yes, and got respects and likin'  
fer him, too,  
Fer all his so-to-speak dee-fects o' genius showin'  
through!

## III

Some claims he's absent-minded; some has said  
they wuz afeard  
To take his powders when he come and dosed 'em  
out, and 'peared  
To have his mind on somepin' else—like County  
Ditch, er some  
New way o' tannin' mussrat-pelts, er makin' butter  
come.

## IV

He's cur'ous—they hain't no mistake about it!—but  
he's got  
Enough o' extry brains to make a *jury*—like as not.  
They's no *describin'* Sifers,—fer, when all is said  
and done,  
He's jes' *hisse'f Doc Sifers*—ner they hain't no  
other one!

## V

Doc's allus sociable, polite, and 'greeable, you'll  
find—  
Pervidin' ef you strike him right and nothin' on his  
mind,—  
Like in some *hurry*, when they've sent fer Sifers  
*quick*, you see,  
To 'tend some sawmill-accident, er picnic jamboree;

VI

Er when the lightin' 's struck some harebrained  
 harvest-hand; er in  
 Some 'tempt o' suicidin'—where they'd ort to try  
 ag'in!  
 I've *knowned* Doc haul up from a trot and talk a'  
 hour er two  
 When railly he'd a-ort o' not a-stopped fer  
 "*Howdy-do!*"

VII

And then, I've met him 'long the road, *a-lopin'*,—  
 starin' straight  
 Ahead,—and yit he never knowed me when I  
 hollered "*Yate,*  
*Old Saddlebags!*" all hearty-like, er "*Who you goin'*  
*to kill?*"  
 And he'd say nothin'—only hike on faster, starin'  
 still!

VIII

I'd bin insulted, many a time, ef I jes' wuzn't shore  
 Doc didn't mean a thing. And I'm not tetchy any  
 more  
 Sence that-air day, ef he'd a-jes' a-stopped to jaw  
 with *me*,  
 They'd bin a little dorter less in my own fambily!

## IX

Times *now*, at home, when Sifers' name comes up, I  
jes' *let on*,  
You know, 'at I think Doc's to *blame*, the way he's  
bin and gone  
And disapp'inted folks—'Ll-*jee-mun-nee!* you'd ort  
to then  
Jes' hear my wife light into me—"*ongratefulest o'*  
*men!*"

## X

'Mongst *all* the women—mild er rough, splendifer-  
ous er plain,  
Er them *with* sense, er not enough to come in out  
the rain,—  
Jes' ever' shape and build and style o' women, fat  
er slim—  
They all like Doc, and got a smile and pleasant word  
fer *him!*

## XI

Ner hain't no horse I've ever saw but what'll neigh  
and try  
To sidle up to him, and paw, and sense him, ear-



## XII

And same with *dogs*,—take any breed, er strain, er  
pedigree,  
Er racial caste 'at can't concede no use fer you er  
me,—  
They'll putt all predju-dice aside in *Doc's* case and  
go in  
Kahoots with him, as satisfied as he wuz kith-and-  
kin!

## XIII

And *Doc's* a wonder, trainin' pets!—He's got a  
chicken-hawk,  
In kind o' half-cage, where he sets out in the  
gyarden-walk,  
And got that wild bird trained so tame, he'll loose  
him, and he'll fly  
Clean to the woods!—*Doc* calls his name—and he'll  
come, by and by!

## XIV

Some says no money down 'ud buy that bird o'  
*Doc*.—Ner no  
Inducement to the *bird*, says I, 'at *he'd* let *Sifers*  
go!  
And *Doc* *he* say 'at *he's* content—long as a bird o'  
prey  
Kin 'bide *him*, it's a *compliment*, and takes it  
thataway.

## XV

But, gittin' back to *docterin'*—all the sick and in  
distress,  
And old and pore, and weak and small, and lone  
and motherless,—  
I jes' tell *you* I 'preciate the man 'at's got the love  
To "go ye forth and ministrat!" as Scriptur' tells  
us of.

## XVI

*Dull* times, Doc jes' *mianders* round, in that old rig  
o' his:  
And hain't no tellin' where he's bound ner guessin'  
where he is;  
He'll drive, they tell, jes' thataway fer maybe six er  
eight  
Days at a stretch; and neighbors say he's bin clean  
round the State.

## XVII

He picked a' old tramp up, one trip, 'bout eighty  
mil'd from here,  
And fetched him home and k-yored his hip, and kep'  
him 'bout a year;  
And feller said—in all *his* ja'nts round this  
terreschul ball  
'At no man wuz a *circumstance* to *Doc!*—he topped  
'em all!—

## XVIII

Said, bark o' trees 's a' open book to Doc, and vines  
and moss  
He read like writin'—with a look knowed ever' dot  
and cross:  
Said, stars at night wuz jes' as good's a compass:  
said, he s'pose  
You couldn't lose Doc in the woods the darkest  
night that blows!

## XIX

Said, Doc'll tell you, purty clos't, by underbresh and  
plants,  
How fur off *warter* is,—and 'most perdict the sort  
o' chance  
You'll have o' findin' *fish*; and how they're liable to  
*bite*,  
And whether they're a-bitin' now, er only after  
night.

## XX

And, whilse we're talkin' *fish*,—I mind they formed  
a fishin'-crowd  
(When folks *could* fish 'thout gittin' *fined*, and  
seinin' wuz allowed!)  
O' leadin' citizens, you know, to go and seine "Old  
Blue"—  
But hadn't no big seine, and so—w'y, what wuz they  
to do? . . .

## XXI

And Doc he say he thought 'at *he* could *knit* a stitch  
er two—  
“Bring the *materials* to me—'at's all I'm astin' you!”  
And down he sets—six weeks, i jing! and knits  
that seine plum done—  
Made corks too, brails and ever'thing—good as a  
boughten one!

## XXII

Doc's *public* sperit—when the sick's not takin' *all*  
his time  
And he's got *some* fer politics—is simple yit  
sublime:—  
He'll *talk* his *principles*—and they air *honest*;—but  
the sly  
Friend strikes him first, election-day, he'd 'commo-  
date, er die!

## XXIII

And yit, though Doc, as all men knows, is square  
straight up and down,  
That vote o' his is—well, I s'pose—the cheapest one  
in town—

## XXIV

You kin corrupt the *ballot-box*—corrupt *yourse'f*,  
as well—  
Corrupt *some* neighbors,—but old Doc's as oncor-  
ruptible  
As Holy Writ. So putt a pin right there!—Let  
*Sifers* be,  
I jucks! he wouldn't vote ag'in' his own worst  
inimy!

## XXV

When Cynthy Eubanks laid so low with fever, and  
Doc Glenn  
Told Euby Cynth 'ud haf to go—they sends fer  
*Sifers* then! . . .  
Doc sized the case: "She's starved," says he, "fer  
*warter*—yes, and *meat*!  
The treatment 'at she'll git from *me's* all she kin  
drink and eat!"

## XXVI

He orders Euby then to split some wood, and take  
and build  
A fire in kitchen-stove, and git a young spring-

## XXVII

And biled that chicken-broth, and got that dinner—  
all complete  
And clean and crisp and good and hot as mortal  
ever eat!  
And Cynth and Euby both'll say 'at Doc'll git as  
good  
Meals-vittles up, jes' any day, as any *woman* could!

## XXVIII

Time Sister Abbick tuk so bad with striffen o' the  
lung,  
P'tracted Meetin', where she had jes' shouted,  
prayed, and sung  
All winter long, through snow and thaw,—when  
Sifers come, says he:  
“No, M'lissy; don't poke out your raw and cloven  
tongue at me!—

## XXIX

“I know, without no symptoms but them *injarubber-*  
*shoes*  
You promised me to never putt a fool-foot in ner  
use  
At purril o' your life!” he said. “And I won't save  
you *now*,  
Onless—here on your dyin' bed—you consecrate  
your vow!”

## XXX

Without a-claimin' *any creed*, Doc's rail religious  
views  
Nobody knows—ner got no *need* o' knowin' whilse  
he choose  
To be heerd not of man, ner raise no loud, vain-  
glorious prayers  
In crowded marts, er public ways, er—i jucks,  
*anywheres*!—

## XXXI

'Less'n it is away deep down in his own heart, at  
night,  
Facin' the storm, when all the town's a-sleepin' snug  
and tight—  
Him splashin' hence from scenes o' pride and sloth  
and gilded show,  
To some pore sufferer's bedside o' anguish, don't  
you know!

## XXXII

Er maybe dead o' *winter*—makes no odds to *Doc*,—  
he's got  
To face the weather ef it takes the hide off! 'cause  
he'll not  
*Lie* out o' goin' and p'tend he's sick hisse'f—like  
*some*  
'At I could name 'at folks might send fer and they'd  
*never* come!

## XXXIII

Like pore Phin Hoover—when he goes to that last  
dance o' his!  
That Chris'mus when his feet wuz froze—and Doc  
saved all they is  
Left of 'em—"Nough," as Phin say now, "to  
*track* me by, and be  
A advertisement, anyhow, o' what Doc's done fer  
me!—

## XXXIV

"When *he* come—knife-and-saw"—Phin say, "I  
knowed, ef I'd the spunk,  
'At Doc 'ud fix me up *some* way, ef nothin' but my  
*trunk*  
Wuz left, he'd fasten *casters* in, and have me,  
spick-and-span,  
A-skootin' round the streets ag'in as spry as any  
man!"

## XXXV

Doc sees a patient's *got* to quit—he'll ease him down  
serene  
As dozin' off to sleep, and yit not dope him with  
*morbheem*.—



XXXVI

And, mind ye now!—it's not in scoff and scorn, by  
 long degree,  
 'At Doc gits things like that-un off: it's jes' his  
*shority*  
 And total faith in Life to Come,—w'y, "from that  
*Land o' Bliss,"*  
 He says, "we'll haf to chuckle some, a-lookin' back  
 at this!"

XXXVII

And, still in p'int, I mind, one *night o' 'nitiation* at  
 Some secert lodge, 'at Doc set right down on 'em,  
 square and flat,  
 When they mixed up some Scriptur' and wuz  
*funnin'*-like—w'y, he  
 Lit in 'em with a rep'imand 'at ripped 'em, A to Z!

XXXVIII

And onc't—when ginerol loafin'-place wuz old Shoe-  
 Shop—and all  
 The gang 'ud git in there and brace their backs

## XXXIX

There wuz Sloke Haines and old Ike Knight and  
Coonrod Simmes—all three  
Ag'inst the Bible and the Light, and scoutin' Deity.  
"Science," says Ike, "it *demonstrates*—it takes  
nobody's word—  
*Scriptur*' er not,—it '*vestigates* ef sich things could  
occurred!"

## XL

Well, Doc he heerd this,—he'd drapped in a minute,  
fer to git  
A tore-off heel pegged on ag'in,—and, as he stood  
on it  
And stomped and grinned, he says to Ike, "I s'pose  
now, purty soon  
Some lightin'-bug, indignant-like, 'll '*vestigate* the  
moon! . . .

## XLI

"No, Ike," says Doc, "this world hain't saw no  
brains like yourn and mine  
With sense enough to grasp a law 'at takes a brain  
divine.—  
I've bared the thoughts of brains in doubt, and felt  
their finest pulse,—  
And mortal brains jes' won't turn out omnipotent  
results!"

## XLII

And Doc he's got respects to spare the *rich* as well  
as *pore*—

Says he, "I'd turn no *millionnaire* onsheltered from  
my door."—

Says he, "What's wealth to him in quest o' *honest*  
friends to back

And love him fer *hisse'f*?—not jes' because he's  
made his jack!"

## XLIII

And childern.—*Childern*? Lawzy-day! Doc *wor-*  
*ships* 'em!—You call

Round at his house and *ast* 'em!—they're  
a-*swarmin'* there—that's all!—

They're in his *Lib'ry*—in best room—in kitchen—  
fur and near,—

In office too, and, I p'sume, his operatin'-cheer!

## XLIV

You know they's men 'at *bees* won't sting?—They's  
plaguy *few*,—But Doc

He's one o' *them*.—And same, i jing! with  
*childern*;—they jes' flock

Round Sifers *natchurl*!—in his lap, and in his  
pockets, too,

And in his old fur mitts and cap, and *heart* as warm  
and true!

## XLV

It's cur'ous, too,—'cause Doc hain't got no childern  
of his own—  
'Ceptin' the ones he's tuk and brought up, 'at's  
bin left alone  
And orphans when their father died, er mother,—  
and Doc he  
Has he'pped their dyin' satisfied.—“The child shall  
live with me

## XLVI

“And Winniferd, my wife,” he'd say, and stop right  
there, and cle'r  
His th'ot, and go on thinkin' way *some* mother-  
hearts down here  
Can't never feel *their own* babe's face a-pressin'  
'em, ner make  
Their naked breasts a restin'-place fer any baby's  
sake.

## XLVII

Doc's *Lib'ry*—as he calls it,—well, they's ha'f-a-  
dozen she'ves  
Jam-full o' books—I couldn't tell *how* many—count  
yourse'ves!

XLVIII

And Plutarch's Lives—and life also o' Dan'el  
 Boone, and this-  
 Here Mungo Park, and Adam Poe—jes' all the *lives*  
 they is!  
 And Doc's got all the *novels* out,—by Scott and  
 Dickison  
 And Cooper.—And, I make no doubt, he's read 'em  
 ever' one!

XLIX

Onc't, in his office, settin' there, with crowd o' eight  
 er nine  
 Old neighbors with the time to spare, and Doc  
 a-feelin' fine,  
 A man rid up from Rollins, jes' fer Doc to write  
 him out  
 Some blame' p'scription—done, I guess, in minute,  
 nigh about.—

L

And *I* says, "Doc, you 'pear so spry, jes' write me  
 that recei't  
 You have fer bein' *happy* by,—fer that 'ud shorely  
 beat  
 Your *medicine*!" says I.—And quick as *s'cat*! Doc

## LI

And then, "A-talkin' further 'bout that line o'  
thought," says he,  
"Ef we'll jes' do the work cut out and give' to you  
and me,  
We'll lack no joy, ner appetite, ner all we'd ort to  
eat,  
And sleep like childern ever' night—as puore and  
ca'm and sweet."

## LII

Doc *has* bin 'cused o' *offishness* and lack o' talkin'  
free  
And extry friendly; but he says, "I'm '*feard* o'  
talk," says he,—  
"I've got," he says, "a natchurl turn fer talkin' fit  
to kill.—  
The best and hardest thing to learn is trick o'  
keepin' still."

## LIII

Doc *kin* smoke, and I s'pose he *might* drink lick—  
jes' fer fun.  
He says, "*You* smoke, *you* drink all right; but *I*  
don't—neether one"—  
Says, "*I like* whisky—'good old rye'—but like it in  
its place,  
Like that-air warter in your eye, er nose there on  
your face."

LIV

Doc's bound to have his joke! The day he got that  
off on me  
I jes' had sold a load o' hay at "Scofield's Livery,"  
And tolled Doc in the shed they kep' the hears't in,  
where I'd hid  
The stuff 'at got me "out o' step," as Sifers said  
it did.

LV

Doc hain't, to say, no "rollin' stone," and yit he  
hain't no hand  
Fer 'cumulatin'.—*Home's* his own, and scrap o'  
farmin'-land—  
Enough to keep him out the way when folks is tuk  
down sick  
The suddentest—'most any day they want him  
'special quick.

LVI

And yit Doc loves his practise; ner don't, wilful,  
want to slight  
No call—no matter who—how fur away—er day er  
night.—  
He loves his work—he loves his friends—June,  
Winter, Fall, and Spring:  
His *lovin'*—facts is—never ends; he loves jes'  
*ever* thing. . . .

## LVII

'Cept—*keepin'* books. He never sets down no  
 accounts.—He hates,  
 The worst of all, collectin' debts—the worst, the  
 more he waits.—  
 I've knowed him, when at last he *had* to dun a  
 man, to end  
 By makin' him a loan—and mad he hadn't more to  
 lend.

## LVIII

When Pence's Drug Store ust to be in full blast,  
 they wuz some  
 Doc's patients got things frekantly there, charged  
 to *him*, i gum!—  
 Doc run a bill there, don't you know, and allus when  
 he squared,  
 He never questioned nothin',—so he had his feelin's  
 spared.

## LIX

Now sich as that, I hold and claim, hain't '*scusable*  
 —it's not  
*Perfessional!*—It's jes' a shame 'at Doc hisse'f  
 hain't got  
 No better *business-sense*! That's why lots 'd respect



## LX

This-here Doc *Glenn*, fer instance; er this little  
jack-leg *Hall*;—  
They're *business*—folks respects 'em fer their  
*business* more'n all  
They ever knowed, er ever *will*, 'bout *medicine*.—  
Yit they  
Collect their money, k-yore er kill.—They're  
*business*, anyway!

## LXI

You ast Jake Dunn;—he's worked it out in  
*figgers*.—He kin show  
*Statisticks* how Doc's airnt about *three* fortunes in  
a row,—  
Ever' ten-year' hand-runnin' straight—*three* of 'em  
—*thirty* year'  
'At Jake kin count and 'lucidate o' Sifer's practise  
here.

## LXII

Yit—"Praise the Lord," says Doc, "we've got our  
little home!" says he—  
"(It's raily *Winniferd's*, but what she owns, she  
sheers with me.)  
We' got our little gyarden-spot, and peach and  
apple trees,  
And stable, too, and chicken-lot, and eighteen hive'  
o' bees."

## LXIII

You call it anything you please, but it's *witchcraft*  
 —the power  
 'At Sifers has o' handlin' bees!—He'll watch 'em  
 by the hour—  
 Mix right amongst 'em, mad and hot and swarmin'!  
 —yit they won't  
 Sting *him*, er *want* to—'*pear* to not,—at least I  
 know they *don't*.

## LXIV

With *me* and bees they's no *p'tense* o' socialbility—  
 A dad-burn bee 'ud climb a fence to git a whack  
 at *me*!  
 I s'pose no thing 'at's *got* a sting is railly satisfied  
 It's *sharp* enough, ontel, i jing! he's honed it on  
 my hide!

## LXV

And Doc he's allus had a knack *inventin'* things.—  
 Dee-vised  
 A windlass wound its own se'f back as it run down :  
 and s'prised

## LXVI

And onc't, I mind, in airly Spring, and tappin'  
sugar trees,  
Doc made a dad-burn little thing to sharpen *spiles*  
with—these—  
Here wood'-spouts 'at the peth's punched out, and  
driv' in where they bore  
The auger-holes. He sharpened 'bout *a million*  
spiles er more!

## LXVII

And Doc's the first man ever swung a *bucket* on a  
tree  
Instid o' *troughs*; and first man brung *grained*  
sugar—so's 'at he  
Could use it fer his coffee, and fer cookin', don't  
you know.—  
Folks come clean up from Pleasantland 'fore they'd  
*believe* it, though!

## LXVIII

And all Doc's stable-doors *onlocks* and locks  
*theirse'ves*—and gates  
The same way;—all rigged up like clocks, with  
pulleys, wheels, and weights,—  
So 's Doc says "Drivin' out er in, they'll open."

## LXIX

And Doc 'ud made a mighty good *detective*.—  
 Neighbors all  
 Will testify to *that*—er *could*, ef they wuz legal call:  
 His theories on any crime is worth your listenin'  
 to.—  
 And he has hit 'em, many a time, long 'fore  
 established true.

## LXX

At this young druggist Wenfield Pence's trial fer  
 his life,  
 On *primy faishy* evidence o' pizonin' his wife,  
*Doc's* testimony saved and cle'ed and 'quitted him  
 and freed  
 Him so's he never even 'peared cog-nizant of the  
 deed!

## LXXI

The facts wuz—Sifers testified,—at inquest he had  
 found  
 The stummick showed the woman *died* o' pizon, but  
 had downed  
 The dos't *herse'f*,—because *amount* and *cost* o'  
 drug employed  
 No *druggist* would, on *no* account, 'a' lavished and  
 destroyed!

LXXII

Doc tracked a blame-don burglar down, and *nailed*  
 the scamp, to boot,  
 But told him ef he'd leave the town he wouldn't  
 prosecute.  
 He traced him by a tied-up thumb-print in fresh  
 putty, where  
 Doc glazed it. Jes' *that's* how he come to track him  
 to his lair!

LXXIII

Doc's jes' a *leetle* too inclined, *some* thinks, to  
 overlook  
 The criminal and vicious kind we'd ort to bring to  
 book  
 And punish, 'thout no extry show o' *sympathizin'*,  
 where  
*They* hain't showed none fer *us*, you know. But he  
 takes issue there:

LXXIV

Doc argies 'at "The Red-eyed Law," as *he* says,  
 "ort to learn  
 To lay a mighty leenient paw on deeds o' sich  
 concern

## LXXV

Doc even holds 'at *murder* hain't no crime we got  
a right  
To *hang* a man fer—claims it's *taint* o' *lunacy*, er  
*quite*.—  
“Hold *sich* a man responsibul fer murder,” Doc  
says,—“then,  
When *he's* hung, where's the rope to pull them  
*sound-mind* jurymen?”

## LXXVI

“It's in a nutshell—*all* kin see,” says Doc,—“it's  
cle'r the *Law's*  
As ap' to err as you er me, and kill without a cause:  
The man most innocent o' sin *I've* saw, er '*spect* to  
see,  
Wuz servin' a life-sentence in the penitetchury.”

## LXXVII

And Doc's a whole hand at a *fire!*—directin' how  
and where  
To set your ladders, low er higher, and what first  
duties air,—  
Like formin' warter-bucket-line; and best man in  
the town  
To chop holes in old roofs, and mine defective  
chimblies down:

## LXXVIII

Er durin' any public crowd, mass-meetin', er big  
day,  
Where ladies ortn't be allowed, as I've heerd Sifers  
say,—  
When they's a suddent rush somewhere, it's Doc's  
voice, ca'm and cle'r,  
Says, "Fall back, men, and give her air!—that's  
all she's faintin' fer."

## LXXIX

The sorriest I ever feel fer Doc is when some show  
Er circus comes to town and he'll not git a chance  
to go.  
'Cause he jes' natchurly *delights* in circuses—clean  
down  
From tumblers, in their spangled tights, to trick-  
mule and Old Clown.

## LXXX

And ever'budy *knows* it, too, how Doc is,  
thataway! . . .  
I mind a circus onc't come through—wuz there

## LXXXI

"Of this vast audience, I fain would make  
inquiry cle'r,  
And learn, find out, and ascertain—*Is Doctor Sifers  
here?*"  
And when some fool-voice bellers down: "He is!  
He's settin' in  
Full view o' ye!" "*Then,*" says the Clown, "*the  
circus may begin!*"

## LXXXII

Doc's got a *temper*; but, he says, he's learnt it  
which is boss,  
Yit has to *watch* it, more er less. . . . I never seen  
him cross  
But onc't, enough to make him swear ;—milch-cow  
stepped on his toe,  
And Doc ripped out "*I doggies!*"—There's the  
only case I know.

## LXXXIII

Doc says that's what your temper's fer—to hold  
back out o' view,  
And learn it never to occur on out ahead o' you.—  
"*You lead the way,*" says Sifers—"git your *temper*



## LXXXIV

He hates contentions—can't abide a wrangle er  
dispute  
O' any kind; and he 'ull slide out of a crowd and  
skoot  
Up some back-alley 'fore he'll stand and listen to a  
furse  
When ary one's got upper-hand and t'other one's  
got worse.

## LXXXV

Doc says: "I 'spise, when pore and weak and  
awk'ard talkers fails,  
To see it's them with hardest cheek and loudest  
mouth pervails.—  
A' all-one-sided quarr'l 'll make me *biassed*, mighty  
near,—  
'Cause ginerly the side I take's the one I never  
hear."

## LXXXVI

What 'peals to Doc the most and best is "seein'  
folks *agreed*,  
And takin' ekal interest and universal heed  
O' ever'body *else's* words and idies—same as we  
Wuz glad and chirpy as the birds—jes' as we'd  
*ort* to be!"

## LXXXVII

And *paterotic!* Like to git Doc started, full and fair,  
 About the war, and why 't'uz fit, and what wuz  
     'complished there;  
 "And who wuz *wrong*," says Doc, "er *right*, 't'uz  
     waste o' blood and tears,  
 All prophesied in *Black* and *White* fer years and  
     years and years!"

## LXXXVIII

And then he'll likely kind o' tetch on old John  
     Brown, and dwell  
 On what *his* warnin's wuz; and ketch his breath and  
     cough, and tell  
 On down to Lincoln's death. And *then*—well, he  
     jes' chokes and quits  
 With "I must go now, gentlemen!" and grabs his  
     hat, and *gits!*

## LXXXIX

Doc's own war-rickord wuzn't won so much in line  
     o' fight  
 As line o' work and nussin' done the wounded, day  
     and night

## XC

His wuz the face they saw the first—all dim, but  
smilin' bright,  
As they come to and knowed the worst, yit saw the  
old *Red-White-*  
*And-Blue* where Doc had fixed it where they'd see  
it *wavin'* still,  
Out through the open tent-flap there, er 'crost the  
winder-sill.

## XCI

And some's a-limpin' round here yit—a-waitin'  
Last Review,—  
'Ud give the pensions 'at they git, and pawn their  
crutches, too,  
To he'p Doc out, ef he wuz pressed financial'—  
same as he  
Has *allus* he'pped them when distressed—ner never  
tuk a fee.

## XCII

Doc never wuz much hand to pay attention to  
*p'tense*  
And fuss-and-feathers and display in men o' promi-  
nence:  
"A raily *great* man," Sifers 'lows, "is not the  
out'ard dressed—  
All uniform, salutes and bows, and swellin' out his  
chest.

## XCIII

"I *met* a great man onc't," Doc says, "and shuk his  
hand," says he,  
"And *he* come 'bout in *one*, I guess, o' disapp'intin'  
*me*—  
He talked so common-like, and brought his mind so  
cle'r in view  
And simple-like, I purt' nigh thought, '*I'm* best man  
o' the two!'"

## XCIV

Yes-*sir*! Doc's got convictions and old-fashioned  
kind o' ways  
And idies 'bout this glorious Land o' Freedom; and  
he'll raise  
His hat clean off, no matter where, jes' ever' time he  
sees  
The Stars and Stripes a-floatin' there and flappin'  
in the breeze.

## XCV

And tunes like old "Red-White-and-Blue" 'll fairly  
drive him wild,

## XCVI

And yit, that very man we see all trimbly, pale and  
wann,  
Give him a case o' *surgery*, we'll see another man!—  
*We'll* do the trimblin' then, and *we'll* git white  
around the gills—  
He'll show us *nerve* o' nerves, and he 'ull show us  
*skill* o' skills!

## XCVII

*Then* you could toot your horns and beat your  
drums and bang your guns,  
And wave your flags and march the street, and  
charge, all Freedom's sons!—  
And Sifers *then*, I bet my hat, 'ud never flinch a  
hair,  
But, stiddy-handed, 'tend to that pore patient layin'  
there.

## XCVIII

And Sifers' *eye's* as stiddy as that hand o' his!—  
He'll shoot  
A' old-style rifle, like he has, and smallest bore, to  
boot,  
With any fancy rifles made to-day, er expert shot  
'At works at shootin' like a *trade*—and all *some* of  
'em's got!

## XCIX

Let 'em go right out in the *woods* with Doc, and  
leave their "traps"  
And blame' glass-balls and queensware-goods, and  
see how Sifers draps  
A squirrel out the tallest tree.—And 'fore he fires  
he'll say  
Jes' where he'll hit him—yes, *sir-ee!* And he's hit  
thataway!

## C

Let 'em go out with him, i jucks! with fishin'-pole  
and gun,—  
And ekal chances, fish and ducks, and take the *rain*,  
er *sun*,  
Jes' as it pours, er as it blinds the eyesight; *then* I  
guess  
'At they'd acknowledge, in their minds, their  
disadvantages.

## CI

And yit *he'd* be the last man out to flog his wings  
and crow

CII

Doc gits off now and then and takes a huntin'-trip  
 somewhere  
 'Bout Kankakee, up 'mongst the lakes—sometimes'll  
 drift round there  
 In his canoe a week er two; then paddle clean on  
 back  
 By way o' old Wabash and Blue, with fish—all he  
 kin pack,—

CIII

And wild ducks—some with feathers on 'em yit,  
 and stuffed with grass.  
 And neighbors—all knows he's bin *gone*—comes  
 round and gits a bass—  
 A great big double-breasted "rock," er "black," er  
 maybe *pair*  
 Half fills a' ordinary crock. . . . Doc's *fish*'ll give  
 out there

CIV

Long 'fore his *ducks*!—But folks'll smile and  
 blandish him, and make  
 Him tell and *tell* things!—all the while enjoy 'em

## CV

He's jes' a *child*, 's what Sifers is! And-sir, I'd  
ruther see  
That happy, childish face o' his, and puore  
simplicity,  
Than any shape er style er plan o' mortals  
otherwise—  
With perfect faith in God and man a-shinin' in his  
eyes.

TAMAM



## WHERE THE CHILDREN USED TO PLAY

THE old farm-home is Mother's yet and mine,  
And filled it is with plenty and to spare,—  
But we are lonely here in life's decline,  
Though fortune smiles around us everywhere:  
We look across the gold  
Of the harvests, as of old—  
The corn, the fragrant clover, and the hay;  
But most we turn our gaze,  
As with eyes of other days,  
To the orchard where the children used to play.

*O from our life's full measure  
And rich hoard of worldly treasure  
We often turn our weary eyes away,  
And hand in hand we wander  
Down the old path winding yonder  
To the orchard where the children used to  
play.*

Our sloping pasture-lands are filled with herds;  
The barn and granary-bins are bulging o'er;  
The grove's a paradise of singing birds—  
The woodland brook leaps laughing by the door;  
Yet lonely, lonely still,  
Let us prosper as we will,

56 WHERE THE CHILDREN USED TO PLAY

Our old hearts seem so empty every way—  
We can only through a mist  
See the faces we have kissed  
In the orchard where the children used to play.

*O from our life's full measure  
And rich hoard of worldly treasure  
We often turn our weary eyes away,  
And hand in hand we wander  
Down the old path winding yonder  
To the orchard where the children used to  
play.*

## MR. FOLEY'S CHRISTMAS

*There's nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.*

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

### I

SINCE pick av them I'm sore denied  
'Twixt play or work, I say,  
Though it be Christmas, I decide  
I'll work whilst others play:  
I'll whustle, too, wid Christmas pride  
To airn me extry pay.—  
It's like the job's more glorified  
That's done a-holiday!

Dan, dip a coal in dad's pipe-bowl;  
Kate, pass me dinner-can:  
Och! Mary woman, save yer sowl,

## II

Whisht, Kate an' Dan!—ten thousan' grates  
There's yon where ne'er a charm  
Av childer-faces sanctuates  
The city-homes from harm:  
It's cold out there the weather waits  
An' bitter whirls the storm,  
But, faith! these arms av little Kate's  
'Ll kape her fayther warm!

Ay, Danny, tight me belt a mite,—  
Kate, aisy wid the can!—  
Sure, I'd be comin' home to-night  
A hungry workin'-man—  
D'ye moind, this Christmas avenin'—  
A howlin'-hungry man!

## III

It's sorry for the boss I be,  
Wid new contracts to sign  
An' hire a sub to oversee  
Whilst he lave off an' dine:  
It's sorry for the Company  
That owns the Aarie Line—  
... ..

There, Katy! git me t'other mitt,

An' fetch me yon from Dan—

(Wid aich one's "Christmas" hid in it!)

Lave go me dinner-can!—

Ye'll have me docked this mornin'—

This blessed Christmas mornin',—

A dishgraced workin'-man!

## TO SANTA CLAUS

**M**OST tangible of all the gods that be,  
O Santa Claus—our own since Infancy!—  
As first we scampered to thee—now, as then,  
Take us as children to thy heart again.

Be wholly good to us, just as of old;  
As a pleased father, let thine arms infold  
Us, homed within the haven of thy love,  
And all the cheer and wholesomeness thereof.

Thou lone reality, when O so long  
Life's unrealities have wrought us wrong:  
Ambition hath allured us,—fame likewise,  
And all that promised honor in men's eyes.

Throughout the world's evasions, wiles, and  
shifts,  
Thou only bidest stable as thy gifts:—  
A grateful king re-ruleth from thy lap,  
Crowned with a little tinsel soldier-cap:

A mighty general—a nation's pride—  
Thou givest again a rocking-horse to ride,

The sculptor's chisel, at thy mirth's command,  
Is as a whistle in his boyish hand;  
The painter's model fadeth utterly,  
And there thou standest,—and he painteth  
thee:—

Most like a winter pippin, sound and fine  
And tingling-red that ripe old face of thine,  
Set in thy frosty beard of cheek and chin  
As midst the snows the thaws of spring set in.

Ho! Santa Claus—our own since Infancy—  
Most tangible of all the gods that be!—  
As first we scampered to thee—now, as then,  
Take us as children to thy heart again.

## CHRISTMAS ALONG THE WIRES

*Scene—Hoosier railway station, Washout Glen*

*Night—Interior of Telegraph Office—Single operator's table in some disorder—lunch-basket, litter of books and sheet-music—a flute and a guitar—Rather good-looking young man, evidently in charge, talking to commercial traveler.*

**J**UNCTION-Station—Pilot Knob—  
Say "the operator there  
Is a *girl*—with auburn hair  
And blue eyes, and purty, too,  
As they make 'em!"—That'll do!—  
They *all* know her 'long the Line—  
Railroad men, from President  
Of the road to section-hand!—  
And she knows *us*—the whole mob  
Of us *lightnin'-slingers*—Shoo!—  
*Brownie's* got us all down fine!  
Though she's *business*, understand,  
Brownie she just beats the band!  
Brownie she's held up that job



The whole road decided now  
Was no time for nothin' small,—  
It was *Brownie's* job! Since ten  
Years of age she'd been with *him*  
In the office. Now, I guess,  
She was sixteen, more or less—  
Just a girl, but strong and trim,  
And as independent, too,  
And *reliable* clean through  
As the old man when he died  
Two mile' up the track beside  
His red-light, one icy night  
When the line broke down—and yet  
He got there in time, you bet,  
To shut off a wreck all right!  
Yes, *some* life here, and romance—  
Pilot Knob, though, and Roachdale,  
And this little eight-by-ten  
Dinky town of Washout Glen  
Have to pool inhabitants  
Even for enough young men  
To fill out a country dance,—  
All chip in on some joint-date,  
And whack up and pony down  
And *combine* and celebrate,—  
Say, on Decoration Day—  
Fourth o' July—Easter, or

Roachdale is herself again !  
Like *last* Christmas, when all three  
Towns colloqued, and far and near  
Billed things for a Christmas-Tree  
At old Roachdale. Now mark here :—  
I had leave, last Holidays,  
And was goin' home, you see,  
Two weeks—and the Company  
Sent a man to fill my place—  
An old *chum* of mine, in fact,  
I'd been coixin' to arrange  
Just to have his dressin'-case  
And his latest music packed  
And come on here for a change.  
He'd been here to visit me  
Once before—in *summer then*,—  
Come to stay “just two or three  
Days,” he said—and he stayed *ten*.  
When he left here *then*—Well, he  
Was clean gone on Brownie—wild  
And plum silly as a child !  
Name—MacClintock. Most young men  
Stood 'way back when Mac was round.  
Fact is, he was *fine*, you know—  
Silver-tenor voice that went  
Up among the stars, and sent  
— . . . . .

And smelt right ; and used to blow  
A smooth flute—And a *guitar*  
No man heard till he heard *him!*—  
Say, some midnight serenade—  
*Oomh!* how drippin'-sweet he played!  
*Boys*, though, wasn't stuck on Mac  
So blame' much,—especially  
*Roachdale* operator.—He  
Kind o' had the inside-track  
On *all* of us, as to who  
Got most talk from Brownie, when  
She had nothin' else to do  
But to buzz us now and then  
Up and down the wires, you know ;  
And we'd jolly back again  
'Bout some dance—and "Would she go  
With *us* or her *Roachdale* beau?"  
(*Boys* all called him "Roachy"—see?)—  
Wire her, "Was she 'Happy now'?"  
And "How's 'Roachy,' anyhow?"  
Or, "Say, Brownie, who's the jay  
You was stringin' yesterday?"  
'And I've sat here when this key  
Shot me like a battery,  
Just 'cause Brownie wired to say  
That "That box o' fruit or flowers.

'Course *he'd* sent 'em—no mistake!  
*Lord, she kept that man awake!*  
Yet he kept *her* fooled: His cheek  
And pure goody-goody gall  
Hid from *her*—if not from all—  
A quite vivid "*yellow streak*."  
Awful' jealous, don't you see?—  
Felt he had a *right* to be,  
Maybe, bein' *engaged*.—And they  
*Were* engaged—that's straight.—"G A!"\*—  
Well: MacClintock when *he* come  
Down from York to take this job,  
*And stopped off at Pilot Knob*  
*For "instructions,"* there was some  
Indications of unrest  
At *Roachdale* right from the start,—  
"Roachy" wasn't *awful*' smart,  
Maybe, but he done his best—  
With such brains as he possessed.—  
Anyway he made *one* play  
That was brilliant—of its kind—  
And *maintained* it.—From the day  
That MacClintock took my key  
And I left on Number Three,  
"Roachy" opened up on Mac  
And just *loved* him!—purred and whined  
'Cross the wires how tickled he  
Was to hear that *Mac* was back,  
And how glad the *girls* would be

As he'd reason to believe,—  
And how, even *then*, they were  
"Shapin' things at old Roachdale  
For a blow-out, Christmas-eve,  
That would turn all others pale!—  
First a *Christmas-Tree*, at old  
Armory Hall, and then the floor  
Cleared, and—"

"Come in out the cold!"  
Breaks MacClintock—"Don't I know?—  
Dancin', say, from ten till four—  
Maybe *daylight* 'fore we go!—  
With Ben Custer's Band to pour  
Music out in swirlin' rills  
And back-tides o' waltz-quadrilles  
Level with the window-sills!—  
Roachy, you're a *bird*!—But, say,—  
How am I to get away  
From the office here?"

Well, then  
"Roachy" wires him back again:—  
"That's O. K.,—I call a *man*  
Up from *Dunkirk*; got it all  
Fixed.—So Christmas-eve, you can  
Collar the seven-thirty train  
For Roachdale—the same that *he*  
Comes on.—Leave your office-key  
In the door: he'll do the rest."  
Then "old Roachy" rattled through  
A long list of who'd be there,—  
Boys and girls that Mac knew best—

*One* name, though, that had no bare  
Little mention anywhere!  
Then he shut off, as he said,  
For his supper. . . . About ten  
Minutes *Mac* was *called again*—  
With a click that flushed him red  
As the signal-flag—and then  
Came like music in the air—  
“Yes, and *Brownie* will be there!”

---

Folks tell *me*, that Christmas-Tree,  
Dance and whole blame’ jamboree,  
Looked like it was goin’ to be  
A blood-curdlin’ tragedy.  
People ’long the *roads*, you know—  
Well, they’ve had experience  
With all sorts of *accidents*,  
And they’ve learnt *some* things,—and so  
When an accident or wreck  
Happens, they know *some man’s* “*break*”  
Is responsible, and hence—  
Well—they want to *break* his *neck*!  
So it happened. Christmas-eve.

On the general crowd ; and when  
Purty soon the rumor spread—  
*Wreck* had probably occurred—  
Some one said somebody said  
That he'd heard somebody say,  
“*Operator at the Glen*  
Was to blame for the delay—  
Fact is, he had run away  
From his office—Even then  
Was in *Roachdale*—there to be  
Present at the Christmas-Tree  
And the ‘shindig’ afterward,  
Wreck or *no wreck*!” . . . *Mac* sat up,  
Whiter than the shavin’-cup. . . .  
Back of *his* face in the glass  
He stared into he could see  
A big crowd there—and, alas!  
Not in all that threatening throng  
One friend’s face of sympathy—  
One friend knowin’ right from wrong!  
He got on his feet—erect—  
Nervy ;—faced the crowd, and then  
Said: “*I am MacClintock from*  
*The Glen-office, and I’ve come*  
*To your Christmas festival*  
*By request of one that all*  
*Of you honor, gentlemen,—*  
*Your most trusted citizen—*  
*Your own operator here*  
*At the station-office—where*  
*He’ll acquit me of neglect,*

And will make it plain and clear  
Who the sub. is he sent there  
To my office at the Glen—  
Or, if *not* one there,—who then  
Is indeed the criminal? . . .  
I am going now to call  
On him.—Join me, gentlemen—  
I insist you come with me.”  
Well, a sense of some respect  
Caught 'em,—and they followed, all,  
Silently, though sullenly.

Fortunately, half a square  
Brought 'em to the station and  
The crowd there that packed the small  
Waiting-room on every hand,  
With a kind o' general stand  
Round the half-door window through  
Which “old Roachy,” in full view,  
Sat there, smilin' in a sick  
Sort o' way, yet gloryin', too,  
In the work he had to do.  
Mac worked closer, breathin' quick  
At the muttered talk of some  
Of the toughest of the crowd;



Glen's fool-operator *here*—  
What's-his-name?—MacClintock.—Fear  
Mob will hang him.—Mob knows he  
Left his office.—And no doubt  
Wreck there on account of it.  
People worked-up here—and shout  
Now and then to 'Take him out!'—  
'Hang him!'—and so forth." . . . Mac lit  
Through the half-door window at  
"Roachy's" table like a cat:—  
*He was white*, but "*Roachy's*" face  
Made a brunette out o' *his*! . . .  
Mac had pinned him in his chair  
Helpless—and a message there  
Clickin' back from Pilot Knob.—  
"Tell these people, word-for-word,"  
Mac says, "what this message is!—  
"Tell 'em.—Hear me?" "Roachy" heard  
And obeyed:—"We sized your job  
On MacClintock.—*Knob* here sent  
A sub. there.—And all O. K.  
At Glen-office.—Tie-up *here*—  
One hour's wait—all fault of *mine*.  
"*Hang MacClintock*," did you say?  
"*Hang MacClintock*?"—Certainly,—  
Hang him on the Christmas-Tree,  
With a label on for *me*,—  
I'll be there on Number Nine.' "

## TO THE BOY WITH A COUNTRY

DAN WALLINGFORD

**D**AN WALLINGFORD, my jo Dan!—  
Though but a child in years,  
Your patriot spirit thrills the land  
And wakens it to cheers,—  
You lift the flag—you roll the drums—  
We hear the bugle blow,—  
Till all our hearts are one with yours,  
Dan Wallingford, my jo!

TO - ALMON KEEFER.

THIS first book that I ever knew  
Was read aloud to me by you. —  
Friend of my boyhood, therefore take  
It back from me, for old-times' sake —  
The selfsame "Tales" first read to me,  
Under the old sweet-apple-tree,  
Ere I myself could read such great  
Big words; — but listened, all astate,  
At your interpreting, until  
Brain, heart and soul were all athrill  
With wonder, awe, and other excess  
Of mildred childish happiness.

So take the book again — Forget  
All else, — long years, lost hopes, regret;  
Sighs for the joys we never attain,  
Prayers we have lifted all in vain,  
Tears for the faces seen no more,  
Once as the roses at the door! ...  
Take the enchanted book — And, lo,  
On grassy swards of Long Ago,  
Sprawl out again, beneath the shade  
The breezy old-home orchard made,  
The veriest barefoot boy indeed. —  
And I will listen as you read.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

X=mas

1895



## AT CROWN HILL

LEAVE him here in the fresh greening grasses  
and trees

And the symbols of love, and the solace of these—  
The saintly white lilies and blossoms he keeps  
In endless caress as he breathlessly sleeps.

The tears of our eyes wrong the scene of his rest,  
For the sky's at its clearest—the sun's at its best—  
The earth at its greenest—its wild bud-and-bloom  
At its sweetest—and sweetest its honey'd perfume.

Home! home!—Leave him here in his lordly  
estate,

And with never a tear as we turn from the gate!

Turn back to the home that will know him no  
more,—

The vines at the window—the sun through the  
door.—

Nor sound of his voice, nor the light of his  
face! . . .

But the birds will sing on, and the rose, in his place,  
Will tenderly smile till we daringly feign  
He is home with us still, though the tremulous rain

Of our tears reappear, and again all is bloom,  
And all prayerless we sob in the long-darkened  
room.

Heaven portions it thus—the old mystery dim,—  
It is midnight to us—it is morning to him.

## SNOW IN THE AIR

**S**NOW is in the air—  
Chill in blood and vein,—  
Winter everywhere  
Save in heart and brain!  
Ho! the happy year will be  
Mimic as we've found it,—  
Head of it—and you, and me—  
With the holly round it!

Frost and sleet, alack!—  
Wind as bleak as wrath  
Whips our faces back  
As we foot the path;—  
But the year—from there to here—  
Copy as we've found it,—  
Heart up—like the head, my dear,  
With the holly round it!

## THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

1898

### I

**O**LD Glory! say, who,  
By the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the  
blue,—

Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear  
With such pride everywhere  
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air  
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you  
to?—

Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,  
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—  
By day or by night  
Their delightfulest light  
Laughing down from their little square heaven of  
blue!—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?



## II

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about  
How you happened to “favor” a name, so to say,  
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay  
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way—  
We—the *crowd*, every man of us, calling you that—  
*We*—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging his hat  
And hurrahing “Old Glory!” like you were our kin,  
When—*Lord!*—we all know we’re as common as  
    sin!

And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all  
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall  
Into line, with you over us, waving us on  
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.—  
And this is the reason we’re wanting to know—  
(And we’re wanting it *so!*—  
Where our own fathers went we are willing to  
    go.)—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory—Oho!—  
    Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill  
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.*

## III

As salt as a tear ;—  
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,  
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye  
And an aching to live for you always—or die,  
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.  
And so, by our love  
For you, floating above,  
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,  
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—*

## IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it  
said :—  
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—  
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—  
My name is as old as the glory of God.

## ONE WITH A SONG

FRANK L. STANTON

**H**E sings: and his song is heard,  
Pure as a joyous prayer,  
Because he sings of the simple things—  
The fields, and the open air,  
The orchard-bough, and the mocking-bird,  
And the blossoms everywhere.

He sings of a wealth we hold  
In common ownership—  
The wildwood nook, and the laugh of the  
brook,  
And the dewdrop's drip and drip,  
The love of the lily's heart of gold,  
And the kiss of the rose's lip.

The universal heart  
Leans listening to his lay  
That glints and gleams with the glimmering  
dreams  
Of children at their play—  
A lay as rich with unconscious art  
As the first song-bird's of May.

Ours every rapturous tone  
Of every song of glee,  
Because his voice makes native choice  
Of Nature's harmony—  
So that his singing seems our own,  
And ours his ecstasy.

Steadfastly, bravely glad  
Above all earthly stress,  
He lifts his line to heights divine,  
And, singing, ever says,—  
This is a better world than bad—  
God's love is limitless.

He sings : and his song is heard,  
Pure as a joyous prayer,  
Because he sings of the simple things—  
The fields, and the open air,  
The orchard-bough, and the mocking-bird,  
And the blossoms everywhere.

## INDIANA

**O**UR Land—our Home!—the common home  
indeed

Of soil-born children and adopted ones—

The stately daughters and the stalwart sons

Of Industry :—All greeting and godspeed!

O home to proudly live for, and, if need

Be, proudly die for, with the roar of guns

Blent with our latest prayer.—So died men

once. . . .

Lo, Peace! . . . As we look on the land **THEY**  
freed—

Its harvests all in ocean-overflow

Poured round autumnal coasts in billowy gold—

Its corn and wine and balmèd fruits and  
flow'rs,—

We know the exaltation that they know

Who now, steadfast inheritors, behold

The Land Elysian, marveling "This is ours!"

## CHRISTMAS AFTERTHOUGHT

**A**FTER a thoughtful, almost painful pause,  
Bub sighed, "I'm sorry fer old *Santy Claus*:—  
They *wuz* no Santy Claus, ner *couldn't* be,  
When *he* wuz ist a little boy like me!"

## THE CHRISTMAS LONG AGO

COME, sing a hale Heigh-ho  
For the Christmas long ago!—  
When the old log-cabin homed us  
From the night of blinding snow,  
Where the rarest joy held reign,  
And the chimney roared amain,  
With the firelight like a beacon  
Through the frosty window-pane.

Ah! the revel and the din  
From without and from within,  
The blend of distant sleigh-bells  
With the plinking violin;  
The muffled shrieks and cries—  
Then the glowing cheeks and eyes—  
The driving storm of greetings,  
Gusts of kisses and surprise.

## EXCEEDING ALL

**L**ONG life's a lovely thing to know,  
With lovely health and wealth, forsooth,  
And lovely name and fame—But O  
The loveliness of Youth!



## CLAUDE MATTHEWS

**S**TEADFASTLY from his childhood's earliest  
hour—

From simplest country life to state and power—  
His worth has known advancement,—each new  
height

A newer glory in his fellow's sight.

So yet his happy fate—though mute the breath  
Of thronging multitudes and thundrous cheers,—  
Faith sees him raised still higher, through our  
tears,

By this divine promotion of his death.

## THE SERMON OF THE ROSE

**W**ILFUL we are, in our infirmity  
Of childish questioning and discontent.  
Whate'er befalls us is divinely meant—  
Thou Truth the clearer for thy mystery!  
Make us to meet what is or is to be  
With fervid welcome, knowing it is sent  
To serve us in some way full excellent,  
Though we discern it all belatedly.  
The rose buds, and the rose blooms, and the rose  
Bows in the dews, and in its fulness, lo,  
Is in the lover's hand,—then on the breast  
Of her he loves,—and there dies.—And who knows  
What fate of all a rose may undergo  
Is fairest, dearest, sweetest, loveliest?

Nay, we are children: we will not mature.  
A blessed gift must seem a theft; and tears  
Must storm our eyes when but a joy appears  
In drear disguise of sorrow; and how poor  
We seem when we are richest,—most secure  
Against all poverty the lifelong years  
We yet must waste in childish doubts and fears  
That, in despite of reason, still endure!

Alas! the sermon of the rose we will  
Not wisely ponder; nor the sobs of grief  
Lulled into sighs of rapture, nor the cry  
Of fierce defiance that again is still.  
Be patient—patient with our frail belief,  
And stay it yet a little ere we die.

O opulent life of ours, though dispossessed  
Of treasure after treasure! Youth most fair  
Went first, but left its priceless coil of hair—  
Moaned over, sleepless nights, kissed and caressed  
Through drip and blur of tears the tenderest.  
And next went Love—the ripe rose glowing  
there,  
Her very sister! . . . *It* is here, but where  
Is *she*, of all the world the first and best?  
And yet how sweet the sweet earth after rain—  
How sweet the sunlight on the garden-wall  
Across the roses—and how sweetly flows  
The limpid yodel of the brook again!  
And yet—and yet how sweeter, after all,  
The smoldering sweetness of a dead red rose!

## THE ONWARD TRAIL

MYRON W. REED, DENVER, JANUARY 30, 1899

**J**UST as of old,—with fearless foot  
And placid face and resolute,  
He takes the faint, mysterious trail  
That leads beyond our earthly hail.

We would cry, as in last farewell,  
But that his hand waves, and a spell  
Is laid upon our tongues : and thus  
He takes unworded leave of us.

And it is fitting :—As he fared  
Here with us, so is he prepared  
For any fortuning the night  
May hold for him beyond our sight.

So, never parting word nor cry:—  
We feel, with him, that by and by  
Our onward trails will meet and then  
Merge and be ever one again.

## TO LESLEY

BURNS sang of bonny Lesley  
As she gaed o'er the border,—  
Gaed like vain Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther.

I sing another Lesley,  
Wee girlie, more alluring,  
Who stays at home, the wise one,  
Her conquests there securing.

A queen, too, is my Lesley,  
And gracious, though blood-royal,  
My heart her throne, her kingdom,  
And I a subject loyal.

Long shall you reign, my Lesley,  
My pet, my darling dearie,  
For love, oh, little sweetheart,  
Grows never old or weary.

## THE NATURALIST

OLIVER DAVIE

**I**N gentlest worship has he bowed  
To Nature. Rescued from the crowd  
And din of town and thoroughfare,  
He turns him from all worldly care  
Unto the sacred fastness of  
The forests, and the peace and love  
That breathes there prayer-like in the breeze  
And coo of doves in dreamful trees—  
Their tops in laps of sunshine laid,  
Their lower boughs all slaked with shade.

With head uncovered has he stood,  
Hearing the Spirit of the Wood—  
Hearing aright the Master speak  
In trill of bird, and warbling creek;  
In lisp of reeds, or rainy sigh  
Of grasses as the loon darts by—  
Hearing aright the storm and lull,  
And all earth's voices wonderful,—  
Even this hail an unknown friend  
Lifts will he hear and comprehend.

## HER WAITING FACE

**I**N some strange place  
Of long-lost lands he finds her waiting  
face—  
Comes marveling upon it, unaware,  
Set moonwise in the midnight of her hair.



## BLOOMS OF MAY

**B**UT yesterday! . . . .  
O blooms of May,  
And summer roses—Where-away?  
O stars above,  
And lips of love  
And all the honeyed sweets thereof!

O lad and lass  
And orchard pass,  
And briered lane, and daisied grass!  
O gleam and gloom,  
And woodland bloom,  
And breezy breaths of all perfume!—

No more for me  
Or mine shall be  
Thy raptures—save in memory,—  
No more—no more—  
Till through the Door  
Of Glory gleam the days of yore.

## A SONG OF THE ROAD

O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever  
way you fare,  
You'll have me, too, the side o' you, with heart as  
light as air;  
No care for where the road you take's a-leadin'—  
*anywhere,—*  
It can but be a joyful ja'nt the whilst *you* journey  
there.  
The road you take's the path o' love, an' that's the  
bridth o' two—  
And I will walk with you, my lad—O I will walk  
with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad,  
Be weather black or blue  
Or roadsides frost or dew, my lad—  
O I will walk with you.

Ay, glad, my lad, I'll walk with you, whatever winds

And brave I'll be, abreast o' you, the Saints and  
Angels know !  
With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made  
o' two,  
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I  
will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad,  
As love ordains me to,—  
To Heaven's door, and through, my lad,  
O I will walk with you.

## THE ENDURING

A MISTY memory—faint, far away  
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost  
day—

Forever haunts and holds me with a spell  
Of awe and wonder indefinable:—  
A grimy old engraving tacked upon  
A shoe-shop wall.—An ancient temple, drawn  
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico,  
And gray, forbidding gateway, grim as woe;  
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line,  
The words—cut likewise in this brain of mine—  
“Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what  
friend is best?  
Have GOD thy friend: He passeth all the rest.”

Again the old shoemaker pounds and pounds  
Resentfully, as the loud laugh resounds

The while a barefoot boy more gravely heeds  
The quaint old picture, and tiptoeing reads  
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er  
The lowering portal of the old church door—

“Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what  
friend is best?

Have GOD thy friend: He passeth all the rest.”

So older—older—older, year by year,  
The boy has grown, that now, an old man here,  
He seems a part of Allegory, where  
He stands before Life as the old print there—  
Still awed, and marveling what light must be  
Hid by the door that bars Futurity:—

Though, ever clearer than with eyes of youth,  
He reads with his *old* eyes—and tears forsooth—

“Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what  
friend is best?

Have GOD thy friend: He passeth all the rest.”

## A HUMBLE SINGER

**A** MODEST singer, with meek soul and  
heart,  
Sat, yearning that his art  
Might but inspire and suffer him to sing  
Even the simplest thing.

And as he sang thus humbly, came a Voice:—  
“All mankind shall rejoice,  
Hearing thy pure and simple melody  
Sing on immortally.”

## THE NOBLEST SERVICE

DR. WYCKLIFFE SMITH, LATE SURGEON 161ST REGI-  
MENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, DELPHI,  
DECEMBER 29, 1899

**I**F all his mourning friends unselfishly  
Might speak, high over grief, in one accord,  
What voice of joy were lifted to the Lord  
For having lent our need such ministry  
As this man's life has ever proved to be!  
Yea, even through battle-crash of gun and sword  
His steadfast step still found the pathway toward  
The noblest service paid Humanity.  
O ye to whose rich firesides he has brought  
A richer light! O watcher at the door  
Of the lone cabin! O kindred! Comrades!—  
all!  
Since universal good he dreamed and wrought,  
Be brave, to pleasure him, as, on before,

## OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM- WHEEZE

**O**LD Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze  
Lives 'way up in the leaves o' trees.  
An' wunst I slipped up-stairs to play  
In Aunty's room, while she 'uz away;  
An' I clumbed up in her cushion-chair  
An' ist peeked out o' the winder there;  
An' there I saw—wite out in the trees—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze !

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze  
Would bow an' bow, with the leaves in the breeze,  
An' waggle his whiskers an' raggedly hair,  
An' bow to me in the winder there !  
An' I'd peek out, an' he'd peek in  
An' waggle his whiskers an' bow ag'in,  
Ist like the leaves 'u'd wave in the breeze—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze !



An' "*Um-yum, honey!*" wuz last he said,  
An' wagged his whiskers an' bowed his head;  
An' I yells, "Gimme some, won't you, please,  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze?"

## LITTLE-GIRL-TWO-LITTLE-GIRLS

I'M twins, I guess, 'cause my Ma say  
I'm two little girls. An' one o' me  
Is *Good* little girl; an' th' other 'n' she  
Is *Bad little girl as she can be!*  
An' Ma say so, 'most ever' day.  
An' she's the *funniest* Ma! 'Cause when  
My Doll won't mind, and I ist cry,  
W'y, nen my Ma she sob an' sigh,  
An' say, "Dear *Good* little girl, good-by!—  
*Bad* little girl's comed here again!"

Last time 'at Ma act' thataway,  
I cried all to myse'f a while  
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,  
An' git my Doll all fix' in style,  
An' go in where Ma's at, an' say:  
"Morning to you, Mommy dear!  
*Where's that Bad little girl wuz here?*  
*Bad little girl's goned clean away,*  
*An' Good little girl's comed back to stay."*

## THE PENALTY OF GENIUS

**W**HEN little 'Pollus Morton he's  
A-go' to speak a piece, w'y, nen  
The Teacher smiles an' says 'at she's  
Most proud, of all her little men  
An' women in her school—'cause 'Poll  
He allus speaks the best of all.

An' nen she'll pat him on the cheek,  
An' hold her finger up at you  
*Before* he speak'; an' *when* he speak'  
It's ist some piece *she* learn' him to!  
'Cause he's her favor-ite. . . . An' she  
Ain't pop'lar as she *ust* to be!

When 'Pollus Morton speaks, w'y, nen  
Ist all the other childern knows  
They're smart as him an' smart-again!—  
Ef they *can't* speak an' got fine clo'es,  
Their Parunts loves 'em more'n 'Poll-  
Us Morton, Teacher, speech, an' all!

## A PARENT REPRIMANDED

SOMETIMES I think 'at Parunts does  
Things ist about as bad as *us*—  
Wite 'fore our vurry eyes, at that!  
Fer one time Pa he scold' my Ma  
'Cause he can't find his hat;  
An' she ist *cried*, she did! An' I  
Says, "Ef you scold my Ma  
Ever again an' make her cry,  
W'y, you shan't *be* my Pa!"  
An' nen he laugh' an' find his hat  
Ist wite where Ma she said it's at!

## IN FERVENT PRAISE OF PICNICS

**P**ICNICS is fun 'at's purty hard to beat.  
I purt' nigh ruther go to them than *eat*.—  
I purt' nigh ruther go to them than go  
With our *Charlotty* to the Trick-Dog Show!

## THE HOME-VOYAGE

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON—FELL AT SAN MATEO,  
DECEMBER 19, 1899. IN STATE, INDIAN-  
APOLIS, FEBRUARY 6, 1900

**B**EAR with us, O Great Captain, if our pride  
Show equal measure with our grief's excess  
In greeting you in this your helplessness  
To countermand our vanity or hide  
Your stern displeasure that we thus had tried  
To praise you, knowing praise was your distress :  
But this home-coming swells our hearts no less—  
Because for love of home you proudly died.  
Lo! then, the cable, fathoms 'neath the keel  
That shapes your course, is eloquent of you ;  
The old flag, too, at half-mast overhead—  
We doubt not that its gale-kissed ripples feel  
A prouder sense of red and white and blue,—  
The stars—Ah, God, were *they* interpreted!

And as you felt your final duty done,  
We feel *that* glory thrills your spirit yet,—  
When at the front, in swiftest death, you met  
The patriot's doom and best reward in one.  
And so the tumult of that island war,  
At last, for you, is stilled forevermore—  
Its scenes of blood blend white as ocean foam  
On your rapt vision as you sight afar  
The sails of peace, and from that alien shore  
The proud ship bears you on your voyage  
home.

Or rough or smooth the wave, or lowering day  
Or starlit sky—you hold, by native right,  
Your high tranquillity—the silent might  
Of the true hero—so you led the way  
To victory through stormiest battle-fray,  
Because your followers, high above the fight,  
Heard your soul's lightest whisper bid them smite  
For God and man and space to kneel and pray.  
And thus you cross the seas unto your own  
Beloved land, convoyed with honors meet,  
Saluted as your home's first heritage—  
Nor salutation from your State alone,  
But *all* the States, gathered in mighty fleet,  
Dip colors as you move to anchorage.

## TO THE QUIET OBSERVER

### AFTER HIS LONG SILENCE

**D**EAR old friend of us all in need  
Who know the worth of a friend indeed,  
How rejoiced are we all to learn  
Of your glad return.

We who have missed your voice so long—  
Even as March might miss the song  
Of the sugar-bird in the maples when  
They're tapped again.

Even as the memory of these  
*Blended* sweets,—the sap of the trees  
And the song of the birds, and the old camp too,  
We think of you.

Hail to you, then, with welcomes deep



## PROEM TO "HOME-FOLKS"

**Y**OU Home-Folks:—Aid your grateful  
guest—

Bear with his pondering, wandering ways:  
When idlest he is busiest,  
Being a dreamer of the days.

Humor his silent, absent moods—

His restless quests along the shores  
Of the old creek, wound through the woods,  
The haws, papaws, and sycamores:

The side-path home—the back-way past

The old pump and the dipper there;  
The afternoon of dreamy June—  
The old porch, and the rocking-chair.

Yea, bear with him a little space—

His heart must smolder on a while  
Ere vet it flames out in his face

## OUR BOYHOOD HAUNTS

**H**O! I'm going back where  
We were youngsters.—Meet me there,  
Dear old barefoot chum, and we  
Will be as we used to be,—  
Lawless rangers up and down  
The old creek beyond the town—  
Little sunburnt gods at play,  
Just as in that far-away:—  
Water nymphs, all unafraid,  
Shall smile at us from the brink  
Of the old mill-race and wade  
Tow'rd us as we kneeling drink  
At the spring our boyhood knew,  
Pure and clear as morning-dew:  
And, as we are rising there,  
Doubly dow'r'd to hear and see,  
We shall thus be made aware  
Of an eery piping, heard  
High above the happy bird  
In the hazel: And then we,  
Just across the creek, shall see  
(Hah! the goatly rascal!) Pan

Hoof it o'er the sloping green,  
Mad with his own melody,  
Ay, and (bless the beastly man!)  
Stamping from the grassy soil  
Bruisèd scents of fleur-de-lis,  
Boneset, mint, and pennyroyal.

## UNCLE SIDNEY'S LOGIC

**P**A wunst he scold' an' says to me,—  
“Don't *play* so much, but try  
To *study* more, and nen you'll be  
A great man, by an' by.”  
Nen Uncle Sidney says, “You let  
Him *be* a boy an' play.—  
The greatest man on earth, I bet,  
'Ud trade with him to-day!”

## HIS LOVE OF HOME

**“AS** love of native land,” the old man said,  
“Er stars and stripes a-wavin’ overhead,  
Er nearest kith-and-kin, er daily bread,  
A Hoosier’s love is fer the old homestead.”

TO "UNCLE REMUS"

**W**E love your dear old face and voice—  
We're *all* Miss Sally's Little Boys,  
Climbin' your knee,  
In ecstasy,  
Rejoicin' in your Creeturs' joys  
And trickery.

The Lord who made the day and night,  
He made the Black man and the White;  
So, in like view,  
We hold it true  
That He hain't got no favorite—  
Unless it's you.

## THE BALLADE OF THE COMING RAIN

**W**HEN the morning swoons in its highest heat,  
And the sunshine dims, and no dark shade  
Streaks the dust of the dazzling street,  
And the long straw splits in the lemonade;  
When the circus lags in a sad parade,  
And the drum throbs dull as a pulse of pain,  
And the breezeless flags hang limp and frayed—  
O then is the time to look for rain.

When the man on the watering-cart bumps by,  
Trilling the air of an old fife-tune,  
With a dull, soiled smile, and one shut eye,  
Lost in a dream of the afternoon;  
When the awning sags like a lank balloon,  
And a thick sweat stands on the window-pane,  
And a five-cent fan is a priceless boon—  
O then is the time to look for rain.

When the goldfish tank is a grimy gray,  
And the dummy stands at the clothing-store  
With a cap pulled on in a rakish way,  
And a rubber-coat with the 'hind before:

## TO THE JUDGE

A VOICE FROM THE INTERIOR OF OLD HOOP-POLE  
TOWNSHIP

**F**RIEND of my earliest youth,  
Can't you arrange to come down  
And visit a fellow out here in the woods—  
Out of the dust of the town?  
Can't you forget you're a Judge  
And put by your dolorous frown  
And tan your wan face in the smile of a friend—  
Can't you arrange to come down?

Can't you forget for a while  
The arguments prosy and drear,—  
To lean at full-length in indefinite rest  
In the lap of the greenery here?  
Can't you kick over "the Bench,"  
And "husk" yourself out of your gown  
To dangle your legs where the fishing is good—  
Can't you arrange to come down?

Bah! for your office of State!



Pick between peasant and king,—  
Poke your bald head through a crown  
Or shadow it here with the laurels of Spring!—  
Can't you arrange to come down?

"Judge it" out *here*, if you will,—  
The birds are in session by dawn;  
You can draw, not *complaints*, but a sketch of the  
hill  
And a breath that your betters have drawn;  
You can open your heart, like a case,  
To a jury of kine, white and brown,  
And their verdict of "Moo" will just satisfy you!—  
Can't you arrange to come down?

Can't you arrange it, old Pard?—  
Pigeonhole Blackstone and Kent!—  
Here we have "Breitmann," and Ward,  
Twain, Burdette, Nye, and content!  
Can't you forget you're a Judge  
And put by your dolorous frown  
And tan your wan face in the smile of a friend—  
Can't you arrange to come down?

## A WHOLLY UNSCHOLASTIC OPINION

**P**LAIN hoss-sense in poetry-writin'  
Would jes' knock sentiment a-kitin'!  
Mostly poets is all star-gazin'  
And moanin' and groanin' and paraphrasin'!

## A SHORT'NIN' BREAD SONG—PIECED OUT

**B**EHINE de hen-house, on my knees,  
Thought I hearn a chickin sneeze—  
Sneezed so hard wi' de whoopin'-cough  
I thought he'd sneeze his blame' head off.

### CHORUS

*Fotch dat dough fum the kitchin-shed—  
Rake dem coals out hot an' red—  
Putt on de oven an' putt on de led,—  
Mammy's gwineter cook some short'nin' bread.*

O I' got a house in Baltimo'—  
Street-kyars run right by my do'—  
Street-kyars run right by my gate,  
Hit's git up soon an' set up late.

### (CHORUS)

*De raincrow hide in some ole tree*

120 *A SHORT'NIN' BREAD SONG—PIECED OUT*

Ole man Toad, on High-low Hill,  
He steal my dram an' drink his fill,—  
Heels in the path, an' toes in the grass—  
Hit ain't de fus' time an' shain't be de las'!

(CHORUS)

When corn-plantin' done come roun',  
Blackbird own de whole plowed-groun',—  
Corn in de grain, as I've hearn said,  
Dat's de blackbird's short'nin' bread.

(CHORUS)

De sweetes' chune what evah I heard  
Is de sairanade o' de mockin'-bird;  
Whilse de mou'nfullest an' de least I love  
Is de Sund'y-song o' de ole woods-dove.

(CHORUS)

I nevah ain't know, outside o' school,  
A smartah mare dan my ole mule,—  
I holler "Wo," an' she go "gee,"  
Des lak, de good Lord chast'nin' me.

(CHORUS)

I hangs a hoss-shoe ovah my head,  
An' I keeps a' ole sieve under de bed,  
So, quinchiquently, I sleep soun',  
Wid no ole witches pester'n' roun'.

(CHORUS)

I jine de chu'ch las' Chuesday night,  
But when Sis' Jane ain't treat me right  
I 'low her chu'ch ain' none o' mine,  
So I 'nounce to all I done on-jine.

(CHORUS)

## THE UNHEARD

### I

ONE in the musical throng  
Stood forth with his violin ;  
And warm was his welcome, and long  
The later applause and the din.—  
He had uttered, with masterful skill,  
A melody hailed of men ;  
And his own blood leapt a-thrill,  
As they thundered again.

### II

Another stood forth.—And a rose  
Bloomed in her hair—likewise  
One at her tremulous throat—  
And a picture bloomed in her eyes

## III

One sat apart and alone,  
Her lips clasped close and straight,  
Uttering never a tone  
That the World might hear, elate—  
Uttering never a low  
Murmurous verse nor a part  
Of the veriest song—But O  
The song in her heart!

## EQUITY—?

**T**HE meanest man I ever saw  
Allus kep' inside o' the law ;  
And ten-times better fellers I've knowed  
The blame' gran'-jury's sent over the road.



## MOONSHINER'S SERENADE

THE night's blind-black, an' I 'low the stars's  
All skeered at that-air dog's bow-wows!  
I sensed the woods-road, clumb the bars,  
An' arrove here, tromplin' over cows.  
The mist hangs thick enough to cut,  
But there's her light a-glimmerin' through  
The mornin'-glories, twisted shut—  
An' shorely there's her shadder too!

*Ho! hit's good night,  
My Beauty-Bright!  
The moon cain't match your can'le-light—  
Your can'le-light with you cain't shine,  
Lau-ree! Lady-love! tiptoe-fine!*

Oomh! how them roses soaks the air!—  
Thess drenched with mist an' renched with  
dew!  
They's a smell o' plums, too, 'round somewhere—  
An' I kin smell ripe apples, too.

*'Ho! hi's good night,  
My Beauty-Bright!  
Primp a while, an' blow out the light—  
Putt me in your prayers, an' then  
I'll be twic't as good-again!*

## THE EDGE OF THE WIND

**Y**E stars in ye skies seem twinkling  
In icicles of light,  
And ye edge of ye wind cuts keener  
Than ever ye sword-edge might;  
Ye footsteps crunch in ye courtway,  
And ye trough and ye cask go "ping!"—  
Ye china cracks in ye pantry,  
And ye crickets cease to sing.

## THE HIRED MAN'S FAITH IN CHILDREN

**I** BELIEVE *all* childern's good,  
Ef they're only *understood*,—  
Even *bad* ones, 'pears to me,  
'S jes' as good as they kin be!

## THE LOVELY HUSBAND

Oh a love-ly hus-band he was known, He loved his wife and

her a-lone; She reaped the harvest he had sown; She ate the meat; he

picked the bone. With mixed admirers ev-'ry size, She smiled on each with

## THE LOVELY HUSBAND

out disguise; This love-ly hus-band closed his eyes Lest he might take her

This system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music features a simple melody with some syncopation and a steady accompaniment.

### CHORUS.

by sur-prise. Trot! Run! Was - n't he a han-dy hub-by?

The first line of the chorus is written on three staves. The vocal line begins with a double bar line, indicating the start of the chorus. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff.

What Fun She could plot and plan! Not One

The second line of the chorus continues on three staves. The vocal line has lyrics underneath, and the piano accompaniment continues.

Oth - er such a dan-dy hub-by As this love - ly man!

The third line of the chorus is the final line on this page, ending with a double bar line. It is written on three staves with lyrics underneath.

## II

He answered at her least command:  
He fanned her, if she would be fanned;  
He vanished when she willed it.—And  
He always coughed behind his hand.  
    She held him in such high esteem  
    She let him dope her face with  
        “Cream,”—  
    He’d chink the wrinkles seam-by-seam,  
    And call her “lovely as a dream!”

## CHORUS

*Hot*  
    *Bun!*  
        *Wasn't he a lovey-dovey?*  
*What*  
    *Fun*  
        *She could plot and plan!*  
*Not*  
    *One*  
        *Other such a dovey-lovey*  
        *As this love-ly man!*

## III

Her lightest wishes he foreknew  
And fell up-stairs to cater to:  
He never failed to back from view,  
Nor mispronounced *Don't* ( ) you “Doan  
    chu.”

He only sought to fill such space  
As her friends left ;—he knew his place :—  
He praised the form she could not lace.—  
He praised her face before her face !

## CHORUS

*Shot**Gun!**Wasn't he a lovely fellow?**What**Fun**She could plot and plan!**Not**One**Lonesome little streak of yellow**In this love-ly man!*



## THREE SEVERAL BIRDS

### *The Romancer, the Poet, and the Bookman*

#### I

#### THE ROMANCER

THE Romancer's a nightingale,—  
The moon wanes dewy-dim  
And all the stars grow faint and pale  
In listening to him.—  
To him the plot least plausible  
Is of the most avail,—  
He simply masters it because  
He takes it by the tale.

*O he's a nightingale,—  
His theme will never fail—  
It gains applause of all—because  
He takes it by the tale!*

So, glad or sad, he ever draws  
Our best godspeed and hail;  
He highest lifts his theme—because  
He takes it by the tale.

*O he's a nightingale,—  
His theme will never fail—  
It gains applause of all—because  
He takes it by the tale!*

## II

## THE POET

The bobolink he sings a single song,  
Right along,—  
And the robin sings another, all his own—  
One alone;  
And the whippoorwill, and bluebird,  
And the cockadoodle-doo-bird;—  
But the mocking-bird he sings in every tone  
Ever known,  
Or chirrup-note of merriment or moan.

*So the Poet he's the mocking-bird of men,—  
He steals his songs and sings them o'er again;  
And yet beyond believing  
They're the sweeter for his thieving.—  
So we'll howl for Mister Mocking-bird  
And have him out again!*

*Ho! the Poet he's the mocking-bird of men,—  
He steals his songs and sings them o'er again;  
And yet beyond believing  
They're the sweeter for his thieving.—  
So we'll howl for Mister Mocking-bird  
And have him out again!*

## BOOKMAN'S CATCH

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The Bookman he's a humming-bird,—  
He steals from song to song—  
He scents the ripest-blooming rhyme,  
And takes his heart along  
And sacks all sweets of bursting verse  
And ballads, throng on throng.  
(With ho! and hey!  
And brook and brae,  
And brinks of shade and shine!)

A humming-bird the Bookman is—  
Though cumbrous, gray and grim,—  
(With hi! hilloo!  
And honey-dew  
And odors musty-rare!)  
He bends him o'er that page of his  
As o'er the rose's rim  
(With hi! and ho!  
And pinks aglow  
And roses everywhere!)  
Ay, he's the featest humming-bird,—  
On airiest of wings  
He poises pendent o'er the poem  
That blossoms as it sings—  
Gladly he'll sit on the dial his feet

## THE BED

### I

"**T**HOU, of all God's gifts the best,  
Blessèd Bed!" I muse, and rest  
Thinking how it havened me  
In my dazèd Infancy—  
Ere mine eyes could bear the kind  
Daylight through the window-blind,  
Or my lips, in yearning quest,  
Groping found the mother-breast,  
Or mine utterance but owned  
Minor sounds that sobbed and moaned.

### II

Gracious Bed that nestled me  
Even ere the mother's knee,—  
Lulling me to slumber ere  
Conscious of my treasure there—  
Save the tiny palms that kept  
Fondling, even as I slept,  
That rare dual-wealth of mine,—  
Softest pillow—sweetest wine!—  
Gentlest cheer for mortal guest,  
'And of Love's fare lordliest.

## III

By thy grace, O Bed, the first  
Blooms of Boyhood-memories burst :—  
Dreams of riches, swift withdrawn  
As I, wakening, find the dawn  
With its glad Spring-face once more  
Glimmering on me as of yore :  
Then the bluebird's limpid cry  
Lulls me like a lullaby,  
Till falls every failing sense  
Back to sleep's sheer impotence.

## IV

Or, a truant, home again,—  
With the moonlight through the pane,  
And the kiss that ends the prayer—  
Then the footsteps down the stair ;  
And the close hush ; and far click  
Of the old clock ; and the thick  
Sweetness of the locust-bloom  
Drugging all the enchanted room  
Into darkness fathoms deep  
As mine own pure childish sleep.

## V

Sacredness no words express,—  
Lo, the young wife's fond caress  
Of her first-born, while beside  
Bends the husband, tearful-eyed,  
Marveling of kiss and prayer  
Which of these is holier there.

## VI

Trace the vigils through the long,  
Long nights, when the cricket's song  
Stunned the sick man's fevered brain,  
As he tossed and moaned in pain  
Piteous—till thou, O Bed,  
Smoothed the pillows for his head,  
And thy soothest solace laid  
Round him, and his fever weighed  
Into slumber deep and cool,  
And divinely merciful.

## VII

Thus, O Bed, all gratefully  
I would ever sing of thee—  
Till the final sleep shall fall  
O'er me, and the crickets call  
In the grasses where at last  
I am indolently cast  
Like a play-worn boy at will.—

## HOME-FOLKS

**H**OME-FOLKS!—Well, that-air name, to me,  
Sounds jis the same as *poetry*—  
That is, ef poetry is jis  
As sweet as I've hearn tell it is!

Home-Folks—they're jis the same as *kin*—  
All brung up, same as *we* have bin,  
Without no overpowerin' sense  
Of their oncommon consequence!

They've bin to school, but not to git  
The habit fastened on 'em yit  
So as to ever interfere  
With *other* work 'at's waitin' here:

Home-Folks has crops to plant and plow,  
Er lives in town and keeps a cow;  
But whether country-jakes er town-,  
They know when eggs is up er down!



And can't you hear their "Howdy!" clear  
As a brook's chuckle to the ear,  
And allus find their laughin' eyes  
As fresh and clear as morning skies?

And can't you—when they've gone away—  
Jis feel 'em shakin' hands, all day?  
And feel, too, you've bin higher raised  
By sich a meetin'?—God be praised!

Oh, Home-Folks! you're the best of all  
'At ranges this terreschul ball,—  
But, north er south, er east er west,  
It's home is where you're at your best.—

It's home—it's home your faces shine,  
In-nunder your own fig and vine—  
Your fambly and your neighbors 'bout  
Ye, and the latch-string hangin' out.

Home-Folks—*at home*,—I know o' one  
Old feller now 'at hain't got none.—  
Invite him—he may hold back some—  
But *you* invite him, and he'll come.

## 'AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING

1900

FATHER all bountiful, in mercy bear  
With this our universal voice of prayer—  
The voice that needs must be  
Upraised in thanks to Thee,  
O Father, from Thy children everywhere.

A multitudinous voice, wherein we fain  
Wouldst have Thee hear no lightest sob of pain—  
No murmur of distress,  
Nor moan of loneliness,  
Nor drip of tears, though soft as summer rain.

And, Father, give us first to comprehend,  
No ill can come from Thee ; lean Thou and lend  
Us clearer sight to see  
Our boundless debt to Thee,  
Since all thy deeds are blessings, in the end.

So, let us thank Thee, with all self aside,  
Nor any lingering taint of mortal pride;  
    As here to Thee we dare  
    Uplift our faltering prayer,  
Lend it some fervor of the glorified.

We thank Thee that our land is loved of Thee  
The blessed home of thrift and industry,  
    With ever-open door  
    Of welcome to the poor—  
Thy shielding hand o'er all abidingly.

Ever thus we thank Thee for the wrong that grew  
Into a right that heroes battled to,  
    With brothers long estranged,  
    Once more as brothers ranged  
Beneath the red and white and starry blue.

Ay, thanks—though tremulous the thanks  
    expressed—  
Thanks for the battle at its worst, and best—  
    For all the clanging fray  
    Whose discord dies away  
Into a pastoral-song of peace and rest.

TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE AUTHORS' CLUB RECEPTION, NEW YORK,  
DECEMBER 6, 1900

**I**T is a various tribute you command,  
O Poet-seer and World-sage in one!—  
The scholar greets you; and the student; and  
The stoic—and his visionary son:  
The painter, harvesting with quiet eye  
Your features; and the sculptor, dreaming, too,  
A classic marble figure, lifted high  
Where Fame's immortal ones are waiting you.

The man of letters, with his wistful face;  
The grizzled scientist; the young A.B.;  
The true historian, of force and grace;  
The orator, of pure simplicity;  
The journalist—the editor, likewise;  
The young war-correspondent; and the old  
War-seasoned general, with sagging eyes,  
And nerve and hand of steel, and heart of gold.

These—these, and more, O favored guest of all,  
Have known your benefactions, and are led  
To pay their worldly homage, and to call  
Down Heaven's blessings on your honored head.

Ideal, to the utmost plea of art—  
As real, to labor's most exacting need,—  
Your dual services of soul and heart  
Enrich the world alike in dream and deed:  
For you have brought to us, from out the mine  
Delved but by genius in scholastic soil,  
The blended treasures of a wealth divine,—  
Your peerless gift of song—your life of toil.

## WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

WASN'T it a good time,  
Long Time Ago—  
When we all were little tads  
And first played "Show"!—  
When every newer day  
Wore as bright a glow  
As the ones we laughed away—  
Long Time Ago!

Calf was in the back-lot;  
Clover in the red;  
Bluebird in the pear tree;  
Pigeons on the shed;  
Tom a-chargin' twenty pins  
At the barn; and Dan  
Spraddled out just like "The  
'Injarubber'-Man!"

Me and Bub and Rusty,

Jamesy on the slack-rope  
In a wild retreat,  
Grappling back, to start again—  
When he chalked his feet!

Wasn't Eck a wonder,  
In his stocking-tights?  
Wasn't Dunk—his leaping lion—  
Chief of all delights?  
Yes, and wasn't "Little Mack"  
Boss of all the Show,—  
Both Old Clown and Candy-Butcher—  
Long Time Ago!

Sid the Bareback-Rider;  
And—oh-me-oh-*my*!—  
Bub, the spruce Ring-Master,  
Stepping round so spry!—  
In his little waist-and-trousers  
All made in one,  
Was there a prouder youngster  
Under the sun!

And now—who will tell me,—  
Where are they all?  
Dunk's a sanatorium doctor,  
Up at Waterfall;  
Sid's a city street-contractor;  
Tom has fifty clerks;  
And Jamesy he's the "Iron Magnate"  
Of "The Hecla Works."

And Bub's old and bald now,  
     Yet still he hangs on,—  
 Dan and Eck and "Little Mack,"  
     Long, long gone!  
 But wasn't it a good time,  
     Long Time Ago—  
 When we all were little tads  
     And first played "Show"!





From a photograph taken when fifty-five years old



## WILLIAM PINKNEY FISHBACK

**S**AY first he loved the dear home-hearts, and  
then  
He loved his honest fellow citizen—  
He loved and honored him, in any post  
Of duty where he served mankind the most.

All that he asked of him in humblest need  
Was but to find him striving to succeed ;  
All that he asked of him in highest place  
Was justice to the lowliest of his race.

When he found these conditions, proved and tried,  
He owned he marveled, but was satisfied—  
Relaxed in vigilance enough to smile  
And, with his own wit, flay himself a while.

Often he liked real anger—as, perchance,  
The summer skies like storm-clouds and the glance  
Of lightning—for the clearer, purer blue  
Of heaven, and the greener old earth, too.

That which had been a task to hardest minds  
To him was as a pleasure, such as finds  
The captive-truant, doomed to read throughout  
The one lone book he really cares about.

Study revived him: Howsoever dim  
And deep the problem, 'twas a joy to him  
To solve it wholly; and he seemed as one  
Refreshed and rested as the work was done.

And he had gathered, from all wealth of lore  
That time has written, such a treasure-store,  
His mind held opulence—his speech the rare  
Fair grace of sharing all his riches there—

Sharing with all, but with the greatest zest  
Sharing with those who seemed the neediest;  
The young he ever favored; and through these  
Shall he live longest in men's memories.

## A GOOD MAN

### I

A GOOD man never dies—  
In worthy deed and prayer  
And helpful hands, and honest eyes,  
If smiles or tears be there:  
Who lives for you and me—  
Lives for the world he tries  
To help—he lives eternally.  
A good man never dies.

### II

Who lives to bravely take  
His share of toil and stress,  
And, for his weaker fellows' sake,  
Makes every burden less,—  
He may, at last, seem worn—  
Lie fallen—hands and eyes  
Folded—yet, though we mourn and mourn,  
A good man never dies.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

**T**O the lorn ones who loved him first and best,  
And knew his dear love at its tenderest,  
We seem akin—we simplest friends who knew  
His fellowship, of heart and spirit too:

We who have known the happy summertide  
Of his ingenuous nature, glorified  
With the inspiring smile that ever lit  
The earnest face and kindly strength of it;

His presence, all-commanding, as his thought  
Into unconscious eloquence was wrought  
Until the utterance became a spell  
That awed us as a spoken miracle.

Learning, to him was native—was, in truth,  
The earliest playmate of his lisping youth,  
Likewise throughout a life of toil and stress;  
It was as laughter, health and happiness;

And so he played with it—joyed at its call—  
Ran rioting with it, forgetting all  
Delights of childhood, and of age and fame,—  
A devotee of learning, still the same!

To form even now we catch the gleam

The skies, the stars, the mountains and the sea,  
He worshiped as their high divinity—  
Nor did his reverent spirit find one thing  
On earth too lowly for his worshiping.

The weed, the rose, the wildwood or the plain,  
The teeming harvest, or the blighted grain,—  
All—all were fashioned beautiful and good,  
As the soul saw and senses understood.

Thus broadly based, his spacious faith and love  
Enfolded all below as all above—  
Nay, ev'n if overmuch he loved mankind,  
He gave his love's vast largess as designed.

Therefore, in fondest, faithful service, he  
Wrought ever bravely for humanity—  
Stood, first of heroes for the Right allied—  
Foes, even, grieving, when (for them) he died.

This was the man we loved—are loving yet,  
And still shall love while longing eyes are wet  
With selfish tears that well were brushed away,  
Remembering his smile of yesterday.—

For, even as we knew him, smiling still,  
Somewhere beyond all earthly ache or ill,  
He waits with the old welcome—just as when  
We met him smiling, we shall meet again.

## HIS HEART OF CONSTANT YOUTH

*And I never hear the drums beat  
that I do not think of him.*

—MAJOR CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN

**T**URN through his life, each word and deed  
Now sacred as it is—  
How helped and soothed we are to read  
A history like his!

To turn the years, in far review,  
And find him—as To-day—  
In orchard-lands of bloom and dew  
Again a boy at play:

The jeweled grass—the sumptuous trees  
And flower and fragrance there,  
With song of birds and drone of bees  
And Spring-time everywhere:

Turn any chapter that we will,  
Read any page, in sooth,  
We find his glad heart owning still  
The freshness of his youth.



With such a heart of tender care  
He loved his own, and thus  
His home was, to the loved ones there,  
A temple glorious.

And, ever youthful, still his love  
Enshrined, all manifold,  
The people—all the poor thereof,  
The helpless and the old.

And little children—Ah! to them  
His love was as the sun  
Wrought in a magic diadem  
That crowned them, every one.

And ever young his reverence for  
The laws: like morning-dew  
He shone as counsel, orator,  
And clear logician, too.

And, as a boy, his gallant soul  
Made answer to the trill  
Of battle-trumpet and the roll  
Of drums that echo still:

His comrades—as his country, dear—  
They knew and ever knew

He marched with them, in tireless tramp—  
     Laughed, cheered and lifted up  
 The battle-chorus, and in camp  
     Shared blanket, pipe and cup.

His comrades! . . . When you meet again,  
     In anguish though you bow,  
 Remember how he loved you then,  
     And how he loves you *now*.

## THE PATHS OF PEACE

MAURICE THOMPSON—FEBRUARY 15, 1901

**H**E would have holiday—outworn, in sooth,  
Would turn again to seek the old release,—  
The open fields—the loved haunts of his youth—  
The woods, the waters, and the paths of peace.

The rest—the recreation he would choose  
Be his abidingly! Long has he served  
And greatly—ay, and greatly let us use  
Our grief, and yield him nobly as deserved.

Perchance—with subtler senses than our own  
And love exceeding ours—he listens thus  
To ever nearer, clearer pipings blown  
From out the lost lands of Theocritus.

Or haply, he is beckoned from us here,  
By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood,  
Or chained in roses, haled a prisoner

Or, mayhap, Chaucer signals, and with him  
And his rare fellows he goes pilgriming;  
Or Walton signs him, o'er the morning brim  
Of misty waters midst the dales of Spring.

Ho! wheresoe'er he goes, or whosoe'er  
He fares with, he has bravely earned the boon.  
Be his the open, and the glory there  
Of April-buds, May-blooms and flowers of June!

Be his the glittering dawn, the twinkling dew,  
The breathless pool or gush of laughing streams—  
Be his the triumph of the coming true  
Of all his loveliest dreams!

## THE TRIBUTE OF HIS HOME

BENJAMIN HARRISON—INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH  
14, 1901

**B**OWED, midst a universal grief that makes  
Columbia's self a stricken mourner, cast  
In tears beneath the old Flag at half-mast,  
A sense of glory rouses us and breaks  
Like song upon our sorrowing and shakes  
The dew from our drenched eyes, that smile at  
last  
In childish pride—as though the great man passed  
To his most high reward for our poor sakes.  
Loved of all men—we muse,—yet ours he was—  
Choice of the Nation's mighty brotherhood—  
Her soldier, statesman, ruler.—Ay, but then,  
We knew him—long before the world's applause  
And after—as a neighbor, kind and good,  
Our common friend and fellow citizen.

## AMERICA

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

*O Thou, America—Messiah of Nations!*

### I

**I**N the need that bows us thus,  
America!  
Shape a mighty song for us—  
America!  
Song to whelm a hundred years'  
Roar of wars and rain of tears  
'Neath a world's triumphant cheers:  
America! America!

### II

Lift the trumpet to thy mouth,  
America!  
East and West and North and South—  
America!

## III

Dying eyes through pitying mists,  
America!  
See the Assassin's shackled wrists,  
America!  
Patient eyes that turn their sight  
From all blackening crime and blight  
Still toward Heaven's holy light—  
America! America!

## IV

High o'erlooking sea and land,  
America!  
Trustfully with outheld hand,  
America!  
Thou dost welcome all in quest  
Of thy freedom, peace and rest—  
Every exile is thy guest,  
America! America!

## V

Thine a universal love,  
America!  
Thine the cross and crown thereof,  
America!  
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth:  
God hath builded, from thy birth,  
The first nation of the earth—  
America! America!

## EVEN AS A CHILD

CANTON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901

**E**VEN as a child to whom sad neighbors speak  
In symbol, saying that his father "sleeps"—  
Who feels their meaning, even as his cheek  
Feels the first tear-drop as it stings and leaps—  
Who keenly knows his loss, and yet denies  
Its awful import—grieves unreconciled,  
Moans, drowns—rouses, with new-drowning eyes—  
Even as a child.

Even as a child ; with empty, aimless hand  
Clasped sudden to the heart all hope deserts—  
With tears that blur all lights on sea or land—  
The lip that quivers and the throat that hurts :  
Even so, the Nation that has known his love  
.....



## THE HOOSIER IN EXILE

THE Hoosier in Exile—a toast  
That by its very sound  
Moves us, at first, to tears almost,  
And sympathy profound;  
But musing for a little space,  
We lift the glass and smile,  
'And poise it with a royal grace—  
The Hoosier in Exile!

The Hoosier in Exile, forsooth!  
For though his steps may roam  
The earth's remotest bounds, in truth  
His heart is ever home!  
O loyal still to every tie  
Of native fields and streams,  
His boyhood friends, and paths whereby  
He finds them in his dreams!

Though he may fare the thronging maze  
Of alien city streets,  
His thoughts are set in grassy ways  
And woodlands' cool retreats;

Forever, clear and sweet above  
The traffic's roar and din,  
In breezy groves he hears the dove,  
And is at peace within.

When newer friends and generous hands  
Advance him, he returns  
Due gratefulness, yet, pausing, stands  
As one who strangely yearns  
To pay still further thanks, but sighs  
To think he knows not where,  
Till—like as life—with misty eyes  
He sees his mother there.

The Hoosier in Exile? Ah, well,  
Accept the phrase, but know  
The Hoosier heart must ever dwell  
Where orchard blossoms grow  
The whitest, apples reddest, and,  
In cornlands, mile on mile,  
The old homesteads forever stand—  
"The Hoosier in Exile!"

## THE QUEST OF THE FATHERS

**W**HAT were our Forefathers trying to find  
When they weighed anchor, that desperate  
hour

They turned from home, and the warning wind  
Sighed in the sails of the old Mayflower?  
What sought they that could compensate  
Their hearts for the loved ones left behind—  
The household group at the glowing grate?—  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

What were they trying to find more dear  
Than their native land and its annals old,—  
Its throne—its church—and its worldly cheer—  
Its princely state, and its hoarded gold?  
What more dear than the mounds of green  
There o'er the brave sires, slumbering long?  
What more fair than the rural scene—  
What more sweet than the throstle's song?

Faces pallid, but sternly set,  
Lips locked close, as in voiceless prayer,  
And eyes with never a tear-drop wet—  
Even the tenderest woman's there!

But O the light from the soul within,  
As each spake each with a flashing mind—  
As the lightning speaks to its kith and kin!  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

Argonauts of a godless day—  
Seers of visions, and dreamers vain!  
Their ship's foot set in a pathless way,—  
The fogs, the mists, and the blinding rain!—  
When the gleam of sun, and moon and star  
Seemed lost so long they were half forgot—  
When the fixed eyes found nor near nor far,  
And the night whelmed all, and the world was not.

And yet, befriended in some strange wise,  
They groped their way in the storm and stress  
Through which—though their look found not the  
skies—

The Lord's look found *them* ne'ertheless—  
Found them, yea, in their piteous lot,  
As they in their faith from the first divined—  
Found them, and favored them—too. But what—  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

Numb and agasp, with the frost for breath,  
They came on a frozen shore, at last,  
As bleak and drear as the coasts of death,—  
And yet their psalm o'er the wintry blast  
Rang glad as though 'twere the chiming mirth  
Of jubilant children landing there—  
Until o'er all of the icy earth  
The snows seemed warm, as they knelt in prayer.

For, lo! they were close on the trail they sought:—

In the sacred soil of the rights of men

They marked where the Master-hand had wrought;

And there they garnered and sowed again.—

*Their* land—then *ours*, as to-day it is,

With its flag of heaven's own light designed,

And God's vast love o'er all. . . . And *this*

Is what our Forefathers were trying to find.

## TO THE MOTHER

**T**HE mother-hands no further toil may know ;  
The mother-eyes smile not on you and me ;  
The mother-heart is stilled, alas !—But O  
The mother-love abides eternally.

## NEW YEAR'S NURSERY JINGLE

**O**F all the rhymes of all the climes  
Of where and when and how,  
We best and most can boost and boast  
The Golden Age of NOW!

## FOOL-YOUNGENS

**M**E an' Bert an' Minnie-Belle  
Knows a joke, an' we won't tell!  
No, we don't—'cause we don't know  
*Why* we got to laughin' so;  
But we got to laughin' so,  
We ist kep' a-laughin'.

Wind uz blowin' in the tree—  
An' wuz only ist us three  
Playin' there; an' ever' one  
Ketched each other, like we done,  
Squintin' up there at the sun  
Like we wuz a-laughin'.

Nothin' funny anyway;  
But I laughed, an' so did they—  
An' we all three laughed, an' nen  
Squint' our eyes an' laugh' again:  
Ner we didn't ist *p'ten'*—  
We wuz *shore-'nough* laughin'.



She tear up the grass a spell  
An' ist stop her yeers an' *yell*  
Like she'd *die* a-laughin'.

Never sich fool-youngens yit!  
Nothin' funny,—not a bit!—  
But we laugh' so, tel we whoop'  
Purt' nigh like we have the croup—  
All so hoarse we'd wheeze an' whoop  
An' ist *choke* a-laughin',

## A GUSTATORY ACHIEVEMENT

LAST Thanksgivin'-dinner we  
Let at Granny's house, an' she  
Had—ist like she alluz does—  
Most an' best pies ever wuz.

Canned *blackburry*-pie an' *goose-*  
Burry, squishin'-full o' juice;  
An' *rozburry*—yes, an' plum—  
Yes, an' *churry*-pie—*um-yum!*  
Peach an' punkin, too, you bet.  
Lawzy! I kin taste 'em yet!  
Yes, an' *custard*-pie, an' *mince!*

. . . . .

An'—I—*ain't*—et—no—pie—since!

## BILLY AND HIS DRUM

**H**O! it's come, kids, come!  
With a bim! bam! bum!  
Here's little Billy bangin' on his  
big bass drum!  
He's a-marchin' round the room,  
With his feather-duster plume  
A-noddin' an' a-bobbin' with his  
bim! bom! boom!

Looky, little Jane an' Jim!  
Will you only look at him,  
A-humpin' an' a-thumpin' with his  
bam! bom! bim!  
Has the Day o' Judgment come  
Er the New Mi-len-nee-um?  
Er is it only Billy with his  
bim! bam! bum!

I'm a-comin'; yes, I am—  
Jim an' Si an' Jane an' Sam!

Come hurrawin' as you come,  
Er they'll think you're deaf-an'-dumb  
Ef you don't hear little Billy an' his  
big bass drum !

## A DIVERTED TRAGEDY

**G**RACIE wuz allus a *careless* tot;  
But Gracie dearly loved her doll,  
An' played wiv it on the winder-sill  
'Way up-stairs, when she ought to *not*,  
An' her muvver *telled* her so an' all;  
But she won't *mind* what *she* say—till,  
First thing she know, her dolly fall  
Clean spang out o' the winder, plumb  
Into the street! An' here Grace come  
Down-stairs, two at a time, ist wild  
An' a-screamin', "Oh, my child! my child!"

Jule wuz a-bringin' their basket o' clo'es  
Ist then into their hall down there,—  
An' she ist stop' when Gracie bawl,  
An' Jule she say "She ist declare  
She's ist in time!" An' what you s'pose?  
She sets her basket down in the hall,  
An' wite on top o' the snowy clo'es  
Wuz Gracie's dolly a-layin' there  
An' ist ain't bu'st ner hurt a-tall!

## THOMAS THE PRETENDER

**T**OMMY'S alluz playin' jokes,  
An' actin' up, an' foolin' folks;  
An' wunst one time he creep  
In Pa's big chair, he did, one night,  
An' squint an' shut his eyes bofe tight,  
An' say, "Now I'm asleep."  
An' nen we knowed, an' Ma know' too,  
He *ain't* asleep no more'n you!

An' wunst he clumbed on our back-fence  
An' flop his arms an' nen commence  
To crow, like he's a hen;  
But when he falled off, like he done,  
He didn't fool us childern none,  
Ner didn't *crow* again.  
An' our Hired Man, as he come by,  
Says, "Tom can't *crow*, but he kin *cry*."

An' one time wunst Tom 'tend'-like he's  
His Pa an' goin' to rob the bees;  
An', first he know—oh, dear!  
They ist come swarmin' out o' there

An' sting him, an' stick in his hair—

An' one got in his yeer!—

An' Uncle sigh an' say to Ma,

An' grease the welts, "Pore Pa! pore Pa!"

## TO MY SISTER

### A BELATED OFFERING FOR HER BIRTHDAY

**T**HESE books you find three weeks behind

Your honored anniversary  
Make me, I fear, to here appear  
Mayhap a trifle cursory.—  
Yet while the Muse must thus refuse  
The chords that fall caressfully,  
She seems to stir the publisher  
And dealer quite successfully.

As to our *birthdays*—let 'em run  
Until they whirl and whiz!  
Read Robert Louis Stevenson,  
And hum these lines of his:—  
“The eternal dawn. beyond a doubt.



## THE SOLDIER

THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'  
MONUMENT, INDIANAPOLIS, MAY 15, 1902

**T**HE Soldier!—meek the title, yet divine:  
Therefore, with reverence, as with wild  
acclaim,  
We fain would honor in exalted line  
The glorious lineage of the glorious name:  
The Soldier.—Lo, he ever was and is,  
Our Country's high custodian, by right  
Of patriot blood that brims that heart of his  
With fiercest love, yet honor infinite.

The Soldier—within whose inviolate care  
The Nation takes repose,—her inmost fane  
Of Freedom ever has its guardian there,  
As have her forts and fleets on land and main:  
The Heavenward Banner, as its ripples stream  
In happy winds, or float in languid flow,  
Through silken meshes ever sifts the gleam  
Of sunshine on its Sentinel below.

The Soldier!—Why, the very utterance  
Is music—as of rallying bugles, blent  
With blur of drums and cymbals and the chants  
Of battle-hymns that shake the continent!—  
The thunder-chorus of a world is stirred  
To awful, universal jubilee,—  
Yet ever through it, pure and sweet, are heard  
The prayers of Womanhood, and Infancy.

Even as a fateful tempest sudden loosed  
Upon our senses, so our thoughts are blown  
Back where The Soldier battled, nor refused  
A grave all nameless in a clime unknown.—  
The Soldier—though, perchance, worn, old and  
gray;  
The Soldier—though, perchance, the merest  
lad,—  
The Soldier—though he gave his life away,  
Hearing the shout of “Victory,” was glad;

Ay, glad and grateful, that in such a cause  
His veins were drained at Freedom’s holy  
shrine—  
Rechristening the land—as first it was.—

The dying eyes upraised in rapture there,—  
As, haply, he remembered how a breeze  
Once swept his boyish brow and tossed his hair,  
Under the fresh bloom of the orchard-trees—  
When his heart hurried, in some wistful haste  
Of ecstasy, and his quick breath was wild  
And balmy-sharp and chilly-sweet to taste,—  
And he towered godlike, though a trembling  
child!

Again, through luminous mists, he saw the skies'  
Far fields white-tented; and in gray and blue  
And dazzling gold, he saw vast armies rise  
And fuse in fire—from which, in swiftest view,  
The Old Flag soared, and friend and foe as one  
Blent in an instant's vivid mirage. . . . Then  
The eyes closed smiling on the smiling sun  
That changed the seer to a child again.—

And, even so, The Soldier slept.—Our own!—  
The Soldier of our plaudits, flowers and  
tears,—  
O this memorial of bronze and stone—  
His love shall outlast *this* a thousand years!  
Yet, as the towering symbol bids us do,—  
With soul saluting, as salutes the hand,  
We answer as The Soldier answered to  
The Captain's high command.

## A CHRISTMAS GLEE

FEIGNED AS FROM ELIZABETHAN COMEDY

### I

**W**ITH a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho glee!  
O a Christmas glass for a sweet-lipped lass  
To kiss and pass, in her coquetry—  
So rare!  
And the lads all flush save the right one there—  
So rare—so rare!  
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho—oh!  
The Christmas holly and the mistletoe!

### II

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho wile!  
As he lifts the cup and his wan face up,  
Her eyes touch his with a tender smile—  
So rare!

CHORUS

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho-ho!  
The wind, the winter and the drifting snow!  
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho—oh!  
The Christmas holly and the mistletoe!

## NO BOY KNOWS

**T**HERE are many things that boys may  
know—

Why this and that are thus and so,—  
Who made the world in the dark and lit  
The great sun up to lighten it:  
Boys know new things every day—  
When they study, or when they play,—  
When they idle, or sow and reap—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should, at least,—  
May know that the round old earth rolls East ;—  
And know that the ice and the snow and the  
rain—

Ever repeating their parts again—  
Are all just water the sunbeams first  
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,  
And pour again till the low streams leap.—

He may know each call of his truant mates,  
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates  
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so  
deep.—

But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,  
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,  
To the pleading voice of the mother when  
I even doubted I heard it then—  
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,  
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—  
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

## HIS PA'S ROMANCE

ALL 'at I ever want to be  
Is ist to be a man like Pa  
When he wuz young an' married Ma!  
Uncle he telled us yisterdy  
Ist all about it then—'cause they,  
My Pa an' Ma, wuz bofe away  
To 'tend P'tracted Meetin', where  
My Pa an' Ma is allus there  
When all the big "Revivals" is,  
An' "Love-Feasts," too, an' "Class," an'  
"Prayer,"  
An' when's "Comoonian Servicis."  
An', yes, an' Uncle said to not  
To never tell *them* ner let on  
Like we knowed now ist how they got  
First married. So—while they wuz gone—  
Uncle he telled us ever'thing—  
'Bout how my Pa wuz ist a pore  
Farm-boy.—He says, I tell you *what*,  
Your Pa *wuz* pore! But neighbors they



Yes, sir! an' Uncle purt' nigh swore  
 About the mean old man an' way  
 He treat' my Pa!—'cause he's a pore  
 Farm-hand—but prouder 'an a king—  
 An' ist work' on, he did, an' wore  
 His old patched clo'es, ist anyway,  
 So he saved up his wages—then  
 He ist worked on an' 'saved some more,  
 An' ist worked on, ist night an' day—  
 Till, sir, he save' up nine er ten  
 Er hunnerd dollars! But he keep  
 All still about it, Uncle say—  
 But he ist thinks—an' thinks a heap!  
 Though what he wuz a-thinkin', Pa  
 He never tell' a soul but Ma—  
 (Then, course, you know, he wuzn't Pa,  
 An', course, you know, she wuzn't Ma—  
 They wuz ist sweethearts, course you know);  
 'Cause Ma wuz ist a girl, about  
 Sixteen; an' when my Pa he go  
 A-courtin' her, her Pa an' Ma—  
 The very first they find it out—  
 Wuz maddest folks you ever saw!  
 'Cause it wuz her old Ma an' Pa  
 'At hate' my Pa, an' toss their head,  
 An' ist raise Ned! An' her Pa said  
 He'd ruther see his daughter dead!  
 An' said she's ist a child!—an' so  
 Wuz Pa!—An' ef he wuz man-grown  
 An' only man on earth below,  
 His daughter shouldn't marry him

Ef he's a king an' on his throne!  
Pa's chances then looked mighty slim  
Fer certain, Uncle said. But he—  
He never told a soul but her  
What he wuz keepin' quiet fer.  
Her folks ist lived a mile from where  
He lived at—an' they drove past there  
To git to town. An' ever' one  
An' all the neighbors they liked her  
An' showed it! But her folks—no, sir!—  
Nobody liked her parunts none!  
An' so when they shet down, you know,  
On Pa—an' old man tell' him so—  
Pa ist went back to work, an' she  
Ist waited. An', sir! purty soon  
Her folks they thought he's turned his eye  
Some other way—'cause by-an'-by  
They heard he'd *rented* the old place  
He worked on. An' one afternoon  
A neighbor, that had bust' a trace,  
*He* tell' the old man they wuz signs  
Around the old place that the young  
Man wuz a-fixin' up the old  
Log cabin some, an' he had brung

An', Uncle said, when he hear tell  
O' all them things, the old man he  
Ist grin' an' says, he "reckon' now  
Some gal, er widder anyhow,  
That silly boy he's coaxed at last  
To marry him!" he says, says-ee,  
"An' ef he has, 'so mote it be'!"  
Then went back to the house to tell  
His *wife* the news, as he went past  
The smokehouse, an' then went on in  
The kitchen, where his daughter she  
Wuz washin', to tell *her*, an' grin  
An' try to worry her a spell!  
The mean old thing! But Uncle said  
She ain't cry much—ist pull her old  
Sunbonnet forrerd on her head—  
So's old man he can't see her face  
At all! An' when he s'pose he scold  
An' jaw enough, he ist clear' out  
An' think he's boss of all the place!

Then Uncle say, the first you know  
They's go' to be a Circus-show  
In town; an' old man think he'll take  
His wife an' go. An' when she say  
To take their daughter, too, *she* shake  
Her head like she don't *want* to go;  
An' when he sees she wants to stay,  
The old man takes her, anyway!  
An' so she went! But Uncle he  
Said she looked mighty sweet that day,

Though she wuz pale as she could be,  
A-speshully a-drivin' by  
Wite where her beau lived at, you know;  
But out the corner of his eye  
The old man watch' her; but she throw  
Her pairsol 'round so she can't see  
The house at all! An' then she hear  
Her Pa an' Ma a-talkin' low  
An' kind o' laughin'-like; but she  
Ist set there in the seat behind,  
P'tendin' like she didn't mind.  
An', Uncle say, when they got past  
The young man's place, an' 'pearantly  
He wuzn't home, but off an' gone  
To town, the old man turned at last  
An' talked back to his daughter there,  
All pleasant-like, from then clean on  
Till they got into town, an' where  
The Circus wuz, an' on inside  
O' that, an' through the crowd, on to  
The very top seat in the tent  
Wite next the band—a-bangin' through  
A tune 'at bu'st his yeers in two!  
An' there the old man scrouged an' tried  
To make his wife set down, an' she  
A-yellin'! But ist what she meant  
He couldn't hear, ner couldn't see  
Till she turned 'round an' pinte. Then  
He turned an' looked—an' looked again! . . .  
He ist saw neighbors ever'where—  
But, sir, *his daughter* wuzn't there!

An', Uncle says, he even saw  
Her beau, you know, he hated so;  
An' he wuz with some other girl.  
An' then he heard the Clown "Haw-haw!"  
An' saw the horses wheel an' whirl  
Around the ring, an' heard the zipp  
O' the Ringmaster's long slim whip—  
But that whole Circus, Uncle said,  
Wuz all inside the old man's head!

An' Uncle said, he didn't find  
His daughter all that afternoon—  
An' her Ma says she'll lose her mind  
Ef they don't find her purty soon!  
But, though they looked all day, an' stayed  
There fer the night p'formance—not  
No use at all!—they never laid  
Their eyes on her. An' then they got  
Their team out, an' the old man shook  
His fist at all the town, an' then  
Shook it up at the moon ag'in,  
An' said his time 'ud come, some day!  
An' jerked the lines an' driv away.

Uncle, he said, he s'pect, that night,  
The old man's madder yet when they  
Drive past the young man's place, an' hear  
A fiddle there, an' see a light  
Inside, an' shadders light an' gay  
A-dancin' 'crosst the winder-blinds.  
An' some young chaps outside yelled, "Say!  
What 'pears to be the hurry—hey?"

But the old man ist whipped the lines  
An' streaked past like a runaway!  
An' now you'll be su'prised, I bet!—  
I hardly ain't quit laughin' yet  
When Uncle say, that jamboree  
An' dance an' all—w'y, that's a sign  
That any old man ort to see,  
As plain as 8 and 1 makes 9,  
That they's *a weddin'* wite inside  
That very house he's whippin' so  
To git apast!—An', sir! the bride  
There's his own daughter! Yes, an' oh!  
She's my Ma now—an' young man she  
Got married, he's my Pa! *Whoop-ee!*  
But Uncle say to not laugh all  
The laughin' yet, but please save some  
To kind o' spice up what's to come!

Then Uncle say, about next day  
The neighbors they begin to call  
An' wish 'em well, an' say how glad  
An' proud an' tickled ever' way  
Their friends all is—an' how they had  
The lovin' prayers of ever' one  
That had homes of their own! But none  
Said nothin' 'bout the home that she  
Had run away from! So she sighed

An', 'bout a week,  
She want to see her Ma so bad,  
She think she'll haf to go! An' so  
She coax him; an' he kiss her cheek  
An' say, Lord bless her, *course* they'll go!  
An', Uncle say, when they're bofe come  
A-knockin' there at her old home—  
W'y, first he know, the door it flew  
Open, all quick, an' she's jerked in,  
An', quicker still, the door's banged to  
An' locked: an' crosst the winder-sill  
The old man pokes a shotgun through  
An' says to git! "You stold my child,"  
He says; "an', now she's back, w'y, you  
Clear out, this minute, er I'll kill  
You! Yes, an' I 'ull kill her, too,  
Ef you don't go!" An' then, all wild,  
His young wife begs him please to go!  
An' so he turn' an' walk'—all slow  
An' pale as death, but awful still  
An' ca'm—back to the gate, an' on  
Into the road, where he had gone  
So many times alone, you know!  
An', Uncle say, a whipperwill  
Holler so lonesome, as he go  
On back to'rds home, he say he 'spec'  
He ist 'ud like to wring its neck!  
An' I ain't think he's goin' back  
All by hisse'f—but Uncle say  
That's what he does, an' it's a fac'!

An' 'pears-like he's goin' back to *stay*—  
'Cause there he stick', ist thataway,  
An' don't go nowheres any more,  
Ner don't nobody ever see  
Him set his foot outside the door—  
Till 'bout five days, a boy loped down  
The road, a-comin' past from town,  
An' he called to him from the gate,  
An' sent the old man word: He's thought  
Things over now; an', while he hate  
To lose his wife, he think she ought  
To mind her Pa an' Ma an' do  
Whatever *they* advise her to.  
An' sends word, too, to come an' git  
Her new things an' the furnichur  
That he had special' bought fer her—  
'Cause, now that they wuz goin' to quit,  
She's free to ist have all of it;—  
So, fer his love fer her, he say  
To come an' git it, wite away.  
An' *spang!* that very afternoon,  
Here come her Ma—ist 'bout as soon  
As old man could hitch up an' tell  
Her "hurry back!" An' 'bout as quick  
As she's drove there to where my Pa—  
I mean to where her son-in-law—  
Lives at, he meets her at the door



Shet on her, an' she hears the click  
Of a' old rusty padlock! Then,  
Uncle, he say, she kind o' stands  
An' thinks—an' thinks—an' thinks ag'in—  
An' mayby thinks of her own child  
Locked up—like her! An' Uncle smiled,  
An' I ist laughed an' clapped my hands!  
An' there she stayed! An' she can cry  
Ist all she want! an' yell an' kick  
To ist her heart's content! an' try  
To pry out wiv a quiltin'-stick!  
But Uncle say he guess at last  
She's 'bout give up, an' holler through  
The door-crack fer to please to be  
So kind an' good as send an' tell  
The old man, like she want him to,  
To come 'fore night, an' set her free,  
Er—they wuz rats down there! An' yell  
She did, till, Uncle say, it soured  
The morning's milk in the back yard!  
But all the answer reached her, where  
She's skeered so in the dark down there,  
Wuz ist a mutterin' that she heard,—  
*"I've sent him word!—I've sent him word!"*  
An' shore enough, as Uncle say,  
He *has* "sent word!"

Well, it's plum night  
An' all the house is shet up tight—  
Only one winder 'bout half-way  
Raised up, you know; an' ain't no light

Inside the whole house, Uncle say.  
Then, first you know, there where the team  
Stands hitched yet, there the old man  
stands—

A' old tin lantern in his hands  
An' monkey-wrench; an' he don't seem  
To make things out, a-standin' there.  
He comes on to the gate an' feels  
An' fumbles fer the latch—then hears  
A voice that chills him to the heels—  
“You halt! an' stand right where you air!”  
Then, sir! my—my—his son-in-law,  
There at the winder wiv his gun,  
He tell the old man what he's done:  
“You hold *my* wife a prisoner—  
An' *your* wife, drat ye! I've got *her*!  
An' now, sir,” Uncle say he say,  
“You ist turn round an' climb wite in  
That wagon, an' drive home ag'in  
An' bring my wife back wite away,  
An' we'll trade then—an' not before  
Will I unlock my cellar-door—  
Not fer your wife's sake ner your own,  
But *my* wife's sake—an' hers alone!”  
An', Uncle say, it don't sound like  
It's so, but yet it is!—He say,  
From wite then, somepin' seem' to strike

Come whizzin' back! An' oh, that-air  
Sweet girl a-cryin' all the while,  
Thinkin' about her Ma there, shet  
In her own daughter's cellar, where—  
Ist week or so *she's* kep' house there—  
She hadn't time to clean it yet!  
So when her Pa an' her they git  
There—an' the young man grab' an' kiss  
An' hug her, till she make him quit  
An' ask him where her mother is.  
An' then he smile' an' try to not;  
Then slow-like find th' old padlock key,  
An' blow a' oat-hull out of it,  
An' then stoop down there where he's got  
Her Ma locked up so keerfully—  
An' where, wite there, he say he thought  
It *ort* to been *the old man*—though  
Uncle, he say, he reckon not—  
When out she bounced, all tickled so  
To taste fresh air ag'in an' find  
Her folks wunst more, an' grab' her child  
An' cry an' laugh, an' even go  
An' hug the old man; an' he wind  
Her in his arms, an' laugh, an' pat  
Her back, an' say he's riconciled,  
In such a happy scene as that,  
To swap his daughter for her Ma,  
An' have so smart a son-in-law

TO JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

**Y**OU who to the rounded prime  
Of a life of toil and stress,  
Still have kept the morning-time  
Of glad youth in heart and spirit,  
So your laugh, as children hear it,  
Seems their own, no less,—  
Take this book of childish rhyme—  
The Book of Joyous Children.

Their first happiness on earth  
Here is echoed—their first glee:  
Rich, in sooth, the volume's worth—  
Not in classic lore, but rich in  
The child-sagas of the kitchen;—  
Therefore, take from me  
To your heart of childish mirth  
The Book of Joyous Children.

## THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

**B**OUND and bordered in leaf-green,  
Edged with trellised buds and flowers  
And glad Summer-gold, with clean  
White and purple morning-glories  
Such as suit the songs and stories  
Of this book of ours,  
Unrevised in text or scene,—  
The Book of Joyous Children.

Wild and breathless in their glee—  
Lawless rangers of all ways  
Winding through lush greenery  
Of Elysian vales—the viny,  
Bowery groves of shady, shiny  
Haunts of childish days.  
Spread and read again with me  
The Book of Joyous Children.

What a whirl of wings, and what

Of the poets of those far lands  
 Whence all dreams are drawn  
 Set herein and soiling not  
       The Book of Joyous Children.

In their blithe companionship  
 Taste again, these pages through,  
 The hot honey on your lip  
       Of the sun-smit wild strawberry,  
       Or the chill tart of the cherry;  
 Kneel, all glowing, to  
 The cool spring, and with it sip  
       The Book of Joyous Children.

As their laughter needs no rule,  
 So accept their language, pray.—  
 Touch it not with any tool:  
       Surely we may understand it,—  
       As the heart has parsed or scanned it  
 Is a worthy way,  
 Though found not in any School  
       The Book of Joyous Children.

Be a truant—know no place  
 Of prison under heaven's rim!  
 Front the Father's smiling face—

## ELMER BROWN

AWF'LEST boy in this-here town  
A'er anywheres is Elmer Brown!  
He'll mock you—yes, an' strangers, too,  
An' make a face an' yell at you,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

Yes, an' wunst in School one day,  
An' Teacher's lookin' wite that way,  
He helt his slate, an' hide his head,  
An' maked a face at *her*, an' said,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

An'-sir! when Rosie Wheeler smile  
One morning at him 'crosst the aisle,  
He twist his face all up, an' black  
His nose wiv ink, an' whisper back,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

Wunst when his Aunt's all dressed to call,  
An' kiss him good-by in the hall,  
An' latch the gate an' start away,  
He holler out to her an' say,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

An' when his Pa he read out loud  
The speech he maked, an' feel so proud  
It's in the paper—Elmer's Ma  
She ketched him—wite behind his Pa,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

Nen when his Ma she slip an' take  
Him in the other room an' shake  
Him good! w'y, he don't care—no-sir!—  
He ist look up an' laugh at her,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*



## THE RAMBO-TREE

**W**HEN Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—  
The bird sings low as the bumblebee—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—  
The poor shote-pig he says, says he:  
"When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There's enough for you and enough for me."—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

*For just two truant lads like we,  
When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There's enough for you and enough for me—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard.*

When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—  
The mole digs out to peep and see—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—

*For just two truant lads like we,  
When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There's enough for you and enough for me—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard.*

## FIND THE FAVORITE

OUR three cats is Maltese cats,  
An' they's two that's white,—  
An' bofe of 'em's *deef*—an' that's  
'Cause their *eyes* ain't right.—

Uncle say that *Huxley* say  
Eyes of *white* Maltese—  
When they don't match thataway—  
They're *deef* as you please!

*Girls*, they like our white cats best,  
'Cause they're white as snow,  
Yes, an' look the *stylish*—  
But they're *deef*, you know!

They don't know their names, an' don't  
Hear us when we call  
"Come in, Nick an' Finn!"—they won't  
Come fer us at all!

Mowgli's *all* his name—the same  
Me an' Muvver took  
Like the Wolf-Child's *other* name,  
In "The Jungul Book."

I bet Mowg's the smartest cat  
In the world!—*He's* not  
*White*, but mousy-plush, with that  
Smoky gloss he's got!

All's got little bells to ring,  
Round their neck; but none  
Only Mowg *knows* anything—  
He's the only one!

I ist 'spect sometimes he hate  
White cats' stupid ways:—  
He won't hardly 'sociate  
With 'em, lots o' days!

Mowg wants in where *we* air,—well,  
He'll ist take his paw  
An' ist ring an' ring his bell  
There till me er Ma

Er *somebody* lets him in  
Nen an' shuts the door.—  
An', when he wants out ag'in,  
Nen he'll ring some more.

Ort to hear our Katy tell!  
She sleeps 'way up-stairs;  
An' last night she hear Mowg's bell  
Ringin' round *somewheres*. . . .

Trees grows by her winder.—So,  
She lean out an' see  
Mowg up there, 'way out, you know,  
In the clingstone-tree;—

An'-sir! he ist *hint* an' *ring*,—  
Till she ketch an' plat  
Them limbs;—nen he crawl an' spring  
In where Katy's at!

## THE BOY PATRIOT

**I** WANT to be a Soldier!—  
A Soldier!—  
A Soldier!—

I want to be a Soldier, with a saber in my hand  
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,  
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the  
band;

I want to hear, high overhead, The Old Flag flap  
her wings

While all the Army, following, in chorus cheers  
and sings;

I want to hear the tramp and jar  
Of patriots a million,  
As gaily dancing off to war  
As dancing a cotillion.

*I want to be a Soldier!—*  
*A Soldier!—*  
*A Soldier!—*

*I want to be a Soldier with a saber in my hand*

I want to see the battle!—

The battle!—

The battle!—

I want to see the battle, and be in it to the end;—

I want to hear the cannon clear their throats and  
catch the prattle

Of all the pretty compliments the enemy can send!—

And then I know my wits will go,—and where I  
*shouldn't* be—

Well, there's the spot, in any fight, that you may  
search for me.

So, when our foes have had their fill,

Though I'm among the dying,

To see The Old Flag flying still,

I'll laugh to leave her flying!

*I want to be a Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*I want to be a Soldier, with a saber in my hand*

*Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,*

*Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of  
the band.*

## EXTREMES

### I

A LITTLE boy once played so loud  
That the Thunder, up in a thunder-cloud,  
Said, "Since *I* can't be heard, why, then  
I'll never, never thunder again!"

### II

And a little girl once kept so still  
That she heard a fly on the window-sill  
Whisper and say to a ladybird,—  
"She's the stillest child I ever heard."





**His home on Lockerbie Street**



## INTELLECTUAL LIMITATIONS

PARUNTS knows lots more than us,  
But they don't know *all* things,—  
'Cause we ketch 'em, lots o' times,  
Even on little small things.

One time Winnie ask' her Ma,  
At the winder, sewin',  
What's the wind a-doin' when  
It's a-not a-*blowin'*?

Yes, an' 'Del', that very day,  
When we're nearly froze out,  
He ask' Uncle *where* it goes  
When the fire goes out?

Nen *I* run to ask my Pa,  
That way, somepin' funny;  
But I can't say ist but "Say,"  
When he turn to me an' say,  
"Well, what is it, Honey?"

## A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

SCENE.—*A kitchen.—Group of Children, popping corn.—The Fairy Queen of the Seasons discovered in the smoke of the corn-popper.—Waving her wand, and, with eery, sharp, imperious ejaculations, addressing the bespelled auditors, who neither see nor hear her nor suspect her presence.*

QUEEN

SUMMER or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE JASPER

When I'm dressed warm as warm can be,  
And with boots, to go  
Through the deepest snow,  
Winter-time is the time for me!

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MILDRED

I like blossoms, and birds that sing;  
The grass and the dew,  
And the sunshine, too,—  
So, best of all I like the Spring.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MANDEVILLE

O little friends, I most rejoice  
When I hear the drums  
As the Circus comes,—  
So Summer-time's my special choice.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE EDITH

## QUEEN

Soh! my lovelings and pretty dears,  
You've *each* a favorite, it appears,—  
Summer and Winter and Spring and Fall.—  
That's the reason I send them *all*!

## LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK

WHEN Dicky was sick  
In the night, and the clock,  
As he listened, said "Tick-  
Atty—tick-atty—tock!"  
He said that *it* said,  
Every time it said "Tick,"  
It said "Sick," instead,  
And he *heard* it say "Sick!"  
And when it said "Tick-  
Atty—tick-atty—tock,"  
He said it said "Sick-  
Atty—sick-atty—sock!"  
And he tried to *see* then,  
But the light was too dim,  
Yet he *heard* it again—  
And 'twas *talking* to him!  
And then it said "Sick-  
Atty—sick-atty—sick!"  
You poor little Dick-  
Atty—Dick-atty—Dick!—  
Have you got the hick-  
Atties? Hi! send for Doc  
To hurry up quick-

Atty—quick-atty—quock,  
And heat a hot brick-  
Atty—brick-atty—brock,  
And rickle-ty wrap it  
And clickle-ty clap it  
Against his cold feet-  
Al-ty—weep-aty—eepaty—  
*There* he goes, slapit-  
Ty—slippaty—sleepaty!"



## THE KATYDIDS

SOMETIMES I keep  
From going to sleep,  
To hear the katydids “cheep-cheep!”  
And think they say  
Their prayers that way;  
But *katydids* don’t have to *pray*!

I listen when  
They cheep again;  
And so, I think, they’re *singing* then!  
But, no; I’m wrong,—  
The sound’s too long  
And all-alike to be a song!

I think, “Well, there!  
I do declare,  
If it is neither song nor prayer,  
It’s *talk*—and quite

And so, I smile,  
And think,—“Now I’ll  
Not listen for a little while!”—  
Then, sweet and clear,  
Next “*cheep*” I hear  
’S a *kiss*. . . . Good morning,  
    Mommy dear!

## THE NOBLE OLD ELM

O BIG Old Tree, so tall an' fine,  
Where all us childern swings an' plays,  
Though neighbors says you're on the line  
Between Pa's house an' Mr. Gray's,—  
Us childern used to almost fuss,  
Old Tree, about you when we'd play.  
We'd argy you belonged to *us*,  
An' them Gray-kids the other way!

Till *Elsie*, one time *she* wuz here  
An' playin' wiv us—Don't you mind,  
Old Mister Tree?—an' purty near  
She scolded us the hardest kind  
Fer quar'llin' 'bout you thataway,  
An' say *she'll* find—ef we'll keep still—  
Whose tree you air *fer shore*, she say,  
An' settle it *fer good*, she will!

So all keep still: An' nen she gone  
An' pat the Old Tree, an' says she,—  
“Whose *air* you, Tree?” an' nen let on  
Like she's a-list'nin' to the Tree,—  
An' nen she say, “It's settled,—'cause  
The Old Tree says he's *all* our tree—  
His *trunk* belongs to bofe your Pas,  
But *shade* belongs to you an' me.”

## EVENSONG

LAY away the story,—  
Though the theme is sweet,  
There's a lack of something yet,  
Leaves it incomplete :—  
There's a nameless yearning—  
Strangely undefined—  
For a story sweeter still  
Than the written kind.

Therefore read no longer—  
I've no heart to hear  
But just something you make up,  
O my mother dear.—  
With your arms around me,  
Hold me, folded-eyed,—  
Only let your voice go on—  
I'll be satisfied.

## AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY-TALE

*When I wuz ist a little bit o' weenty-teenty kid  
I maked up a Fairy-tale, all by myse'f, I did:—*

### I

WUNST upon a time wunst  
They wuz a Fairy King,  
An' ever'thing he have wuz *gold*—  
His clo'es, an' *ever*'thing!  
'An' all the other Fairies  
In his goldun Palace-hall  
Had to hump an' hustle—  
'Cause he was bosst of all!

### II

He have a golden trumput,  
An' when he blow' on that,  
It's a sign he want' his boots,  
Er his coat er hat:

They's a sign fer ever'thing,—  
An' all the Fairies knowed  
Ever' sign, an' come a-hoppin'  
When the King blowed!

## III

Wunst he blowed an' telled 'em all:  
"Saddle up yer bees—  
Fireflies is gittin' fat  
An' sassy as you please!—  
Guess we'll go a-huntin'!"  
So they hunt' a little bit,  
Till the King blowed "Supper-time,"  
Nen they all quit.

## IV

Nen they have a Banqut  
In the Palace-hall,  
An' ist et! an' et! an' et!  
Nen they have a *Ball*;  
An' when the *Queen* o' Fairyland  
Come p'omenadin' through,

---

## THE TWINS

"IGO AND AGO"

**W**E'RE The Twins from Aunt  
Marinn's,  
Igo and Ago.  
When Dad comes, the show begins!—  
Iram, coram, dago.

Dad he says he named us two  
Igo and Ago  
For a poem he always knew,  
Iram, coram, dago.

*Then* he was a braw Scotchman—  
Igo and Ago  
*Now* he's Scotch-Amer-i-can.  
Iram, coram, dago.

"Here," he laughs, "ye've each a leg,  
Igo and Ago,  
Gleg as Tam O'Shanter's 'Meg'!  
Iram, coram, dago!"

Then we mount, with shrieks of mirth—  
Igo and Ago,—  
The two gladdest twins on earth!  
Iram, coram, dago.

Wade and Silas-Walker cry,—  
"Igo and Ago—  
Annie's kissin' 'em 'good-by'!"—  
Iram, coram, dago.

Aunty waves us fond farewells.—  
"Igo and Ago,"  
Granny pipes, "tak care yersels!"  
Iram, coram, dago.



## THE LITTLE LADY

**O**THE Little Lady's dainty  
As the picture in a book,  
And her hands are creamy-whiter  
Than the water-lilies look ;  
Her laugh's the undrown'd music  
Of the maddest meadow-brook.—  
Yet all in vain I praise The Little Lady !

Her eyes are blue and dewy  
As the glimmering Summer-dawn,—  
Her face is like the eglantine  
Before the dew is gone ;  
And were that honied mouth of hers  
A bee's to feast upon,  
He'd be a bee bewildered, Little Lady !

Her brow makes light look sallow ;  
And the sunshine, I declare,  
Is but a yellow jealousy  
Awakened by her hair—  
For O the dazzling glint of it  
Nor sight nor soul can bear,—  
So Love goes groping for The Little Lady.

And yet she's neither Nymph nor Fay,  
Nor yet of Angelkind :—  
She's but a racing schoolgirl, with  
Her hair blown out behind  
And tremblingly unbraided by  
The fingers of the Wind,  
As it wildly swoops upon The Little Lady.

### “COMPANY MANNERS”

**W**HEN Bess gave her Dollies a tea, said she,—  
“It’s unpolite, when they’s Company,  
To say you’ve drank *two* cups, you see,—  
But say you’ve drank *a couple* of tea.”

## THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

WHEN we hear Uncle Sidney tell  
About the long-ago  
An' old, old friends he loved so well  
When *he* was young—My-oh!—  
Us childern all wish *we'd* 'a' bin  
A-livin' then with Uncle,—so  
We could a-kind o' happened in  
On them old friends *he* used to know!—  
The good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!

They was God's people, Uncle says,  
An' gloried in His name,  
An' worked, without no selfishness,  
An' loved their neighbors same  
As they was kin: An' when they biled  
Their tree-molasses, in the Spring,  
Er butchered in the Fall, they smiled  
An' sheered with all jist ever'thing!—  
The good, old-fashioned people—

He tells about 'em, lots o' times,  
Till we'd all ruther hear  
About 'em than the Nurs'ry Rhymes  
Er Fairies—mighty near!—  
Only, sometimes, he stops so long  
An' then talks on so low an' slow,  
It's purt' nigh sad as any song  
To listen to him talkin' so  
Of the good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!

## THE BEST TIMES

**W**HEN Old Folks they wuz young like us  
An' little as you an' me,—  
Them wuz the best times ever wuz  
Er ever goin' ter be!

## “HIK-TEE-DIK”

### THE WAR-CRY OF BILLY AND BUDDY

**W**HEN two little boys—renowned but for  
noise—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—

May hurt a whole school, and the head it employs,

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

Such loud and hilarious pupils indeed

Need learning—and yet something further they  
need,

Though fond hearts that love them may sorrow and  
bleed.

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

O the schoolmarm was cool, and in nowise a fool;

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

And in ruling her ranks it was *her* rule to *rule*;

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

So when these two pupils conspired, every day,

At the ring of the bell they'd rush in with a yell—  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!  
And they'd bang the school-door till the plastering  
fell,  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!  
They'd clinch as they came, and pretend not to see  
As they knocked her desk over—then, *My!* and  
*O-me!*  
How awfully sorry they'd both seem to be!  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

This trick seemed so neat and so safe a conceit,—  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—  
They played it three times—though the third they  
were beat;  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!  
For the teacher, she righted her desk—raised the lid  
And folded and packed away each little kid—  
Closed the incident so—yes, and locked it, she did—  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!



## “OLD BOB WHITE”

OLD Bob White's a funny bird!—  
Funniest you ever heard!—

Hear him whistle,—“Old—Bob—*White!*”  
You can hear him, clean from where  
He's 'way 'crosst the wheat-field there,  
Whistlin' like he didn't care—  
“Old—Bob—*White!*”

Whistles alluz ist the same—  
So's we won't fergit his name!—  
Hear him say it?—“Old—Bob—*White!*”  
*There!* he's whizzed off down the lane—  
Gone back where his folks is stayin'—  
Hear him?—There he goes again,—  
“Old—Bob—*White!*”

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

[1869]

### I

#### ONE OF HIS ANIMAL STORIES

NOW, Tudens, you sit on *this* knee—and 'scuse  
It having no side-saddle on;—and, Jeems,  
You sit on *this*—and don't you wobble so  
And chug my old shins with your coppertoos;—  
And, all the rest of you, range round someway,—  
Ride on the rockers and hang to the arms  
Of our old-time split-bottom carryall!—  
Do anything but *squabble* for a place,  
Or push or shove or scrouge, or breathe *out loud*,  
Or chew wet, or knead taffy in my beard!—  
Do *anything*. almost—act *anyway*,—  
Only *keep still*, so I can hear myself  
Trying to tell you “just one story more!”

One winter afternoon my father, with  
A whistle to our dog, a shout to us—  
His two boys, six and eight years old, we were

From home, where he was chopping wood. We  
 raced,  
 We slipped and slid; reaching, at last, the north  
 Side of Tharp's corn-field.—There we struck what  
 seemed  
 To be a coon-track—so we all agreed:  
 And father, who was not a hunter, to  
 Our glad surprise, proposed we follow it.  
 The snow was quite five inches deep; and we,  
 Keen on the trail, were soon far in the woods.  
 Our old dog, "Ring," ran nosing the fresh track  
 With whimpering delight, far on ahead.  
 After following the trail more than a mile  
 To northward, through the thickest winter woods  
 We boys had ever seen,—all suddenly  
 He seemed to strike *another* trail; and then  
 Our joyful attention was drawn to  
 Old "Ring"—leaping to this side, then to that,  
 Of a big, hollow, old oak tree, which had  
 Been blown down by a storm some years before.  
 There—all at once—out leapt a lean old fox  
 From the black hollow of a big bent limb,—  
 Hey! how he scudded!—but with our old "Ring"  
 Sharp after him—and father after "Ring"—  
 We after father, near as we could hold.  
 And father noticed that the fox kept just  
 About four feet ahead of "Ring"—just that—

“Oh, le’ ’s go back!—  
*Do le’ ’s go back!*” we little vandals cried,—  
 “Le’ ’s go back, quick, and find the little things—  
*Please*, father!—Yes, and take ’em home for pets—  
 ’Cause ‘Ring’ he’ll kill the old fox anyway!”

So father turned, at last, and back we went.  
 And then he chopped a hole in the old tree  
 About ten feet along the limb from which  
 The old fox ran: and—Bless their little lives!—  
 There, in the hollow of the old tree-trunk—  
 There, on a bed of warm dry leaves and moss—  
 There, snug as any bug in any rug—  
 We found—one—two—three—four, and, yes-sir,  
       *five*

Wee, weenty-teenty baby-foxes, with  
 Their eyes just barely opened.—*Cute?*—my-oh!—  
*The* cutest—the most cunning little things  
 Two boys ever saw, in all their lives!—  
 “Raw weather for the little fellows *now!*”  
 Said father, as though talking to himself,—  
 “Raw weather, and no home *now!*”—And off came  
 His warm old “waumus”; and in that he wrapped  
 The helpless little fellows then, and held  
 Them soft and warm against him as he could,—  
 And home we happy children followed him.—

*Old “Ring”* did not reach home till nearly dusk:  
 The mother-fox had led him a long chase—  
 “Yes, and a *fool’s* chase, too!” he seemed to say,

And looked ashamed to hear us *praising* him.  
 But, *mother*—well, we *could not* understand  
*Her* acting as she did—and we so *pleased*!  
 I can see yet the look of pained surprise  
 And deep compassion of her troubled face  
 When father very gently laid his coat,  
 With the young foxes in it, on the hearth  
 Beside her, as she brightened up the fire.  
 She urged—for the old fox's sake and theirs—  
 That they be taken back to the old tree;  
 But father—for *our* wistful sakes, no doubt—  
 Said we would keep them, and would try our best  
 To raise them. And at once he set about  
 Building a snug home for the little things  
 Out of an old big bushel-basket, with  
 Its fractured handle and its stoven ribs:  
 So, lining and padding this all cozily,  
 He snuggled in its little tenants, and  
 Called in John Wesley Thomas, our hired man,  
 And gave him in full charge, with much advice  
 Regarding the just care and sustenance of  
 Young foxes.—“John,” he said, “you feed ’em  
*milk*—

*Warm* milk, John Wesley! Yes, and *keep ’em by*  
*The stove*—and keep your stove *a-roarin’*, too,  
 Both night and day!—And keep ’em *covered* up—  
 Not *smothered*, John, but snug and comfortable—  
 And now, John Wesley Thomas, first and last,—  
 You feed ’em *milk*—*fresh* milk—and always  
*warm*—

Say five or six or seven times a day—  
 Of course we'll grade that by the way they *thrive*."  
 But, for all sanguine hope, and care, as well,  
 The little fellows *did not* thrive at all.—  
 Indeed, with *all* our care and vigilance,  
 By the third day of their captivity  
 The last survivor of the fated five  
 Squeaked, like some battered little rubber-toy,  
 Jist clean wore out.—And that's jist what 'e wuz!  
 And—nights,—the cry of the mother-fox for her  
     young  
 Was heard, with awe, for long weeks afterward.  
 And we boys, every night, would go to the door  
 And, peering out in the darkness, listening,  
 Could hear the poor fox in the black bleak woods  
 Still calling for her little ones in vain.  
 As, all mutely, we returned to the warm fireside,  
 Mother would say: "How would you like for *me*  
 To be out there, this dark night, in the cold woods,  
 Calling for *my* children?"

## II

## UNCLE BRIGHTENS UP—

UNCLE he says 'at 'way down in the sea  
 Ever'thing's ist like it *used* to be:—  
 He says they's mermaids an' mermans, too,  
 An' little merchildern, like me an' you—  
 Little merboys, with tops an' balls,  
 An' little mergirls, with little merdolls.

III

A PET OF UNCLE SIDNEY'S

UNCLE Sidney's vurry proud  
Of little Leslie-Janey,  
'Cause she's so smart an' goes to school  
Clean 'way in Pennsylvany!  
She print' an' sent a postul-card  
To Uncle Sidney, telling  
How glad he'll be to hear that she  
"Toock the onners in Speling."

IV

IN THE KINDERGARTEN OF NOBLE SONG

UNCLE he learns us to rhyme an' write  
An' all be poets an' all recite:  
His little-est poet's his little-est niece,  
An' this is her little-est poetry-piece.

V

SINGS A "WINKY-TOODEN" SONG—

HERE'S a little rhyme for the Spring- or  
Summer-time—

An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!—  
Just a little bit o' tune you can twitter, May or June,  
An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!  
It's a song that soars and sings,  
As the birds that twang their wings

It's a song just broken loose, with no reason or excuse—

An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!  
 You can sing along with it—or it matters not a bit—  
 An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!

It's a lovely little thing  
 That 'most any one could sing  
 With a ringle-dingle-ding,  
 Soft and low, don't you know,  
 An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!

## VI

### AND ANOTHER OF OUR BETSY—

US children's all so lonesome,  
 We hardly want to *play*  
 Or skip or swing or anything,—  
 'Cause Betsy she's away!  
 She's gone to see her people  
 At her old home.—But then—  
 Oh! every child'll jist be wild  
 When she's back here again!

### CHORUS



She's like a mother to us,  
And like a sister, too—  
Oh! she's as sweet as things to eat  
When all the dinner's through!  
And hey! to hear her laughin'!  
And ho! to hear her sing!—  
To have her back is all we lack  
Of havin' *everything!*

CHORUS

*Then it's whoopty-doopty dooden!—*  
*Woopty-dooden then!*  
*Oh! it's whoopty-doopty dooden,*  
*When Betsy's back again!*

Oh! some may sail the northern lakes,  
And some to foreign lands,  
And some may seek old Nameless Creek,  
Or India's golden sands;  
Or some may go to Kokomo,  
And some to Mackinac,—  
But I'll go down to Morgantown  
To fetch our Betsy back.

CHORUS

## VII

## AND MAKES NURSERY RHYMES

## I

## THE DINERS IN THE KITCHEN

OUR dog Fred  
Et the bread.

Our dog Dash  
Et the hash.

Our dog Pete  
Et the meat.

Our dog Davy  
Et the gravy.

Our dog Toffy  
Et the coffee.

Our dog Jake  
Et the cake.

Our dog Trip  
Et the dip.

And—the worst,  
From the first,—

Our dog Fido  
Et the pie-dough.

2

THE IMPERIOUS ANGLER

Miss Medairy Dory-Ann  
Cast her line and caught a man,  
But when he looked so pleased, alack!  
She unhooked and plunked him back.—  
“I never like to catch what I can,”  
Said Miss Medairy Dory-Ann.

3

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

[*Voice from behind high board-fence.*]

“WHERE’S the crowd that dares to go  
Where I dare to lead?—you know!”

“Well, here’s *one!*”  
Shouts Ezry Dunn.

“Count me *two!*”  
Yells Cootsy Drew.

“Here’s yer *three!*”  
Sings Babe Magee.

“Score me *four!*”  
Roars Leech-hole Moore.

"I make *six!*"  
Chirps Herbert Dix.

"Punctchul!—*seven!*"  
Pipes Runt Replevin.

"Mark me *eight!*"  
Grunts Mealbag Nate.

"I'm yet *nine!*"  
Growls "Lud'rick" Stein.

"Hi! here's *ten!*"  
Whoops Catfish Ben.

"And now we march, in daring line,  
For the banks of Brandywine!"

4

"IT"

A WEE little worm in a hickory-nut  
Sang, happy as he could be,—  
"O I live in the heart of the whole round world,  
And it all belongs to me!"

5

THE DARING PRINCE

A DARING prince, of the realm Rangg Dhune,  
Once went up in a big balloon  
That caught and stuck on the horns of the moon,  
And he hung up there till next day noon—  
When all at once he exclaimed, "Hoot-toot!"  
And then came down in his parachute.

## A SONG OF SINGING

**S**ING! gangling lad, along the brink  
Of wild brook-ways of shoal and deep,  
Where kildees dip, and cattle drink,  
And glinting little minnows leap!  
Sing! slimsy lass who trips above  
And sets the foot-log quivering!  
Sing! bittern, bumblebee, and dove—  
Sing! Sing! Sing!

Sing as you will, O singers all  
Who sing because you *want* to sing!  
Sing! peacock on the orchard wall,  
Or tree-toad by the trickling spring!  
Sing! every bird on every bough—  
Sing! every living, loving thing—  
Sing any song, and anyhow,  
But Sing! Sing! Sing!

## THE JAYBIRD

**T**HE Jaybird he's my favorite  
Of all the birds they is!  
I think he's quite a stylish sight  
In that blue suit of his:  
An' when he 'lights an' shuts his wings,  
His coat's a "cutaway"—  
I guess it's only when he sings  
You'd know he wuz a jay.

I like to watch him when he's lit  
In top of any tree,  
'Cause all birds git wite out of it  
When *he* 'lights, an' they see  
How proud he act', an' swell an' spread  
His chest out more an' more,  
An' raise the feathers on his head  
Like it's cut pompadore!

## A BEAR FAMILY

WUNZT, 'way West in Illinoise,  
Wuz two Bears an' their two boys:  
An' the two boys' names, you know,  
Wuz—like *ours* is,—Jim an' Jo;  
An' their *parunts*' names wuz same's  
All big grown-up people's names,—  
Ist *Miz* Bear, the neighbors call  
'Em, an' *Mister* Bear—at's all.  
Yes—an' Miz Bear scold him, too,  
Ist like grown folks *shouldn't* do!  
Wuz a grea'-big river there,  
An', 'crosst that, 's a mountain where  
Old Bear said some day he'd go,  
Ef she don't quit scoldin' so!  
So, one day when he been down  
The river, fishin', 'most to town,  
An' come back 'thout no fish a-tall,  
An' Jim an' Jo they run an' bawl  
An' tell their ma their pa hain't fetch'  
No fish,—she scold again an' ketch



An' he ist turned an' runned away  
To where's the grea'-big river there,  
An' ist *splunged* in an' swum to where  
The mountain's at, 'way th' other side,  
An' clumbed up there. An' Miz Bear *cried*—  
An' little Jo an' little Jim—  
Ist like their ma—bofe cried fer him!—  
But he clumbed on, *clean out o' sight*,  
He wuz so mad!—An' served 'em right!  
Nen—when the Bear got 'way on top  
The mountain, he heerd somepin' flop  
Its wings—an' somepin' else he heerd  
A-rattlin'-like.—An' he wuz *skeered*,  
An' looked 'way up, an'—*Mercy sake!*  
It wuz a' Eagul an' a SNAKE!  
An'-sir! the Snake, he bite an' kill'  
The Eagul, an' they bofe fall till  
They strike the ground—*k'spang-k'spat!*  
Wite where the Bear wuz standin' at!  
An' when here come the Snake at *him*,  
The Bear he think o' little Jim  
An' Jo, he did—an' their ma, too,—  
All safe at home; an' he ist flew  
Back down the mountain—an' could hear  
The old Snake rattlin', sharp an' clear,  
Wite close't behind!—An' Bear he's so

He see a boat an' six big men  
'At's been a-shootin' ducks: An' so  
He skeered them out the boat, you know,  
An' ist jumped in—an' Snake *he* tried  
To jump in, too, but falled outside  
Where all the water wuz; an' so  
The Bear grabs one the things you row  
The boat wiv an' ist whacks the head  
Of the old Snake an' kills him dead!—  
An' when he's killed him dead, w'y, nen  
*The old Snake's drowned dead again!*  
Nen Bear set in the boat an' bowed  
His back an' rowed—an' rowed—an' rowed—  
Till he's safe home—so tired he can't  
Do nothin' but lay there an' pant  
An' tell his childern, "Bresh my coat!"  
An' tell his wife, "Go chain my boat!"  
An' they're so glad he's back, they say  
"They *knowed* he's comin' thataway  
To ist su'prise the dear ones there!"  
An' Jim an' Jo they dried his hair  
An' pulled the burs out; an' their ma  
She ist set there an' helt his paw  
Till he wuz sound asleep, an' nen  
She telled him she won't scold again—  
Never—never—never—  
Ferever an' ferever!

## SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

### I

#### SONG

[w. s.]

**W**ITH a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho  
rhyme!

O the shepherd lad

He is ne'er so glad

As when he pipes, in the blossom-time,

So rare!

While Kate picks by, yet looks not there.

So rare! so rare!

*With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!*

*The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!*

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho vow!

Then he sips her face

At the sweetest place—

And ho! how white is the hawthorn now!—

So rare!—

## II

## TO THE CHILD JULIA

[R. H.]

LITTLE Julia, since that we  
May not as our elders be,  
Let us blithely fill the days  
Of our youth with pleasant plays.  
First we'll up at earliest dawn,  
While as yet the dew is on  
The sooth'd grasses and the pied  
Blossomings of morningtide;  
Next, with rinsèd cheeks that shine  
As the enamel'd eglantine,  
We will break our fast on bread  
With both cream and honey spread;  
Then, with many a challenge-call,  
We will romp from house and hall,  
Gipsying with the birds and bees  
Of the green-tress'd garden trees.  
In a bower of leaf and vine  
Thou shalt be a lady fine  
Held in duress by the great

III

THE DOLLY'S MOTHER

[w. w.]

A LITTLE maid, of summers four—  
Did you compute her years,—  
And yet how infinitely more  
To me her age appears:

I mark the sweet child's serious air,  
At her unplayful play,—  
The tiny doll she mothers there  
And lulls to sleep away,

Grows—'neath the grave similitude—  
An infant real, to me,  
And *she* a saint of motherhood  
In hale maturity.

So, pausing in my lonely round,  
And all unseen of her,  
I stand uncovered—her profound  
And abject worshiper.

IV

WIND OF THE SEA

[A. T.]

**W**IND of the Sea, come fill my sail—  
Lend me the breath of a freshening  
gale

And bear my port-worn ship away!  
For O the greed of the tedious town—  
The shutters up and the shutters down!  
Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay  
And bear me away!—away!

Whither you bear me, Wind of the Sea,  
Matters never the least to me:

Give me your fogs, with the sails adrip,  
Or the weltering path thro' the starless  
night—

On, somewhere, is a new daylight  
And the cheery glint of another ship  
As its colors dip and dip!

V

SUBTLETY

[R. B.]

**W**HILST little Paul, convalescing, was staying  
Close indoors, and his boisterous classmates  
paying  
Him visits, with fresh school-notes and  
surprises,—  
With nettling pride they sprung the word “Athletic,”  
With much advice and urgings sympathetic  
Anent “athletic exercises.” Wise as  
Lad might look, quoth Paul: “I’ve pondered o’er  
that  
‘Athletic,’ but I mean to take, before that,  
Downstairic and outdooric exercises.”

VI

BORN TO THE PURPLE

[W. M.]

**M**OST-LIKE it was this kingly lad  
Spake out of the pure joy he had  
In his child-heart of the wee maid  
Whose eery beauty sudden laid  
A spell upon him, and his words  
Burst as a song of any bird’s:—

A peerless Princess thou shalt be,  
Through wit of love's rare sorcery :  
To crown the crown of thy gold hair  
Thou shalt have rubies, bleeding there  
Their crimson splendor midst the marred  
Pulp of great pearls, and afterward  
Leaking in fainter ruddy stains  
Adown thy neck-and-armlet-chains  
Of turquoise, chrysoprase, and mad  
Light-frenzied diamonds, dartling glad  
Swift spirits of shine that interfuse  
As though with lucent crystal dew  
That glance and glitter like split rays  
Of sunshine, born of burgeoning Mays  
When the first bee tilts down the lip  
Of the first blossom, and the drip  
Of blended dew and honey heaves  
Him blinded midst the underleaves.  
For raiment, Fays shall weave for thee—  
Out of the phosphor of the sea  
And the frayed floss of starlight, spun  
With counterwarp of the firm sun—  
A vesture of such filmy sheen  
As, through all ages, never queen  
Therewith strove truly to make less  
One fair line of her loveliness.  
Thus gowned and crowned with gems and



## CLIMATIC SORCERY

**W**HEN frost's all on our winder, an' the snow's  
All out-o'-doors, our "Old-Kriss"-milkman  
goes

A-drivin' round, ist purt' nigh froze to death,  
With his old white mustache froze full o' breath.

But when it's summer an' all warm ag'in,  
He comes a-whistlin' an' a-drivin' in  
Our alley, 'thout no coat on, ner ain't cold,  
Ner his mustache ain't white, ner he ain't old.

## THE TREASURE OF THE WISE MAN

**O** THE night was dark and the night was late,  
And the robbers came to rob him;  
And they picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
The robbers that came to rob him—  
They picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
Seized his jewels and gems of state,  
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate,—  
The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red!—  
For of what had the robbers robbed him?—  
Ho! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,  
When the robbers came to rob him,—  
They robbed him not of a golden shred  
Of the childish dreams in his wise old head—  
“And they’re welcome to all things else,” he said,  
When the robbers came to rob him.

## OLD GRANNY DUSK

OLD Granny Dusk, when the sun goes,  
Here *she* comes into thish-*yer* town!  
Out o' the wet black woods an' swamps  
In she traipses an' trails an' tromps—  
With her old sunbonnet all floppy an' brown,  
An' her cluckety shoes, an' her old black gown,  
Here *she* comes into thish-*yer* town!

Old Granny Dusk, when the bats begin  
To flap around, comes a-trompin' in!  
An' the katydids they rasp an' whir,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs all blink at *her*;  
An' the old Hop-toad turns in his thumbs,  
An' the bunglin' June-bug booms an' bums,  
An' the Bullfrog croaks, "O here *she* comes!"

Old Granny Dusk, though I'm 'feard o' you,  
Shore-fer-certain I'm sorry, too:  
'Cause you look as lonesome an' starved an' sad  
As a mother 'at's lost ever' child she had.—  
Yet never a child in thish-*yer* town  
Clings at yer hand er yer old black gown,  
Er kisses the face you're a-bendin' down.

## FIRE AT NIGHT

**F**IRE! Fire! Ring! and ring!  
Hear the old bell bang and ding!  
Fire! Fire! 'way at night,—  
Can't you hear?—I think you might!—  
Can't hear them-air clangin' bells?—  
W'y, *I* can't hear nothin' else!  
Fire! Ain't you 'wake at last!—  
Hear them horses poundin' past—  
Hear that ladder-wagon grind  
Round the corner!—and, behind,  
Hear the hose-cart, turnin' short,  
And the horses slip and snort,  
As the engine's clank-and-jar  
Jolts the whole street, near and far.  
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Can't you h'ist that winder higher?  
La! they've all got past like "scat!" . . .  
Night's as black as my old hat—  
And it's rainin', too, at that! . . .

## THE YOUNG OLD MAN

VOLUNTARY BY ARTLESS "LITTLE BROTHER"

MAMMA is a widow : There's only us three—  
Our pretty Mamma, little sister, and me :  
And we've come to live in this new neighborhood  
Where all seems so quiet, old-fashioned and good.

Mamma sits and sews at the window, and I—  
I'm out at the gate when an old man goes by—  
Such a *lovely* old man,—though I can't tell you  
why,

Unless it's his greeting,—“Good morning !  
Good morning ! good morning !” the old man will  
say,—

“Fine bracing weather we're having to-day !—  
And how's little brother—  
And sister—and mother ?—  
So dear to each other !—  
Good morning !”

The old man goes by, in his glossy high-hat,  
And stripe-trousers creased, and all turned-up, at  
that,

And his glancing nose-glasses—and pleasantest eyes,  
As he smiles on me, always in newer surprise :

And though his mustache is as white as the snow,

He wears it waxed out and all pointed, you know,  
And gloves, and high collar and bright, jaunty  
bow,

And stylish umbrella.—“Good morning!  
Good morning! good morning!” the old man will  
say,—

“Fine falling weather we’re promised to-day!—

And how’s little brother—

And sister—and mother?—

So fond of each other!—

Good morning!”

. . . . .  
It’s Christmas!—it’s Christmas! and oh, but we’re  
gay!

The postman’s been here, and Ma says, “Run and  
play:—

You must leave your Mamma to herself for a  
while!”

And so sweet is her voice, and so tender her  
smile!—

And she looks *so* pretty and happy and—Well!—

She’s just too delicious for language to tell!—

So Sis hugs her *more*—and *I* answer the bell,—

And there in the doorway—“Good morning!—

## SOME CHRISTMAS YOUNGSTERS

### I

#### THE STRENGTH OF THE WEAK

*L*AST Chris'mus, little Benny  
Wuzn't sick so bad,—  
Now he's had the worst spell  
Ever yet he had.  
Ever' Chris'mus-morning, though,  
He'll p'tend as if  
He's asleep—an' first you know  
He's got your "Chris'mus-gif' " !

Pa he's good to *all* of us  
All the time ; but when,  
Ever' time it's *Chris'mus*,  
He's as good-again !—  
'Sides our toys an' candy,  
Ever' Chris'mus he  
Gives us all a quarter,  
Certain as can be !

Pa, this morning, tiptoe' in  
 To make the fire, you know,  
 Long 'fore it's daylight,  
 An' all's ice an' snow!—  
 An' Benny holler, "*Chris'mus-gif'!*"  
 An' Pa jump an' say,  
 "You'll only git a *dollar* if  
 You skeer me thataway!"

## II

## THE LITTLE QUESTIONER

BABE she's so always  
 Wantin' more to hear  
 All about Santy Claus,  
 An' says: "Mommy dear,  
 Where's Santy's *home* at  
 When he ain't *away*?—  
 An' is they *Mizzus* Santy Claus  
 An' *little* folks—say?—  
 Chris'mus, Santy's always *here*—  
 Don't *they* want him, too?



## III

## PARENTAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

PARUNTS don't git *toys* an' things, .  
Like you'd think they *ruther*.—  
Mighty funny Chris'mus-gif's  
Parunts gives each other!—  
Pa give Ma a barrel o' flour,  
An' Ma she give to Pa  
The nicest dinin'-table  
She know he ever saw!

## TWILIGHT STORIES

*NEITHER daylight, starlight, moonlight,  
But a sad-sweet term of some light  
By the saintly name of Twilight.*

The Grandma Twilight Stories!—Still,  
A childish listener, I hear  
The katydid and whippoorwill,  
In deepening atmosphere  
Of velvet dusk, blent with the low  
Soft music of the voice that sings  
And tells me tales of long ago  
And old enchanted things. . . .

*While far fails the last dim daylight,  
And the fireflies in the Twilight  
Drift about like flakes of starlight.*

"GO READ YOUR BOOK!"

HOW many times that grim old phrase  
Has silenced me, in childish days!—

And *now*—as then it did—  
The phantom admonition, clear  
And dominant, rings,—and I hear,  
And do as I am bid.

"Go read your book!" my good old sire  
Commanded, in affected ire,  
When I, with querying look  
And speech, dared vex his studious mind  
With idle words of any kind.—  
And so I read my book.

Though seldom, in that *wisest* age,  
Did I discern on Wisdom's page  
More than the *task*: That led  
At least to *thinking*, and at last  
To reading less, and not so fast,  
And longing as I read.

On any volume,—old, maybe,  
Or new—'tis meat and drink to me.—  
And so I read my book.

Old dog's-eared Readers, scarred and inked  
With schoolboy hatred, long extinct;—  
Old Histories that bored  
Me worst of all the school;—old, worn  
Arithmetics, frayed, ripped, and torn—  
Now Ye are all adored.

And likewise I revere and praise  
My sire, as now, with vainest gaze  
And hearing, still I look  
For the old face so grave yet dear—  
Nay, still I *see*, and still I *hear*!  
And so I read my book.

Next even to my nearest kin,—  
My wife—my children romping in  
From school to ride my knee,—  
I love a book, and dispossess  
My lap of it with loathfulness,  
For all their love of me.

For, grave or gay the book, it takes  
Me as an equal—calms, or makes

## WHEN UNCLE DOC WAS YOUNG

**T**HOUGH Doctor Glen—the best of  
men—

Is wrinkled, old, and gray,  
He'll always smile and stop a while  
Where little children play:  
And often then he tells us, when  
*He* was a youngster, too,  
He was as glad and bad a lad  
As old folks ever knew!

As he walks down, no boy in town  
But sees him half a block,  
And stops to shout a welcome out  
With "Here comes Uncle Doc!"  
Then all the rest, they look their best  
As he lines up among  
Us boys of ten—each thinking then  
When Uncle Doc was young.

With heart too true, and honest, too,  
To ever *hide* a truth,  
He frankly owns, in laughing tones,  
He was "a sorry youth!"—

When he was young, he says, he sung  
And howled his level-best;  
He says he guyed, and sneaked, and lied,  
And wrecked the robin's nest.—  
All this, and worse, will he rehearse,  
Then smooth his snowy locks  
And look the saint he says he ain't. . . .  
Them eyes of Uncle Doc's!

He says, when he—like you and me—  
Was just too low and mean  
To slap asleep, he used to weep  
To find his face was clean:  
His hair, he said, was just too red  
To tell with mortal tongue—  
"The Burning Shame" was his nickname  
When Uncle Doc was young.

## THE LISPER

ELSIE MINGUS *lisps*, she does!  
She lives wite acrosst from us  
In Miz. Ayers'uz house 'at she  
Rents part to the Mingusuz.—  
Yes, an' Elsie plays wiv me.

Elsie lisps so, she can't say  
Her own name, ist *anyway*!—  
She say "*Elthy*"—like they wuz  
Feathers on her words, an' they  
Ist stick on her tongue like fuzz.

*My!* she's *purty*, though!—An' when  
She *lisps*, w'y, she's purty *nen*!  
When she telled me, wunst, her doll  
Wuz so "thweet," an' I p'ten'  
I lisp too,—she laugh'—'at's all!—

*She* don't never git mad none—  
'Cause she know I'm ist in fun.—  
Elsie she ain't one bit sp'iled.—  
Of all childerns—ever' one—  
She's the *ladylikest* child!—

My Ma *say* she is! One time  
Elsie start to say the rhyme  
    “Thing a thong o’ thixpenth”—*Whee!*  
I ist *yell!* An’ Ma say I’m  
    Unpolite as I can be!

Wunst I went wiv Ma to call  
On Elsie’s Ma, an’ eat an’ all;  
    An’ nen Elsie, when we’ve et,  
An’ we’re playin’ in the hall,  
    Elsie say: It’s etikett

Fer young gentlemens, like me,  
Eatin’ when they’s *company*,  
    Not to never ever crowd  
Down their food, ner “thip their tea  
    Ner thup thoop so awful loud!”



### A MOTTO

**T**HE *Brightest* Star's the *modestest*,  
And mor'n likely writes  
His motto like the lightnin'-bug's—  
*According To His Lights.*

### A SIMPLE RECIPE

**T**O be a wholly worthy man,  
As you, my boy, would like to be,—  
This is to show you how you can—  
This simple recipe :—

Be honest—both in word and act,  
Be strictly truthful through and through :  
Fact can not fail.—You stick to fact,  
And fact will stick to you.

Be clean—outside and in, and sweep  
Both hearth and heart and hold them bright ;  
Wear snowy linen—aye, and keep  
Your *conscience* snowy-white.

Do right, your utmost—good *must* come  
To you who do your level-best—  
Your very hopes will help you some,

## HER LONESOMENESS

WHEN little Elizabeth whispers  
Her morning-love to me,  
Each word of the little lisper's,  
As she clambers on my knee—  
Hugs me and whispers, "Mommy,  
Oh, I'm so glad it's day  
And the night's all gone away!"  
How it does thrill and awe me,—  
"The night's all gone away!"

"Sometimes I wake, all listenin',"  
She sighs, "and all's so still!—  
The moon and the stars half-glistenin'  
Over the window-sill:—  
And I look where the gas's pale light  
Is all turned down in the hall—  
And you ain't here at all!—  
And oh, how I wish it was daylight!  
—And you ain't here at all!

For the world's so dark, without you,  
And the moon's turned down so low—  
'Way in the night, you know,—  
And I get so lonesome about you!—  
'Way in the night, you know!"

## ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE

I AIN'T a-goin' to cry no more, no more!  
I'm got ear-ache, an' Ma can't make  
    It quit a-tall;  
    An' Carlo bite my rubber-ball  
    An' puncture it; an' Sis she take  
An' poke' my knife down through the stable-floor  
    An' loozed it—blame it all!  
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!

An' Aunt Mame *wrote* she's comin', an' she *can't*—  
Folks is come *there!*—An' I don't care  
    She *is* my Aunt!  
    An' my eyes stings; an' I'm  
    Ist coughin' all the time,  
An' hurts me so; an' where my side's so sore  
    Grampa felt where, an' he  
    Says "Mayby it's *pleurasy!*"  
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!

An' I clumbed up an' nen falled off the fence,  
    An' Herbert he ist laugh at me!  
    An' my fi'-cents  
- . . . .

*Oo!* I'm so wickud!—An' my breath's so *hot*—

Ist like I run an' don't res' none

But ist run on when I ought to not;

Yes, an' my chin

An' lips's all warpy, an' teeth's so fast,

An' 's a place in my throat I can't swaller past—

An' they all hurt so!—

An' oh, my-oh!

I'm a-startin' ag'in—

I'm a-startin' ag'in, but I *won't*, fer shore!—

*I ist ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!*

## THE TOY-BALLOON

**T**HEY wuz a Big Day wunst in town,  
An' little Jason's Pa  
Bued him a little toy-balloon,  
The first he ever saw.—  
An' oh! but Jase wuz *more'n* proud,  
A-holdin' to the string  
An' scrougin' through the grea'-big crowd,  
To hear the Glee Club sing.

The Glee Club it wuz goin' to sing  
In old Masonic Hall;  
An' Speakin', it wuz in there, too,  
An' soldiers, folks an' all:  
An' Jason's Pa he git a seat  
An' set down purty soon,  
A-holdin' little Jase, an' him  
A-holdin' his balloon.

Nen Jason's Pa jump on his seat  
An' grab up in the air,—  
But little Jason's toy-balloon  
Wuz clean away from there!

An' Jase he yelled; an' Jase's Pa,  
Still lookin' up, clumb down—  
While that-air little toy-balloon  
Went bumpin' roun' an' roun'  
Ag'inst the ceilin', 'way up there  
Where ever'body saw,  
An' *they* all yelled, an' *Jason* yelled,  
An' little Jason's Pa!

But when his Pa he packed him out  
A-screamin'—nen the crowd  
Looked down an' hushed—till they looked up  
An' howled ag'in out loud;  
An' nen the speaker, mad an' pale,  
Jist turned an' left the stand,  
An' all j'ined in the Glee Club—"Hail,  
Columby, Happy Land!"





O what a joy to meet  
The burlesque little man  
As he strolls down the street  
Moving so many a place  
And put up songs conceals -  
Smoking his pipe a' Pe -  
Boys, forming rows as neat  
- Hubbard Almost as Shakespeare was.

O what a joy to meet  
The burlesque little man  
As he strolls down the street,  
Accompanying his feet  
As only poets can.  
- JWR

To -  
Honest Friend  
His old literary friend  
March 5  
1904  
- James McKim Hubbard

Cartoon by Hubbard



## THE OLD DAYS

THE old days—the far days—  
The overdear and fair!—  
The old days—the lost days—  
How lovely they were!  
The old days of Morning,  
With the dew-drench on the flowers  
And apple-buds and blossoms  
Of those old days of ours.

Then was the *real* gold  
Spendthrift Summer flung;  
Then was the *real* song  
Bird or Poet sung!  
There was never censure then,—  
Only honest praise—  
And all things were worthy of it  
In the old days.

There bide the true friends—  
The first and the best;  
There clings the green grass  
Close where they rest:  
Would they were here? No;—  
Would we were there! . . .  
The old days—the lost days—  
How lovely they were!

## TO A POET ON HIS MARRIAGE

MADISON CAWEIN

**E**VER and ever, on and on,  
From winter dusk, to April dawn,  
This old enchanted world we range  
From night to light—from change to change  
Or paths of burs or lily-bells,  
We walk a world of miracles.

The morning evermore must be  
A newer, purer mystery—  
The dewy grasses, or the bloom  
Of orchards, or the wood's perfume  
Of wild sweet-williams, or the wet  
Blent scent of loam and violet.

How wondrous all the ways we fare—  
What marvels wait us, unaware! . . .

## LOCKERBIE FAIR

**O** THE Lockerbie Fair!—Have you heard of  
its fame  
And its fabulous riches, too rare for a name!—  
The gold of the noon of the June-time refined  
To the Orient-Night, till the eyes and the mind  
Are dazed with the sights, in the earth and the air,  
Of the opulent splendors of Lockerbie Fair.

What more fortunate fate might to mortal befall,  
Midst the midsummer beauty and bloom of it all,  
Than to glit with the moon o'er the rapturous scene  
And twink with the stars as they laughingly lean  
O'er the luminous revel and glamour and glare  
Fused in one dazzling glory at Lockerbie Fair.

The Night, like a queen in her purple and lace,  
With her diamonded brow, and imperious grace,  
As she leads her fair votaries, train upon train,  
A-dance thro' the feasts of this mystic domain  
To the mandolin's twang, and the warble and blare  
Of voice, flute and bugle at Lockerbie Fair.

All strange, ever-changing, enchanted delights  
Found now in this newer Arabian Nights,—  
Where each lovely maid is a Princess, and each  
Lucky swain an Aladdin—all treasures in reach  
Of the "*lamps*" and the "*rings*"—and with *Genii* to  
    spare,  
Simply waiting your orders, at Lockerbie Fair.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

I'M The Old Man of the Sea—I am!—  
And this is my secret pride,  
That I have a hundred shapes, all sham,  
And a hundred names beside:  
They have named me "Habit," and "Way," forsooth,  
"Capricious," and "Fancy-free";—  
But to you, O Youth, I confess the truth,—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

Crowned with the crown of your noblest thought,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea:  
I reign, rule, ruin, and palter not  
In my pitiless tyranny:  
You, my lad, are my gay Sindbad,  
Frisking about, with me  
High on the perch I have always had—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

Tricked in the guise of your best intent,  
I am your failures—all—  
I am the victories you invent,  
And your high resolves that fall:  
I am the vow you are breaking now  
As the wassail-bowl swings free  
And the red guilt flushes your cheek and brow—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

I am your false dreams of success  
And your mythical future fame—  
Your lifelong lies, and your soul's distress  
And your slowly-dying shame:  
I'm the chattering half of your latest laugh,  
And your tongue's last perfidy—



## PROSE OR VERSE?

**P**ROSE or Verse—or Verse or Prose?  
Ever thus the query goes,—  
Which delight do we prefer—  
Which the finer—daintier?

Each incites a zest that grows—  
Prose or Verse—or Verse or Prose?—  
Each a lotus-eater's spell  
Wholly irresistible.

All that wit may fashion, free-  
Voiced, or piped in melody,—  
Prose or Verse—or Verse or Prose—  
Which of these the mastery knows?

'Twere as wise to question, friend—  
As of this alluring blend,—  
The aroma or the rose?—  
Prose or Verse—or Verse or Prose?

## BILLY MILLER'S CIRCUS-SHOW

AT Billy Miller's Circus-Show—  
In their old stable where it's at—  
The boys pays twenty pins to go,  
An' gits their money's-worth at that!—  
'Cause Billy he can climb and chalk  
His stockin'-feet an' purt' nigh walk  
A tight-rope—yes, an' ef he fall  
He'll ketch, an' "skin a cat"—'at's all!

He ain't afeard to swing and hang  
Ist by his legs!—an' mayby stop  
An' yell "Look out!" an' nen—k-spang!—  
He'll let loose, upside-down, an' drop  
Wite on his hands! An' nen he'll do  
"Contortion-acts"—ist limber through  
As "Injarubber Mens" 'at goes  
With shore-fer-certain circus-shows!

At Billy Miller's Circus-Show  
He's got a circus-ring—an' they's  
A dressin'-room,—so's he can go  
An' dress an' paint up when he plays

He's somepin' else ;—'cause sometimes he's  
"Ringmaster"—bossin' like he please—  
An' sometimes "Ephalunt"—er "Bare-  
Back Rider," prancin' out o' there!

An' sometimes—an' the best of all!—

He's "The Old Clown," an' got on clo'es  
All stripud,—an' white hat, all tall

An' peakud—like in shore-'nuff shows,—  
An' got three-cornered red-marks, too,  
On his white cheeks—ist like they do!—  
An' you'd ist die, the way he sings  
An' dances an' says funny things!

## IT'S GOT TO BE

“**W**HEN it's *got* to be,”—like I always say,  
As I notice the years whiz past,  
And know each day is a yesterday,  
When we size it up, at last,—  
Same as I said when my boyhood went  
And I knowed *we* had to quit,—  
“It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!”—  
So I said “Good-by” to *it*.

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!  
So at least I always try  
To kind o' say in a hearty way,—  
“Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by!”

The time just melts like a late, last snow,—  
When it's *got* to be, it melts!  
But I aim to keep a cheerful mind,  
Ef I can't keep nothin' else!  
I knowed, when I come to twenty-one,

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!  
 So at least I always try  
 To kind o' say, in a cheerful way,—  
 "Well, it's *got* to be.—Good-by!"

They kep' a-goin', the years and years,  
 Yet still I smiled and smiled,—  
 For I'd said "Good-by" to my single life,  
 And now had a wife and child:  
 Mother and son and the father—one,—  
 Till, last, on her bed of pain,  
 She jes' smiled up, like she always done,—  
 And I said "Good-by" again.

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!  
 So at least I always try  
 To kind o' say, in a humble way,—  
 "Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by!"

And then my boy—as he grewed to be  
 Almost a man in size,—  
 Was more than a pride and joy to me,  
 With his mother's smilin' eyes.—  
 He gimme the slip, when the War broke out,  
 And followed me. And I  
 Never knowed till the first fight's end . . .  
 I found him, and then, . . . "Good-by."

I have said, "Good-by!—Good-by!—Good-by!"  
With my very best good will,  
All through life from the first,—and I  
Am a cheerful old man still:  
But it's *got* to end, and it's *goin'* to end!  
And this is the thing I'll do,—  
With my last breath I will laugh, O Death,  
And say "Good-by" to *you!* . . .

It's *got* to be! And again I say,—  
When his old scythe circles high,  
I'll laugh—of course, in the kindest way,—  
As I say "Good-by!—Good-by!"

## CHRISTMAS SEASON

### TO A FRIEND VISITING ENGLAND

THIS is a Christmas carol—  
A late one, it is true,—  
But (dight in Truth's apparel)  
The best that we can do :—  
The best our Muse belated  
Thus offers, antedated,—  
E'en as the old waits waited  
We, waiting, sing for you.

So, haply, you may listen,  
As 'twere, with Fancy's ear,  
And shape such songs of this-un  
As were worth worlds to hear,—  
Such anthemings ecstatic  
As scaled The Mermaid's attic  
In midnight's aromatic  
Of choicest Christmas cheer :

Such songs as Marlowe lifted,  
With throstle-throated Will  
And rare Ben, as they shifted  
Their laughing voices till

The mirth, with music blended,  
So oversweet ascended,  
It well were never ended—  
And, hark!—you hear it still! . . .

You hear it; aye, and love it!—  
Beyond all voices dear—  
Your master's!—none above it.—  
So harken, and so hear!—  
Your master's English.—Surely  
No other rests so purely  
On Fame, or more securely,—  
O English of Shakespeare!



## ART AND POETRY

TO HOMER C. DAVENPORT

**“W**ESS,” he says, and sort o’ grins,  
“Art and Poetry is twins.  
’F I could draw as you have drew,  
Like to jes’ swap pens with you.”

## THE CHILDREN OF THE CHILDLESS

**T**HE Children of the Childless!—Yours—and  
mine.—

Yea, though we sit here in the pitying gaze  
Of fathers and mothers whose fond fingers twine  
Their children's locks of living gold, and praise  
With warm, caressing palms, the head of brown,  
Or crown  
Of opulent auburn, with its amber floss  
In all its splendor loosed and jostled down  
Across  
The mother-lap at prayer.—Yea, even when  
These sweet petitioners are kissed, and then  
Are kissed and kissed again—  
The pursed mouths lifted with the worldlier prayer  
That bed and oblivion spare  
Them yet a little while  
Beside their envied elders by the glow

More tangible to the soul's touch and sight  
Than *these—our* children by Divine birthright. . . .  
These—these of ours, who soothe us, when we  
    weep,  
With tenderest ministries,  
Or, flashing into smiling ecstasies,  
Come dashing through our tears—ay, laughing leap  
Into our empty arms, in Fate's despite,  
And nestle to our hearts. O Heaven's delight!—  
The children of the childless—even *these!*

## HOOSIER SPRING-POETRY

**W**HEN ever'thing's a-goin' like she's got-  
a-goin' now,—  
The maple-sap a-drippin', and the buds on ever'  
bough  
A-sort o' reachin' up'ards all a-trimblin', ever' one,  
Like 'bout a million Brownie-fists a-shakin' at the  
sun!  
The childern wants their shoes off 'fore their break-  
fast, and the Spring  
Is here so good-and-plenty that the old hen has to  
sing!—  
When things is goin' *thisaway*, w'y, that's the sign,  
you know,  
That ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!  
  
Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!  
Old Winter's up and dusted, with his dratted frost

The bluebird's landin' home ag'in, and glad to git  
the chance,  
'Cause here's where he belongs at, that's a settled  
circumstance!  
And him and mister robin now's a-chunin' fer the  
show.  
Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

The sun ain't jes' p'tendin' *now!*—The ba'm is in  
the breeze—  
The trees'll soon be green as grass, and grass as  
green as trees;  
The buds is all jes' *eechin'*, and the dogwood down  
the run  
Is bound to bu'st out laughin' 'fore another week is  
done;  
The bees is wakin', gap'y-like, and fumblin' fer their  
buzz,  
A-thinkin' ever-wakefuler, of other days that wuz,—  
When all the land wuz orchard-blooms and clover,  
don't you know. . . .  
Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

## THE VOICE OF PEACE

INDEPENDENCE BELL: INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER  
17, 1904

**T**HOUGH now forever still  
Your voice of jubilee—  
We hear—we hear, and ever will,  
The Bell of Liberty!  
Clear as the voice to them  
In that far night ago  
Pealed from the heavens o'er Bethlehem,  
The voice of Peace peals on!  
  
Stir all your memories up,  
O Independence Bell,

Ring numb the wounds of wrong  
Unhealed in brain and breast;  
With music like a slumber-song  
Lull tearful eyes to rest.—  
Ring! Independence Bell!  
Ring on till worlds to be  
Shall listen to the tale you tell  
Of Love and Liberty!

## A DEFECTIVE SANTA CLAUS

*Little Boy! Halloo!—halloo!  
Can't you hear me calling you?—  
Little Boy that used to be,  
Come in here and play with me.*

**A**LLUS when our Pa he's away  
Nen Uncle Sidney comes to stay  
At our house here—so Ma an' me  
An' Etty an' Lee-Bob won't be  
Afeard ef anything at night  
Might happen—like Ma says it might.  
(Ef *Trip* wuz *big*, I bet you he  
'Uz best watch-dog you ever see!)  
An' so last winter—ist before  
It's go' be Chris'mus-Day,—w'y, shore  
Enough, Pa had to haf to go  
To 'tend a lawsuit—"An' the snow  
Ist right fer Santy Claus!" Pa said,  
As he clumb in old Ayersuz sled,  
An' said he's sorry *he* can't be  
With us that night—"Cause," he-says-ee,  
"Old Santy *might* be comin' here—  
This very night of all the year  
I' got to be away!—so all



You kids must tell him—ef he call—  
He's mighty welcome, an' yer Pa  
He left his love with you an' Ma  
An' Uncle Sid!" An' clucked, an' leant  
Back, laughin'—an' away they went!  
An' Uncle wave' his hands an' yells  
"Yer old horse ort to have on bells!"  
But Pa yell back an' laugh an' say  
"I 'spect when *Santy* come this way  
It's time enough fer sleighbells nen!"  
An' holler back "Good-by!" again,  
An' reach out with the driver's whip  
An' cut behind an' drive back Trip.

An' so all day it snowed an' snowed!  
An' Lee-Bob he ist watched the road,  
In his high-chair; an' Etty she  
'Ud play with Uncle Sid an' me—  
Like she wuz he'ppin' fetch in wood  
An' keepin' old fire goin' good,  
Where Ma she wuz a-cookin' there  
In kitchen, too, an' ever'where!  
An' Uncle say, "At's ist the way  
Yer Ma's b'en workin', night an' day,  
Sence she hain't big as Etty is  
Er Lee-Bob in that chair o' his!"  
Nen Ma she'd laugh 't what Uncle said,  
An' smack an' smooove his old bald head  
An' say "Clear out the way till I  
Can keep that pot from b'ilin' dry!"  
Nen Uncle, when she's gone back to

The kitchen, says, "We *ust* to do  
 Some cookin' in the *ashes*.—*Say*,  
 S'posin' we try some, thataway!"  
 An' nen he send us to tell Ma  
 Send two big 'taters in he saw  
 Pa's b'en a-keepin' 'cause they got  
 The premium at the Fair! An' what  
 You think?—He rake a grea'-big hole  
 In the hot ashes, an' he roll  
 Them old big 'taters in the place  
 An' rake the coals back—an' his face  
 Ist swettin' so's he purt' nigh swear  
 'Cause it's so hot! An' when they're there  
 'Bout time 'at we fergit 'em, he  
 Ist rake 'em out again—an' *gee*!—  
 He bu'st 'em with his fist wite on  
 A' old stove-led, while Etty's gone  
 To git the salt, an' butter, too—  
 Ist like he said she haf to do,  
 No matter what *Ma* say! An' so  
 He salt an' butter 'em, an' blow  
 'Em cool enough fer us to eat—  
 An' *me-o-my*! they're hard to beat!  
 An' Trip 'ud ist lay there an' pant  
 Like he'd laugh *out loud*, but he can't.  
 Nen Uncle fill his pipe—an' we  
 'Ud he'p him light it—Sis an' me,—  
 But mostly little Lee-Bob, 'cause  
 "TTT"

He wuz so mad! So Uncle pat  
An' pet him (Lee-Bob's ust to that—  
'Cause he's the *little*-est, you know,  
An' allus has b'en humored so!)  
Nen Uncle gits the flat-arn out,  
An', while he's tellin' us all 'bout  
Old Chris'mus-times when *he's* a kid,  
He ist cracked hickernuts, he did,  
Till they's a crockful, mighty nigh!  
An' when they're all done by an' by,  
He raked the red coals out again  
An' telled me, "Fetch that popcorn in,  
An' old three-leggud skillut—an'  
The *led* an' all now, little man,—  
An' yer old Uncle here 'ull show  
You how corn's popped, long years ago  
When me an' Santy Claus wuz boys  
On Pap's old place in Illinoise!—  
An' your Pa, too, wuz chums, all through,  
With Santy!—Wisht Pa'd be here, too!"  
Nen Uncle sigh at Ma, an' she  
Pat him again, an' say to me  
An' Etty,—“You take warning fair!—  
Don't talk too much, like Uncle there,  
Ner don't fergit, like *him*, my dears,  
That 'little pitchers has big ears!' ”  
But Uncle say to her, “Clear out!—  
Yer brother knows what he's about.—  
*You* git your Chris'mus-cookin' done

Turn roun' an' nen lay down again.  
An' one time Uncle Sidney say,—  
“When dogs is sleepin' thataway,  
Like Trip, an' *whimpers*, it's a sign  
He'll ketch *eight* rabbits—mayby *nine*—  
Afore his fleas'll wake him—nen  
He'll bite hisse'f to sleep again  
An' *try* to dream he's go' ketch *ten*.”  
An' when Ma's gone again back in  
The kitchen, Uncle scratch his chin  
An' say, “When Santy Claus an' Pa  
An' me wuz little boys—an' Ma,  
When she's 'bout big as Etty there;—  
W'y,—‘When we're *growed*—no matter *where*,’  
Santy he cross' his heart an' say,—  
‘I'll come to see you, all, some day  
When *you*' got childerns—all but me  
An' pore old Sid!’” Nen Uncle he  
Ist kind o' shade his eyes an' pour'  
'Bout forty-'leven bushels more  
O' popcorn out the skillut there  
In Ma's new basket on the chair.  
An' nen he telled us—an' talk' low,  
“So Ma can't hear,” he say:—“You know  
Yer *Pa* know', when he drived away,  
To-morry's go' be Chris'mus-Day;—  
Well, nen *to-night*,” he whisper, “see?—

He's shorely go' be here to-night. . . .  
That's why yer Pa's so bored to be  
*Away* to-night, when Santy he  
Is go' be here, sleighbells an' all,  
To make you kids a Chris'mus-call!"  
An' we're so glad to know *fer shore*  
He's comin', I roll on the floor—  
An' here come Trip a-waller'n' roun'  
An' purt' nigh knock the clo'eshorse down!—  
An' Etty grab Lee-Bob an' prance  
All roun' the room like it's a dance—  
Till Ma she come an' march us nen  
To dinner, where we're *still* again,  
But *tickled* so we ist can't eat  
But pie, an' ist the hot mincemeat  
With raisins in.—But *Uncle* et,  
An' *Ma*. An' there they set an' set  
Till purt' nigh supper-time; nen we  
Tell him he's got to fix the Tree  
'Fore *Santy* gits here, like he said.  
We go nen to the old woodshed—  
All bundled up, through the deep snow—  
"An' snowin' yet, *jee-rooshy-O!*"  
Uncle he said, an' he'p us wade  
Back where's the Chris'mus-Tree he's made  
Out of a little jackoak-top  
He git down at the sawmill-shop—

It wite in front the fireplace—'cause  
He says "'Tain't *so* 'at Santy Claus  
Comes down *all* chimblies,—least, to-night  
He's comin' in *this* house all right—  
By the front-door, as ort to be!—  
We'll all be hid where we can *see*!"  
Nen he look up, an' he see Ma  
An' say, "It's ist too bad their *Pa*  
Can't be here, so's to see the fun  
The childern *will* have, ever' one!"

Well, *we*!—We hardly couldn't wait  
Till it wuz dusk, an' dark an' late  
Enough to light the lamp!—An' Lee-  
Bob light a candle on the Tree—  
"Ist *one*—'cause I'm 'The Lighter'!"—Nen  
He clumb on Uncle's knee again  
An' hug us *bofe*;—an' Etty git  
Her little chist an' set on it  
Wite clos't, while Uncle telled some more  
'Bout Santy Claus, an' clo'es he wore  
"*All maked o' furs, an' trimmed as white  
As cotton is, er snow at night!*"  
An' nen, all sudden-like, he say,—  
"*Hush! Listen there! Hain't that a sleigh  
An' sleighbells jinglin'?*" Trip go "*whooh!*"  
Like *he* hear bells and *smell* 'em, too.  
Nen we all listen. . . . An'-sir, shore  
Enough, we hear bells—more an' more  
A-jinglin' clos'ter—clos'ter still  
Down the old crook-road roun' the hill.

An' Uncle he jumps up, an' all  
The chairs he jerks back by the wall  
An' th'ows a' overcoat an' pair  
O' winder-curtains over there  
An' says, "*Hide quick, er you're too late!*—  
*Them bells is stoppin' at the gate!*—  
*Git back o' them-'air chairs an' hide,*  
*'Cause I hear Santy's voice outside!*"  
An' *Bang! bang! bang!* we heerd the door—  
Nen it flew open, an' the floor  
Blowed full o' snow—that's *first* we saw,  
Till little Lee-Bob shriek' at Ma  
*"There's Santy Claus!—I know him by*  
*His big white mufftash!"*—an' ist cry  
An' laugh an' *squeal* an' dance an' yell—  
Till, when he quiet down a spell,  
Old Santy bow an' th'ow a kiss  
To him—an' one to me an' Sis—  
An' nen go *clos't* to Ma an' stoop  
An' kiss her—An' nen give a whoop  
That *fainted* her!—'Cause when he bent  
An' kiss her, he ist backed an' went  
Wite 'g'inst the Chris'mus-Tree ist where  
The candle's at Lee-Bob lit there!—  
An' set his white-fur belt afire—  
An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an' higher  
Wite up his old white beard an' th'roat!—  
Nen Uncle grabs th' old overcoat  
An' flops it over Santy's head,  
An' swing the door wide back an' said,  
"Come out, old man!—an' *quick* about

It!—I've ist *got* to put you out!"  
An' out he sprawled him in the snow—  
"Now *roll!*" he says—"Hi-roll-ee-O!"—  
An' Santy, sputter'n' "*Ouch! Gee-whiz!*"  
Ist roll an' roll fer all they is!  
An' Trip he's out there, too,—I know,  
'Cause I could hear him yappin' so—  
An' I heerd Santy, wunst er twic't,  
Say, as he's rollin', "*Drat the fice't!*"  
Nen Uncle come back in, an' shake  
Ma up, an' say, "Fer mercy-sake!—  
He hain't hurt none!" An' nen he said,—  
"You youngsters h'ist up-stairs to bed!—  
Here! kiss yer Ma 'Good night,' an' me,—  
We'll he'p old Santy fix the Tree—  
An' all yer whistles, horns an' drums  
I'll he'p you toot when morning comes!"

It's long while 'fore we go to sleep,—  
'Cause down-stairs, all-time somepin' keep  
A-kind o' scufflin' roun' the floors—  
An' openin' doors, an' *shettin'* doors—  
An' could hear Trip a-whinin', too,  
Like he don't know ist *what* to do—  
An' tongs a-clankin' down *k'thump!*—  
Nen some one squonkin' the old pump—  
An' *Wooh!* how cold it soun' out there!—  
I could ist *see* the pump-spout where  
It's got ice chin-whiskers all wet



A-talkin' out there by the fence,  
An' one says, "Oh, 'bout twelve o'clock!"  
"Nen," 'nother'n' says, "Here's to you, Doc!—  
*God bless us ever one!*" An' nen  
I heerd the old pump squonk again.  
An' nen I say my prayer all through  
Like Uncle Sidney learn' me to,—  
"O Father mine, e'en as Thine own,  
This child looks up to Thee alone:  
Asleep or waking, give him still  
His Elder Brother's wish and will."  
An' that's the last I know . . . Till Ma  
She's callin' us—an' so is Pa,—  
He holler "*Chris'mus-gif!*" an' say,—  
"I'm got back home fer Chris'mus-Day!—  
An' Uncle Sid's here, too—an' he  
Is nibblin' 'roun' yer Chris'mus-Tree!"  
Nen *Uncle* holler, "I suppose  
Yer Pa's so proud he's froze his nose  
He wants to turn it up at us,  
'Cause *Santy* kick' up such a fuss—  
Tetchin' hisse'f off same as ef  
He wuz his own fireworks hisse'f!"

An' when we're down-stairs,—shore enough,  
Pa's nose is froze, an' salve an' stuff  
All on it—an' one hand's froze too

“But Pa he’d ort a-seen the way  
*Santy* bear up last night when that-  
Air fire break out, an’ quicker’n *scat*  
He’s all a-blazin’, an’ them-’air  
Gun-cotton whiskers that he wear  
Ist *flashin’!*—till I burn a hole  
In the snow with him, an’ he roll  
The front-yard dry as Chris’mus jokes  
Old parents plays on little folks!  
But, long’s a smell o’ tow er wool,  
I kep’ him rollin’ *beautiful!*—  
Till I wuz *shore* I *shorely* see  
He’s *squenched!* W’y, hadn’t b’en fer *me*,  
That old man might a-burnt clear down  
Clean—plum’—level with the groun’!”  
Nen Ma say, “*There*, Sid; that’ll do!—  
Breakfast is ready—*Chris’mus*, too.—  
Your voice ’ud soun’ best, sayin’ *Grace*—  
Say it.” An’ Uncle bow’ his face  
An’ say so long a *Blessing* nen,  
Trip bark’ *two* times ’fore it’s “A-men!”

## WHAT LITTLE SAUL GOT, CHRISTMAS

**U**S parents mostly thinks our own's  
The smartest childern out !  
But Widder Shelton's little Saul  
Beats all I know about !  
He's weakly-like—in p'int o' health,  
But strong in word and deed  
And heart and head, and snap and spunk,  
And allus in the lead !

Comes honest by it, fer his Pa—  
Afore he passed away—  
He was a leader—(Lord, I'd like  
To hear him preach to-day !)  
He led his flock ; he led in prayer  
Fer spread o' Peace—and when  
Nothin' but War could spread it, he  
Was first to lead us then !

So little Saul has grit to take

And when she "got up"—jes' fer him  
And little playmates all—  
A Chris'mus-tree—they ever'one  
Was there but little Saul.

Pore little chap was sick in bed  
Next room; and Doc was there,  
And said the childern might file past,  
But go right back to where  
The *tree* was, in the settin'-room.  
And Saul jes' laid and smiled—  
Ner couldn't nod, ner wave his hand,  
It hurt so—Bless the child!

And so they left him there with Doc—  
And warm tear of his Ma's . . .  
Then—suddent-like—high over all  
Their laughture and applause—  
They heerd: "I don't care what you git  
On yer old Chris'mus-tree,  
'Cause I'm got somepin' you all hain't—  
I'm got the pleurisy!"

## GENERAL LEW WALLACE

FEBRUARY 15, 1905

NAY, Death, thou mightiest of all  
Dread conquerors—thou dreadest chief,—  
Thy heavy hand can here but fall  
Light as the Autumn leaf:  
As vainly, too, its weight is laid  
Upon the warrior's knightly sword;—  
Still through the charge and cannonade  
It flashes for the Lord.

In forum—as in battle-field—  
His voice rang for the truth—the right—  
Keyed with the shibboleth that pealed  
His Soul forth to the fight:  
The inspiration of his pen  
Glowed as a star, and lit anew  
The faces and the hearts of men  
Watching, the long night through.

A destiny ordained—divine  
It seemed to hosts of those who saw  
His rise since youth and marked the line  
Of his ascent with awe:—

From the now-storied little town  
That gave him birth and worth, behold,  
Unto this day of his renown,  
His sword and word of gold.

Serving the Land he loved so well—  
Hailed midsea or in foreign port,  
Or in strange-bannered citadel  
Or Oriental Court,—  
He—honored for his Nation's sake,  
And loved and honored for his own—  
Hath seen his Flag in glory shake  
Above the Pagan Throne.

ON READING DR. HENRY VAN DYKE'S  
VOLUME OF POEMS—MUSIC

**M**USIC!—Yea, and the airs you play—  
Out of the faintest Far-Away  
And the sweetest, too ; and the dearest Here,  
With its quavering voice but its bravest cheer—  
The prayer that aches to be all expressed—  
The kiss of love at its tenderest :  
Music—music, with glad heart-throbs  
Within it ; and music with tears and sobs  
Shaking it, as the startled soul  
Is shaken at shriek of the fife and roll  
Of the drums ;—then as suddenly lulled again  
With the whisper and lisp of the summer rain :  
Mist of melodies fragrance-fine—  
The bird-song flicked from the eglantine  
With the dews when the springing bramble  
throws  
A rarer drench on its ripest rose,  
And the wingèd song soars up and sinks  
To the dove's dim coo by the river-brinks  
Where the ripple's voice still laughs along  
Its glittering path of light and song.  
Music, O Poet, and all your own  
By right of capture and that alone,—

For in it we hear the harmony  
Born of the earth and the air and the sea,  
And over and under it, and all through,  
We catch the chime of The Anthem, too.



## HER SMILE OF CHEER AND VOICE OF SONG

ANNA HARRIS RANDALL

SPRING fails, in all its bravery of brilliant gold  
and green,—  
The sun, the grass, the leafing tree, and all the  
dazzling scene  
Of dewy morning—orchard blooms,  
And woodland blossoms and perfumes  
With bird-songs sown between.

Yea, since *she* smiles not any more, so every flowery  
thing  
Fades, and the birds seem brooding o'er her silence  
as they sing—  
Her smile of cheer and voice of song  
Seemed so divinely to belong  
To ever-joyous Spring!

Nay, still she smiles.—Our eyes are blurred and see  
not through our tears:  
And still her rapturous voice is heard, though not of  
mortal ears:—

## THINKIN' BACK

**I**'VE be'n thinkin' back, of late,  
S'prisin'!—And I'm here to state  
I'm suspicious it's a sign  
Of age, maybe, er decline  
Of my faculties,—and yit  
I'm not feelin' old a bit—  
Any more than sixty-four  
Ain't no young man any more!

Thinkin' back's a thing 'at grows  
On a feller, I suppose—  
Older 'at he gits, i jack,  
More he keeps a-thinkin' back!  
Old as old men git to be,  
Er as middle-aged as me,  
Folks'll find us, eye and mind  
Fixed on what we've left behind—  
Rehabilitatin'-like  
Them old times we used to hike

Wonder now we hadn't died!  
 Grate horseradish on my hide  
 Jes' *a-thinkin'* how cold then  
 That-'ere worter must 'a' be'n!

Thinkin' back—W'y, goodness me!  
 I kin call their names and see  
 Every little tad I played  
 With, er fought, er was afraid  
 Of, and so made *him* the best  
 Friend I had of all the rest!  
 Thinkin' back, I even hear  
 Them a-callin', high and clear,  
 Up the crick-banks, where they seem  
 Still hid in there—like a dream—  
 And me still a-pantin' on  
 The green pathway they have gone!  
 Still they hide, by bend er ford—  
 Still they hide—but, thank the Lord  
 (Thinkin' back, as I have said),  
 I hear laughin' on ahead!

## SIS RAPALYE

**W**HEN rainy-greener shoots the grass  
And blooms the cherry tree,  
And children laugh by glittering brooks,  
Wild with the ecstasy  
Of bursting Spring, with twittering bird  
And hum of honey-bee,—  
“Sis Rapalye!” my spirit shouts . . .  
And she is here with me!

As laugh the children, so her laugh  
Haunts all the atmosphere;—  
Her song is in the brook’s refrain;  
Her glad eyes, flashing clear,  
Are in the morning dews; her speech  
Is melody so dear,  
The bluebird trills,—“Sis Rapalye!—  
I hear!—I hear!—I hear!”

Again in races, at “Recess,”  
I see her braided hair  
Toss past me as I stay to lift  
Her straw hat, fallen there;  
The school-bell sends a vibrant pang  
My heart can hardly bear.—  
Yet still she leads—Sis Rapalye—  
And leads me everywhere!

Now I am old.—Yet she remains  
The selfsame child of ten.—  
Gay, gallant little girl, to race  
On into Heaven then!  
Yet gallant, gay Sis Rapalye—  
In blossom-time, and when  
The trees and grasses beckon her—  
Comes back to us again.

And so, however long since youth  
Whose raptures wild and free  
An old man's heart may claim no more,—  
With more than memory  
I share the Spring's own joy that brings  
My boyhood back to me  
With laughter, blossoms, singing birds  
And sweet Sis Rapalye.

## TO BLISS CARMAN

**H**E is the morning's poet—  
The bard of mount and moor,  
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,  
The dawning's troubadour :

The brother of the bluebird,  
'Mid blossoms, throng on throng,  
Whose singing calls, o'er orchard walls,  
Seem glitterings of song.

He meets, with brow uncovered,  
The sunrise through the mist,  
With raptured eyes that range the skies  
And seas of amethyst :

The brambled rose clings to him ;  
The breezy wood receives  
Him as the guest she loves the best  
And laughs through all her leaves :

Pan and his nymphs and dryads  
They hear, in breathless pause,  
This earth-born wight lilt his delight,  
And envy him because . . . .

He is the morning's poet—  
The bard of mount and moor,  
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,  
The dawning's troubadour.

## A SONG O' CHEER

MY Grampa he's a-allus sayin',  
"Sing a song o' cheer!"—  
And wunst I says "What kind is *them*?"  
He says,—“The kind to *hear*.—  
'Cause they're the songs that *Nature* sings,  
In ever' bird that twitters!"  
“Well, *whipperwills* and *doves*,” says I,  
“Hain't over-cheery critters!”  
“Then don't you sing like *them*,” he says—  
“Ner *guinny-hens*, my dear—  
Ner *peafowls* nuther (drat the boy!)  
*You sing a song o' cheer!*”  
I can't sing nothin' anyhow;  
But, comin' home, to'rds night,  
I kind o' sort o' kep' a-whistlin'  
“Old—Bob—White!”



## CHILD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> used to be like you and me,  
When just a lad in Galilee,—  
So when we pray, on Christmas Day,  
He favors first the prayers we say :  
Then waste no tear, but pray with cheer,  
This gladdest day of all the year :

O Brother mine of birth Divine,  
Upon this natal day of Thine  
Bear with our stress of happiness  
Nor count our reverence the less  
Because with glee and jubilee  
Our hearts go singing up to Thee.

## I' GOT TO FACE MOTHER TO-DAY!

**I'** GOT to face Mother to-day, fer a fact!—  
I' got to face Mother to-day!  
And jes' how I'll *dare* to, an' how she will act,  
Is more than a mortal can say!  
But I' *got* to face her— I' *got* to! And so  
Here's a' old father clean at the end of his row!

And Pink and Wade's gone to the farm fer her  
now—

And I'm keepin' house fer 'em here—  
Their purty, new house—and all paid fer!—But  
how

Am *I* goin' to meet her, and clear  
Uy *my* atchully he'ppin' 'em both to elope?—  
( 'Cause Mother wuz set—and wuz no other hope!)

I don' think it's *Wade* she's so biased ag'in',  
But his *bizness*,—a railroadin' man

And *Pink*—W'y, the girl wuz just pinin' away,—  
So what could her old father do,  
When he found her, hid-like, in a loose load of hay,  
But jes' to drive on clean into  
The aidge of the city, where—singular thing!—  
Wade switched us away to the Squire, i jing!

Now—a-leavin' me here—they're driv off, with a  
cheer,  
On their weddin'-trip—which is to drive  
Straight home and tell Mother, and tol her back  
here  
And surrender me, dead er alive!  
So I'm waitin' here—not so blame' overly gay  
As I *wuz*,—'cause I' got to face *Mother* to-day!

## NAME US NO NAMES NO MORE

SING, oh, rarest of roundelays!—  
Sing the hilarity and delight  
Of our childhood's gurgling, giggling days!  
When our eyes were as twinkling-keen and bright  
And our laughs as thick as the stars at night,  
And our breasts volcanoes of pent hoo-rays!  
When we grouped together in secret mirth  
And sniggered at everything on earth—  
But specially when strange visitors came  
And we learned, for instance, that their name  
was Fishback—or Mothershead—or Philpott—  
or Dalrymple—or Fullenwider—or Applewhite—  
or Hunnicut—or Tubbs—or Oldshoe!  
“*‘Oldshoe!’—jeminy-jee!’*” *thinks we—*  
“*Hain’t that a funny name!—tee-hee-hee!’*”

Barefoot racers from everywhere,  
We’d pelt in over the back-porch floor  
For “the settin’-room,” and cluster there  
Like a clot of bees round an apple-core,  
And sleeve our noses, and pinafore  
Our smearcase-mouths, and slick our hair,  
And stare and listen, and try to look

Like "Agnes" does in the old school-book,—  
 Till at last we'd catch the visitor's name,—  
 Reddinhouse, Lippscomb, or Burlingame,—  
 or Winkler—or Smock—or Tutewiler—or  
 Daubenspeck—or Throckmorton—or Rubottom  
 —or Bixler—

"*'Bixler!' jeminy-jee!*" *thinks we—*

"*Hain't that a funny name!—tee-hee-hee!*"

Peace!—Let be!—Fall away!—Fetch loose!—

We can't have fun as we had fun *then!*—

Shut up, Memory!—what's the use?—

When the girls and boys of 8 and 10

Are now—well, *matronly*, or *old men*,

And Time has (so to say) "cooked our goose"! .

But ah! if we only *could* have back

The long-lost laughs that we now so lack

And so vainly long for,—how—we—*could*

Naturely wake up the neigh-ber-hood,

over the still heterogenous names ever unroll-  
 ing from the endless roster of orthographic  
 actualities,—such names—for further instance  
 of good faith—simply such names as Vander-  
 lip—or Funkhouser—or Smoot—or Galbreath

## HENRY IRVING

OCTOBER 13, 1905

'TIS Art reclaims him ! By those gifts of hers  
With which so nobly she endowed his mind,  
He brought back Shakespeare, in quick grief and  
glee—

Tasting the world's salt tears and sweet applause,—  
For, even as through his master's, so there ran  
Through all his multitudinous characters  
Kinship and love and honor of mankind.  
So all mankind shall grace his memory  
In musing proudly : Great as his genius was,  
Great likewise was the man.

## LINCOLN—THE BOY

**O** SIMPLE as the rhymes that tell  
The simplest tales of youth,  
Or simple as a miracle  
Beside the simplest truth—  
So simple seems the view we share  
With our Immortals, sheer  
From Glory looking down to where  
They were as children here.

Or thus we know, nor doubt it not,  
The boy he must have been  
Whose budding heart bloomed with the thought  
All men are kith and kin—  
With love-light in his eyes and shade  
Of prescient tears:—Because  
Only of such a boy were made  
The loving man he was.

## NICHOLAS OBERTING

*A hero of ancient mold is Nicholas Oberting, of Hardentown, Indiana, who, a few days ago, in saving three boys from being gored to death by his infuriated bull, performed a feat of daring comparable only with the valorous deeds of Roman gladiators. . . .*

—INDIANAPOLIS STAR.

SING! O Voice of Valor, sing!—  
Sing of Nicholas Oberting!  
Giant of the strength of ten,  
Yet the gentlest of all men.

He it was that loved the air,  
And the green fields everywhere—  
Loved the meadow slopes and rills,  
And the cattle on the hills—  
Loved all out-o'-doors, and took  
Off his hat, with reverent look,  
As the balmy winds of Spring



Was not lovelier to hear  
Than the laughter, ringing near,  
Of child-voices—Truants,—three  
Little stragglers, he could see,  
Crossing the near pasture-land  
Loiteringly, hand in hand,  
Laughing as they came. . . . Until—  
Sudden ran a sickening chill  
Through the strong man's heart! . . . He heard  
Scarce his own voice, afterward,  
For the maddened, bellowing roar  
Of the monster beast that bore  
Down upon the lads. . . . Out rang  
His quick warning.—Then he sprang  
Forth to meet them, crying, "*Run!—  
Straight for me!—Come on!—Well done!*"—  
Praised them—cheered them.—"*Good! Hooray!  
Now, Red-top, you throw away  
That cap! but don't*"—And breathless hung  
The sentence;—for a root had flung  
The youngster—stunned—prone on the ground . . .  
Then—midst a trampling, thund'rous sound,  
The bellowing beast, with his big bent head,  
And great horns, white as his eyes were red!—  
Charged for the lad, as he helpless lay . . .  
There was a leap then; and—they say  
(For but one boy had swooned away)—  
There was the *leap* and the *laugh* of a *Man* . . .  
And the bravest war of the world began:  
Pinned by the horns in the Hercules grip  
Of his master—the slaver's jaws adrip,

The foaming, steaming, sweltering, hot-  
Mouthed monster raged and charged and fought,—  
But ever the great strong hands were set  
At their horny leverage, bloody-wet;  
And ever steadier pressed the hold,  
And ever the wild eyes wilder rolled  
As the thick neck turned, and the great hulk grew  
Like an o'er-fed engine, shuddering through—  
Yet the thick neck turned—and turned—and  
turned—  
Till the raw tongue shot from the throat and burned  
The live air foul; and the beast lurched dead  
Crunchingly.

. . . And the youngster said  
That the big man just lay there and cried—  
He was so sorry and satisfied!

## RABBIT

**I** S'POSE it takes a feller 'at's be'n  
Raised in a country-town, like me,  
To '*preciate* rabbits! . . . Eight er ten  
Bellerin' boys and two er three  
Yelpin' dawgs all on the trail  
O' one little pop-eyed cottontail!

'Bout the first good fall o' snow—  
So's you kin track 'em, don't you know,  
Where they've run,—and one by one  
Hop 'em up and chase 'em down  
And prod 'em out of a' old bresh-pile  
Er a holler log they're a-hidin' roun',  
Er, way en-nunder the ricked cord-wood  
Er crosstie-stack by the railroad track  
'Bout a mile  
Out o' sight o' the whole ding town! . . .  
Well! them's times 'at I call good!

Rabbits!—w'y, as my thoughts goes back  
To them old boyhood days o' mine,  
I kin sic him now and see "Old Jack"  
A-plowin' snow in a rabbit-track

And a-pitchin' over him, head and heels,  
Like a blame' hat-rack,  
As the rabbit turns fer the timber-line  
Down the County Ditch through the old corn-  
fields. . . .

Yes, and I'll say right here to you,  
Rabbits that boys has *earnt*, like that—  
Skinned and hung fer a night or two  
On the old back-porch where the pump's done  
froze—  
Then fried 'bout right, where your brekfust's at,  
With hot brown gravy and shortenin' bread,—  
Rabbits, like *them*—er I ort to 'a' said,  
I s'pose,  
Rabbits like *those*  
Ain't so p'ticalar pore, I guess,  
Fer *eatin'* purposes!

## A SPRING SONG AND A LATER

**S**HE sang a song of May for me,  
Wherein once more I heard  
The mirth of my glad infancy—  
The orchard's earliest bird—  
The joyous breeze among the trees  
New-clad in leaf and bloom,  
And there the happy honey-bees  
In dewy gleam and gloom.

So purely, sweetly on the sense  
Of heart and spirit fell  
Her song of Spring, its influence—  
Still irresistible,—  
Commands me here—with eyes ablur—  
To mate her bright refrain,  
Though I but shed a rhyme for her  
As dim as Autumn rain.

## OURS

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

READ AT A BANQUET IN HONOR OF HENRY WATTERSON  
UPON HIS DEPARTURE FOR SPAIN

HERE where of old was heard  
The ringing, singing word  
That orator and bard  
Alike set free  
To soar, through heights profound,  
Our land's remotest bound,  
Till all is holy ground  
From sea to sea—

Here still, with voice and pen,  
ONE cheers the hopes of men  
And gives us faith again—  
This gifted one  
We hold here as the guest  
Most honored—loved the best—  
Wisest and worthiest—  
Our Watterson.

His spirit is the Seer's—  
For, though he sees and hears  
Through human doubts and fears,  
His heart is one  
With Earth's and the Divine—  
With his home-hearts—and mine—  
And the child's heart is thine,  
Our Watterson!

Give us to touch and praise  
His worth in subtlest ways,  
Lest even our fondest gaze  
He fain would shun—  
Laugh, though a mist appears—  
The glad wine salt with tears—  
Laugh, as we drain it—"Here's  
Our Watterson!"

## OLD INDIANY

INTENDED FOR A DINNER OF THE INDIANA  
SOCIETY OF CHICAGO

OLD Indiany, 'course we know  
Is first, and best, and *most*, also,  
Of *all* the States' whole forty-four:—  
She's first in ever'thing, that's shore!—  
And *best* in ever'way as yet  
Made known to man; and you kin bet  
She's *most*, because she won't confess  
She ever was, or will be, *less*!  
And yet, fer all her proud array  
Of sons, how many gits away!—  
No doubt about her bein' *great*  
But, fellers, she's a leaky State!  
And them that boasts the most about  
Her, them's the ones that's dribbled out.  
Law! jes' to think of all you boys  
'Way over here in Illinoise  
A-celebratin', like ye air,  
Old Indiany, 'way back there  
In the dark ages, so to speak,  
A-gravin' for ye once a week



You wasn't "sidin' up the pike,"  
As the tramp-shoemaker said  
When "he sacked the boss and shed  
The blame town, to hunt fer one  
Where they didn't work fer fun!"  
Lookin' *extry* well, I'd say,  
Your old home so fur away.—  
Maybe, though, like the old jour.,  
Fun hain't all yer workin' fer.  
So you've found a job that pays  
Better than in them old days  
You was on The Weekly Press,  
Heppin' run things, more er less;  
Er a-learnin' telegraph-  
Operatin', with a half-  
Notion of the tinner's trade,  
Er the dusty man's that laid  
Out designs on marble and  
Hacked out little lambs by hand,  
And chewed finecut as he wrought,  
"Shapin' from his bitter thought"  
Some squshed mutterings to say,—  
"Yes, hard work, and porer pay!"  
Er you'd kind o' thought the far-  
Gazin' kuss that owned a car  
And took pictures in it, had  
Jes' the snap you wanted—bad!  
And you even wondered why  
He kep' foolin' with his sky-  
Light the same on shiny days  
As when rainin'. ('T leaked always.)

Wondered what strange things was hid  
In there when he shet the door  
And smelt like a burnt drug store  
Next some orchard-trees, i swan!  
With whole roasted apples on!  
That's why Ade is, here of late,  
Buyin' in the dear old state,—  
So's to cut it up in plots  
Of both town and country lots.

## LONGFELLOW

1807—FEBRUARY 27—1907

**O** GENTLEST kinsman of Humanity!  
Thy love hath touched all hearts, even as thy  
Song

Hath touched all chords of music that belong  
To the quavering heaven-strung harp of harmony:  
Thou hast made man to feel and hear and see  
Divinely ;—made the weak to be the strong ;  
By thy melodious magic, changed the wrong  
To changeless right—and joyed and wept as we.  
Worlds listen, lulled and solaced at the spell  
That folds and holds us—soul and body, too,—  
As though thy songs, as loving arms in stress  
Of sympathy and trust ineffable,  
Were thrown about us thus by one who knew  
Of common human need of kindness.

## WITH A CHILD-BOOK

TO MASTER PRESTON FROM HIS LONG INVISIBLE  
PLAYMATE

THERE is LORE of more devices,  
And ROMANCE that more entices  
Higher minds and higher prices;—  
But, for “Giggle-boy” or “Cry-sis”  
(With some sniffless interstices)  
Here’s a little tale suffices—  
Sweet as oranges in slices  
Slobbered in slues o’ cream and ices,  
Tanged with tingling, spangling spices.—  
Ho! there’s *no* tale half so nice as  
This Old Tailor and his Mice is!

## THE DOCTOR

*He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear;  
And struck his finger on the place,  
And said: "Thou ailest here, and here!"*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

**W**E may idealize the chief of men—  
Idealize the humblest citizen,—  
Idealize the ruler in his chair—  
The poor man, or the poorer millionaire;  
Idealize the soldier—sailor—or  
The simple man of peace—at war with war;—  
The hero of the sword or fife-and-drum. . . .  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

The Doctor is, by principle, we know,  
Opposed to sentiment. He veils all show  
Of feeling, and is proudest when he hides  
The sympathy which natively abides  
Within the stoic precincts of a soul  
Which owns strict duty as its first control,  
And so must guard the ill, lest worse may  
come. . . .

Why not idealize the Doctor some?

He is the master of emotions—he  
Is likewise certain of that mastery,—  
Or dare he face contagion in its ire,  
Or scathing fever in its leaping fire?  
He needs must smile upon the ghastly face  
That yearns up toward him in that warded  
place  
Where even the Saint-like Sisters' lips grow  
dumb.  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

He wisely hides his heart from you and me—  
He hath grown tearless, of necessity,—  
He knows the sight is clearer, being blind;  
He knows the cruel knife is very kind;  
Ofttimes he must be pitiless, for thought  
Of the remembered wife or child he sought  
To save through kindness that was overcome.  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

Bear with him, trustful, in his darkest doubt  
Of how the mystery of death comes out;  
He knows—he knows,—ay, better yet than we,  
That out of Time must dawn Eternity;  
He knows his own compassion—what *he* would  
Give in relief of all ills, if he could.—  
We wait alike one Master: He will come.  
Do we idealize the Doctor some?

## ABE MARTIN

**A**BE MARTIN!—dad-burn his old picture!  
P'tends he's a Brown County fixture—  
A kind of a comical mixture  
Of hoss-sense and no sense at all!  
His mouth, like his pipe, 's allus goin',  
And his thoughts, like his whiskers, is flowin',  
And what he don't know ain't wuth knowin'—  
From Genesis clean to baseball!

The artist, Kin Hubbard, 's so keerless  
He draws Abe 'most eyeless and earless,  
But he's never yet pictured him cheerless  
Er with fun 'at he tries to conceal,—  
Whuther on to the fence er clean over  
A-rootin' up ragweed er clover,  
Skeert stiff at some "Rambler" er "Rover"  
Er newfangled automobeel!

It's a purty steep climate old Brown's *in;*  
And the rains there his ducks nearly *drowns in*

As the old handsaw-hawg, er the mottled  
Milch cow, er the old rooster wattled  
Like the mumps had him 'most so well throttled  
That it was a pleasure to die.

But best of 'em all's the fool-breaks 'at  
Abe don't see at all, and yit makes 'at  
Both me and you lays back and shakes at  
His comic, miraculous cracks  
Which makes him—clean back of the power  
Of genius itse'f in its flower—  
This Notable Man of the Hour,  
Abe Martin, The Joker on Facts.



## MORNING

**B**REATH of Morning—breath of May—  
With your zest of yesterday  
And crisp, balmy freshness, smite  
Our old hearts with Youth's delight.

Tilt the cap of Boyhood—yea,  
Where no "forelock" waves, to-day,—  
Back, in breezy, cool excess,  
Stroke it with the old caress.

Let us see as we have seen—  
Where all paths are dewy-green,  
And all human-kind are kin—  
Let us be as we have been!

## THE LOVELINESS

**A**H, what a long and loitering way  
And ever-lovely way, in truth,  
We travel on from day to day  
Out of the realms of youth!

How eagerly we onward press  
The lovely path that lures us still  
With ever-changing loveliness  
Of grassy vale and hill:

Of groves of May and morning-lands  
Dew-diamonded and gemmed with bloom;  
With amber streams and golden sands  
And aisles of gleam and gloom;

Where lovely little Fairy-folk,  
In careless ambush, pipe and call  
From tousled ferns 'neath elm and oak  
By shoal and waterfall:

The sudden redbird trips the sight  
And tricks the ear—or doubtless we  
With happy palms had clapped the Sprite  
In new captivity.

On—on, through all the gathering years,  
Still gleams the loveliness, though seen  
Through dusks of loss and mists of tears  
That vainly intervene.

Time stints us not of lovely things—  
Old Age hath still a treasure-store,—  
The loveliness of songs and wings  
And voices on before.—

And—loveliness beyond all grace  
Of lovely words to say or sing,—  
The loveliness of Hope's fair face  
Forever brightening.

## A PARTING GUEST

**W**HAT delightful hosts are they—  
Life and Love!  
Lingeringly I turn away,  
This late hour, yet glad enough  
They have not withheld from me  
Their high hospitality.  
So, with face lit with delight  
And all gratitude, I stay  
Yet to press their hands and say,  
“Thanks.—So fine a time! Good night.”

## “OUT OF REACH”

**Y**OU think them “out of reach,” your dead?  
Nay, by my own dead, I deny  
Your “out of reach.”—Be comforted:  
’Tis not so far to die.

O by their dear remembered smiles  
And outheld hands and welcoming speech,  
They wait for us, thousands of miles  
This side of “out of reach.”

## MY FOE

**M**Y Foe? You name yourself, then,—I refuse  
A term so dark to designate you by.

To me you are most kind and true; and I  
Am grateful as the dust is for the dews  
That brim the dusk, and falter, drip and ooze  
From the dear darkness of the summer sky.

Vex not yourself for lack of moan or cry  
Of mine. Not any harm, nor ache nor bruise  
Could reach my soul through any stroke you fain  
Might launch upon me,—it were as the lance

Even of the lightning did it leap to rend  
A ray of sunshine—'twould recoil again.

So, blessing you, with pitying countenance,  
I wave a hand to you, my helpless friend.

## SOME IMITATIONS

### I

#### POMONA

*(Madison Cawein)*

O H, the golden afternoon!—  
Like a ripened summer day  
That had fallen oversoon  
In the weedy orchard-way—  
As an apple, ripe in June.

He had left his fishrod leant  
O'er the footlog by the spring—  
Clomb the hill-path's high ascent,  
Whence a voice, down showering,  
Lured him, wondering as he went.

Not the voice of bee nor bird,  
Nay, nor voice of man nor child,  
Nor the creek's shoal-alto heard  
Blent with warblings sweet and wild

'Twas a goddess! As the air  
Swirled to eddying silence, he  
Glimpsed about him, half aware  
Of some subtle sorcery  
Woven round him everywhere.

Suavest slopes of pleasaunce, sown  
With long lines of fruited trees  
Weighed o'er grasses all unmown  
But by scythings of the breeze  
In prone swaths that flashed and shone

Like silk locks of Faunus sleeked  
This, that way, and contrawise,  
Through whose bredes ambrosial leaked  
Oily amber sheens and dyes,  
Starred with petals purple-freaked.

Here the bellflower swayed and swung,  
Greenly belfried high amid  
Thick leaves in whose covert sung  
Hermit-thrush, or katydid,  
Or the glowworm nightly clung.

Here the damson, peach and pear;  
There the plum, in Tyrian tints,  
Like great grapes in clusters rare;  
And the metal-heavy quince  
Like a plummet dangled there.



All ethereal, yet all  
Most material,—a theme  
Of some fabled festival—  
Save the fair face of his dream  
Smiling o'er the orchard wall.

## II

## THE PASSING OF A ZEPHYR

(*Sidney Lanier*)

UP from, and out of, and over the opulent woods  
and the plains,  
Lo! I leap nakedly loose, as the nudest of gods  
might choose,  
For to dash me away through the morning dews  
And the rathe Spring rains—  
Pat and pet the little green leaves of the trees and  
the grass,  
Till they seem to linger and cling, as I pass,  
And are touched to delicate contemporaneous tears  
of the rain and the dew,  
That lure mine eyes to weeping likewise, and to  
laughter, too:  
For I am become as the balmiest, stormiest zephyr  
of Spring,  
With manifold beads of the marvelous dew and the  
rain to string  
On the bended strands of the blossoms, blown  
And tossed and tousled and overthrown,

And shifted and whirled, and lifted unfurled  
In the victory of the blossoming  
Of the flags of the flowery world.  
Yea, and behold! and a riotous zephyr, at last,  
I subside; I abate; I pass by; I am past.  
And the small, hoarse bass of the bumblebee  
Is my requiem-psalm,  
And I fling me down to a listless, loitering, long  
eternity  
Of amiable calm.

## III

EF UNCLE REMUS PLEASE TER 'SCUSEN ME

*(Joel Chandler Harris)*

DEY wunce wuz er time which I gwineter  
tell you 'bout it—  
An' it's easy ter believe it sho'ly ez it is ter doubt  
it!—  
So des you pick yer "ruthers" whilse I tell how ole  
Br'er Rabbit  
Wunce know de time when he git de fightin' habit.  
Co'se he ain't no bragger, des a-rippin' an' a-rarin'

LET UNCLE REMUS PLEASE TER 'SCUSEN ME.  
DEY wunce wuz er tunc which I gwineter tell you 'bout it—  
An' it's easy ter believe it, sholy as it is ter doubt it.  
So des you pick yer "nuthers" while I tell how de Brer Rabbit  
Wunce know de time when he git de fightin' habit.  
Conise he aint no bragger, des a-rippin' an' a-rarin'  
An' a-darin' all de brests an' a-das a double-darin'  
Sich as Mr. Jonus Lion, er Sir Mr. Trister Tagger,  
Er Sister Histopotomon, er Ant Penjenny Tagger!  
Yit, des de same, he layin' low an' know he got de muscle  
What sho' ter sprise mos' any size what crowd 'im fer a tussle—  
But specially he sprise de Dawg, an' sight er one des make 'im  
Fergit hisself an' run 'im down an' grab 'im up an' shake 'em!  
An' mo' n dat, ef 't'ingit fer de Dawg-law den agin it,  
He'd des a-kilt off ev' y Dawg dats' chasin' him dis minute!

[ Yours ever loyally and lovingly,

—Omar 211.]



But speshully he 'spise de *Dawg*, an' sight er one  
des make 'im  
Fergit hisse'f an' run 'em down an' grab 'em up an'  
shake 'em!—  
An', mo' 'n dat, ef 'twuzn't fer de *Dawg-law* den  
ag'in' it,  
He'd des a-kilt off ev'y *Dawg* dat's chasin' him dis  
minute!

## IV

## A RHYME FOR CHRISTMAS

**I**F *Browning* only were here,  
This yule-ish time o' the year—  
This mule-ish time o' the year,  
Stubbornly still refusing  
To add to the rhymes we've been using  
Since the first Christmas-gee  
(One might say) chantingly  
Rendered by rudest hinds  
Of the pelt-clad shepherding kinds  
Who didn't know Song from b-  
U-double-l's-foot!—pah!—  
(Haply the old Egyptian *ptah*—  
Though I'd hardly wager a baw-  
Bee—or a *bumble*, for that—  
And that's flat!) . . .  
But the thing that I want to get at  
Is a rhyme for *Christmas*—

Senses until one may hear them gnar—  
 And the terminal, too, for *mas* is *mus*,  
 So *that* will not do for us.  
 Try for it—sigh for it—cry for it—die for it!  
 O *but* if Browning were here to apply for it,  
*He'd* rhyme you *Christmas*—  
*He'd* make a *mist pass*  
 Over—something o' ruther—  
 Or find you the rhyme's very brother  
 In lovers that *kissed fast*  
*To baffle the moon*—as he'd lose the *t-final*  
 In *fas-t* as it blended with *to* (mark the spinal  
 Elision—tip-clipt as exquisitely nicely  
 And hyper-exactly sliced to precisely  
 The extremest technical need) : Or he'd *twist glass*,  
 Or he'd have a *kissed lass*,  
 Or shake 'neath our noses some great giant *fist-*  
*mass*—  
 No matter! If Robert were here, *he* could do it,  
 Though it took us till Christmas next year to see  
 through it.

## V

## VAUDEVILLE SKITS

## I

## SERENADE AT THE CABIN

Oh, my little Sadie Sue, I's a-serenadin' you—

Below your winder's mohnin'-glory-vine.  
Your good ole mammy's gyarden is, fer shore, a  
    ha'nted place,  
Dis midnight whilse I's cropin' 'mongst de bloom;  
Yit de moon dah 'bove de chimbly ain' no fairer dan  
    de face  
What's hidin' 'hind de curtain o' your room.

*Chorus*

Den wake, my colored blonde with eyes o' blue,  
An' lips ez red ez roses renshed with dew;  
    Yo' hair ez fair an' fine  
    Ez de skeins o' June sunshine,  
My little, light-complected Sadie Sue!

In de "Gran's" old dinin'-hall, playin' fer de White  
    Folk's ball,  
I watch deir pick o' ladies ez dey glide,  
An' says I, "My Sadie Sue she 'ud shorely best you  
    all  
Ef she 'uz here a-waltzin' by my side!"  
Den I laugh all to myse'f-like, ez I swipe de twangin'  
    strings  
An' chat my own in sweetest dream o' me

*Chorus*

Den wake, my colored blonde with eyes o' blue,  
An' lips ez red ez roses renshed with dew ;  
    Yo' hair ez fair an' fine  
    Ez de skeins o' June sunshine,  
My little, light-complected Sadie Sue!

## 2

## CHUCK'S HOODOOS

Chuck's allus had de Hoodoos bad!—  
    Do what he kin to lose 'em,  
Dey track dat coon, by sun er moon,  
    Des like dey cain't uxcuse 'im!  
An' more he gyaurd 'em off, more hard  
    Hit 'pear-like dat they press 'im—  
De onliest luck dey 'low ole Chuck  
    Is dis enough to 'stress 'im!

He taken care—no matter where  
    He's walkin' 'long de street an'  
See any ladder leanin' there,  
    Er cross-eyed man he's meetin'—  
Dat eye o' his ketch wher' dey is,  
    An', quick as "scat," Chuck's hittin'  
De curb outside, an' watch wile-eyed  
    Fust lef'-han' place to spit in!



He' got toenails o' bats; an' snails  
Shet hot in deir shell-houses  
Wid sealin'-wax; an' little backs  
O' turkles in his trouse's:  
A moleskin-pu's'; an' possum's han'—  
Des ever' charm an' wonder—  
An' barber-chair o' shore hosshair—  
An' hoss-shoe hangin' under!

"An' yit," says Chuck, "I got no luck:—  
De Hoodoos still a-bafflin'  
Dis po' ole saint what knows he ain't—  
'Twix' shootin' craps an' rafflin'!  
No overcoat—ner underwear,—  
Right on de aidge o' winter  
I's up aginst de wust layout  
Dey's ever got me inter!"

## THE ROSE-LADY

### TO THE ROSES

**I** DREAM that you are kisses Allah sent  
In forms material, that all the earth  
May taste of you and guess of Heaven's worth,  
Since it can waste such sweetness with content,—  
Seeing you showered o'er the Battlement—  
By Angel-hands plucked ripe from lips of mirth  
And flung in lavish clusters, yet no dearth  
Of rapture for the Anthem! . . . I have bent  
Above you, nestled in some low retreat,  
Pressing your velvet mouths against the dust,  
And, ever nurturing this old conceit,  
Have lifted up your lips in perfect trust  
Against my mouth, nor found them the less sweet

## A HOOSIER CALENDAR

### JANUARY

**B**LEAK January! Cold as fate,  
And ever colder—ever keener—  
Our very hair cut while we wait  
By winds that clip it ever cleaner:  
Cold as a miser's buried gold,  
Or nether-deeps of old tradition—  
*Jeems January!* you're a cold  
Proposition!

### FEBRUARY

You, February,—seem to be  
Old January's understudy,  
But play the part too vaudeville-y,—  
With wind too moist and snow too muddy—  
You overfreeze and overthaw—  
Your "Hos'ler Jo"-like recitation  
But hints that you're, at best, a raw  
Imitation.

### MARCH

And, March, you've got no friends to spare—

You are a month, too, of complex  
Perversities beyond solution—  
A sort o' "loveliest of your sex"  
Institution!

## APRIL

But, 'April, when you kind o' come  
A-sa'nterin' down along our roadway,  
The bars is down, and we're at home,  
And you're as welcome as a show-day!  
First thing we know, the sunshine falls  
Spring-like, and drenches all Creation  
With that-'ere ba'm the poets calls  
"Inspiration."

## MAY

'And May!—It's warmin' jest to see  
The crick thawed clear ag'in and dancin'—  
'Pear-like it's tickled 'most as *me*  
A-prancin' 'crosst it with my pants on!  
And then to hear the bluebird whet  
His old song up and lance it through you,  
Clean through the boy's heart beatin' yet—  
Hallylooya!

## JUNE

June—'Ll, I jest git *doped* on June!—

In country,—stars and whipperwills;  
 In town,—all night the boys invadin'  
 Leadin' citizens' winder-sills,  
 Sair-a-nadin'.

JULY

Fish still 'a-bitin'—*some*; but 'most  
 Too hot fer anything but layin'  
 Jest do-less like, and watchin' clos't  
 The treetops and the squirrels playin'—  
 Their tail-tips switched 'bove knot and limb,  
 But keepin' most in sequestration—  
 Leavin' a big part to the im-  
 Magination.

AUGUST

Now when it's August—I can tell  
 It by a hundred signs and over;—  
 They is a mixed ripe-apple-smell  
 And mashed-down grass and musty clover;  
 Bees is as lazy 'most as me—  
 Bee-bird eats 'em—gap's his wings out  
 So lazy 'at I don't think he  
 Spits their stings out!

SEPTEMBER

September, you appeal to all,

As pigs is, slopped on buttermilk  
And brand, shipstuff and 'tater-peelin's—  
And folks, too, feelin' fine as silk  
With all their feelin's!

## OCTOBER

If I'd be'n asked for my advice,  
And thought the thing out, ca'm and sober—  
Sizin' the months all once or twice,—  
I'd la'nch'd the year out with *October*. . . .  
All Nature then jest veiled and dressed  
In weddin' gyarments; ornamented  
With ripe-fruit-gems—and kissin' jest  
New-invented!

## NOVEMBER

I'm 'feared November's hopes is few  
And far between!—Cold as a Monday-  
Washday, er a lodge-man who  
You' got to pallbear for on Sunday;  
Colder and colder every day—  
The fixed official time for sighin',—  
A sinkin' state you jest can't stay  
In, or *die* in!

## DECEMBER

And so, for all its coldest truths  
And chill, goose-pimpled imperfections,  
It wads our lank old socks with Youth's  
Recollections.

## THE LITTLE WOMAN

**M**Y little woman, of you I sing  
With a fervor all divine,—  
For I know the clasp of the hands that cling  
So closely here in mine.

Though the rosy palms I used to press  
Are faded and worn with care,  
And tremulous is the old caress  
That nestles in my hair,—

Your heart to me is a changeless page ;  
I have read it bit by bit,  
From the dawn of love to the dusk of age,—  
And the tale is Holy Writ.

Fold your eyes,—for the twilight bends  
As a mother o'er her child—  
Even as when, in the long-lost Then,  
You bent o'er ours and smiled. . . .

(Nay, but I spoke all unaware !  
See ! I am kneeling, too,



But O little woman, I often grieve,  
As I think of the vanished years  
And trace the course of the cares that leave  
Your features dim with tears :

I often grieve, for the frowns I wore  
When the world seemed all untrue,—  
When my hard, proud heart was sick and  
sore  
And would not come to you !

I often grieve, as I hold your hand—  
As I hold your hand to-night,—  
That it takes so long to understand  
The lesson of love aright !

But sing the song that I taught you once,  
Dear little woman, as *then*  
Away far back in the golden months :—  
Sing me the song again !

For, as under the stars we loved of yore  
When the nights of love were long,  
Your poor, pale lips grow glad once more  
And I kiss them into song :—

*And O her eyes, they are spheres of light—  
So brighter than stars are they,  
The brightest day is the darkest night  
When my little woman's away.*

*For my little woman has ever a tear  
And a sigh when I am sad;  
And I have a thousand smiles for her  
When my little woman is glad.*

*But my little woman is strong and brave,  
For all of her tears and sighs,  
Her stanch little heart knows how to behave  
Whenever the storms arise.*

*My little woman, of you I sing  
With a fervor all divine,—  
For I know the clasp of the hands that cling  
So closely here in mine.*

## WHAT TITLE?

**W**HAT title best befits the man  
We hold our first American?  
Or Statesman ; Soldier ; Hero ; Chief,  
Whose Country is his first belief :  
Or sanest, safest Leader ; or  
True Patriot ; or Orator,  
Heard still at Inspiration's height,  
Because he speaks for truth and right ;  
Or shall his people be content  
With Our Republic's President,  
Or trust his ringing worth to live  
In song as Chief Executive?  
Nay—his the simplest name—though set  
Upon him like a coronet,—  
God names our first American  
The highest, noblest name—The MAN.

## YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER

*In the deep grave's charmed chamber,  
Lying tranced in breathless slumber,  
You may haply not remember.*

YOU may not remember whether  
It was Spring or Summer weather;  
But *I* know—we two together  
At the dim end of the day—  
How the fireflies in the twilight  
Drifted by like flakes of starlight,  
Till o'er floods of flashing moonlight  
They were wave-like swept away.

You may not remember any  
Word of mine of all the many  
Poured out for you there, though then a  
Soul inspirèd spake my love;—  
But *I* knew—and still review it,  
All my passion, as with awe it  
Welled in speech as from a poet  
Gifted of the gods above.

May not even *dream*—O can't you?—  
That I kneel here—weep here—want you—  
Feign me in your grave, to haunt you,  
Since you come not back to me!

Vain! ah, vain is all my yearning  
As the West's last embers burning  
Into ashes, slowly turning  
Ever to a denser gray!—  
While the fireflies in the twilight  
Drift about like flakes of starlight,  
Till o'er wastes of wannest moonlight  
They are wave-like swept away.

## THE REST

V. K.—NATURALIST

**H**E rests at last, as on the mother-breast  
The playworn child at evening lies at rest,—  
For he, a buoyant child, in veriest truth,  
Has looked on life with eyes of changeless youth :—  
Has loved our green old earth here from the hour  
Of his first memory of bud and flower—  
Of morning's grassy lawns and dewy trees  
And orchard-blossoms, singing birds and bees :

When all the world about him was a land  
Elysian, with the mother near at hand :  
With steadfast gaze of wonder and delight  
He marked the miracles of day and night :—  
Beheld the kingly sun, in dazzling reign  
By day ; and, with her glittering, glimmering train  
Of stars, he saw the queenly moon possess  
Her throne in midmost midnight's mightiness.

His love dipped even to the glossy things  
That walked the waters and forgot their wings  
In sheer insanity of some delight  
Known but to that ecstatic parasite.

It was enough, thus childishly to sense  
All works—since worthy of Omnipotence—  
As worshipful: Therefor, as any child,  
He knelt in tenderness of tears, or smiled  
His gratefulness, as to a playmate glad  
To share His pleasures with a poorer lad.  
And so he lived: And so he *died*?—Ah, no,  
We'll not believe that till he tells us so.

## WE MUST BELIEVE

*Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.*

### I

**W**E must believe—  
Being from birth endowed with love and  
trust—  
Born unto loving;—and how simply just  
That love—that faith!—even in the blossom-face  
The babe drops dreamward in its resting-place,  
Intuitively conscious of the sure  
Awakening to rapture ever pure  
And sweet and saintly as the mother's own  
Or the awed father's, as his arms are thrown  
O'er wife and child, to round about them weave  
And wind and bind them as one harvest-sheaf  
Of love—to cleave to, and *forever* cleave. . . .  
Lord, I believe:  
Help Thou mine unbelief.

### II

We must believe—



Its blest assurance, in the stars of night;—  
The ever-dawning of the dark to light;—  
The tears down-falling from all eyes that grieve—  
The eyes uplifting from all deeps of grief,  
Yearning for what at last we shall receive. . . .

Lord, I believe:

Help Thou mine unbelief.

### III

We must believe:

For still all unappeased our hunger goes,  
From life's first waking, to its last repose:  
The briefest life of any babe, or man  
Outwearing even the allotted span,  
Is each a life unfinished—incomplete:  
For these, then, of th' outworn, or unworn feet  
Denied one toddling step—O there must be  
Some fair, green, flowery pathway endlessly  
Winding through lands Elysian! Lord, receive  
And lead each as Thine Own Child—even the  
Chief

Of us who didst Immortal life achieve. . . .

Lord, I believe:

Help Thou mine unbelief.

## THE HIRED MAN'S DOG-STORY

*Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.*

—BURNS

**D**OGS, I contend, is jes' about  
Nigh human—git 'em studied out.  
I hold, like us, they've got their own  
Reasonin' powers 'at's theirs alone—  
Same as their tricks and habits too,  
Provin', by lots o' things they do,  
That instinct's not the only thing  
That dogs is governed by, i jing!—  
And I'll say furdur, on that line,  
And prove it, that they's dogs a-plenty  
Will show intelligence as fine  
As ary ten men out o' twenty!

Jevver investigate the way  
Sheep-killin' dogs goes at it—hey?  
Well, you dig up the facts and you  
Will find, first thing, they's always *two*  
Dogs goes together on that spree  
O' blood and puore dog-deviltry!  
And, then, they always go at night—

Mind ye, it's never in daylight,  
When folks is up and wide awake,—  
No self-respectin' dogs'll make  
Mistakes o' judgment on that score,—  
And I've knowed fifty head or more  
O' slaughtered sheep found in the lot,  
Next morning the old farmer got  
His folks up and went out to feed,—  
And every livin' soul agreed  
That all night long they never heerd  
The bark o' dog ner bleat o' skeered  
And racin', tromplin' flock o' sheep  
    A-skallyhootin' roun' the pastur',  
To rouse 'em from their peaceful sleep  
    To that heart-renderin' disaster!

Well, now, they's actchul evidence  
In all these facts set forth; and hence  
When, by like facts, it has been foun'  
That these two dogs—colloquin' roun'  
*At night* as thick as thieves—*by day*  
Don't go together anyway,  
And, 'pearantly, hain't never met  
Each other; and the facts is set  
On record funder, that these smart  
Old pards in crime lives miles apart—

As you nickname us thataway.  
Well, now!—these is the facts I' got  
    (And, mind ye, these *is* facts—not  
        *guesses*)  
To argy on, concernin' what  
    Fine reasonin' powers dogs p'sesses.

My idy is,—the dog lives in  
The *town*, we'll say, runs up ag'in  
The *country*-dog, some Saturday,  
Under a' old farm-wagon, say,  
Down at the Court-house hitchin'-rack.—  
Both lifts the bristles on their back  
And show their teeth and growl as though  
They meant it pleasant-like and low,  
In case the fight hangs fire. And they  
Both wag then in a friendly way,  
The town-dog sayin':—"Seems to me,  
Last Democratic jubilee,  
I seen you here in town somewhere?"  
The country-dog says:—"Right you air!—  
And right here's where you seen me, too,  
Under this wagon, watchin' *you*!"  
"Yes," says the town-dog,—  
"and I thought  
We'd *both* bear watchin', like as not."  
And as he vawns and looks away.

A Mill Crick dog, a mile er two  
From old Chape Clayton's stock-farm—say?"  
"Who *told* you?" says the jay-dog—"hey?"  
And looks up, real su'prised. "*I guessed,*"  
The town-dog says—"You tell the rest,—  
How's old Chape's mutton, anyhow?—  
How many of 'em's ready now—  
How many of 'em's ripe enough fer use,  
And how's the hot, red, rosy juice?"  
"Mm!" says the country-dog, "I think  
I sort o' see a little blink  
O' what you mean." And then he stops  
And turns and looks up street and lops  
His old wet tongue out, and says he,  
Lickin' his lips, all slobbery,  
"Ad-drat my melts! you're jes' my man!—  
I'll trust you, 'cause I know I can!"  
And then he says, "I'll tell you jes'  
How things is, and Chape's carelessness  
About his sheep,—fer instance, say,  
To-morry Chapes'll all be 'way  
To Sund'y-meetin'—and ag'in  
At night." "At night? That lets us in!—  
'Better the day'—the town-dog says—  
" 'Better the deed.' We'll pray; Lord, yes!—  
May the outpourin' grace be shed  
Abroad, and all hearts comforted  
Accordin' to their lights!" says he,  
"And that, of course, means you and me."  
And then they both snarled, low and quiet—

Swore where they'd meet. And both stood  
by it!

Jes' half-past eight on Sund'y night,  
Them two dogs meets,—the *town-dog*, light  
O' foot, though five mile' he had spanned  
O' field, beech-wood and bottom-land.

But, as books says,—we draw a veil  
Over this chapter of the tale! . . .

Yit when them two infernal, mean,  
Low, orn'ry whelps has left the scene  
O' carnage—chased and putt to death  
The last pore sheep,—they've yit got breath  
Enough to laugh and joke about  
The fun they've had, while they sneak out  
The woods-way fer the old crick where  
They both plunge in and wash their hair  
And rench their bloody mouths, and grin,  
As each one skulks off home ag'in—  
Jes' innardly too proud and glad

To keep theirselves from kind o' struttin',  
Thinkin' about the fun they'd had—

When their blame wizzens needed cuttin'!

Dogs is deliber't.—They can bide  
Their time till s'picions all has died.  
The country-dog don't 'pear to care  
Fer town no more,—he's off somewhere  
When the folks whistles, as they head  
The team t'ards town. As I jes' said,—  
Dogs is deliber't, don't forgit!

So this-here dog he's got the grit  
To jes' deprive hisse'f o' town  
For 'bout three weeks. But time rolls  
roun'! . . .

Same as they *first* met:—Saturday—  
Same Court-house—hitch-rack—and same  
way

The team wuz hitched—same wagon where  
The same *jay*-dog growls under there  
When same *town*-dog comes loafin' by,  
With the most innocentest eye  
And giner'l meek and lowly style,  
As though he'd never cracked a smile  
In all his mortal days!—And both  
Them dogs is strangers, you'd take oath!—

Both keeps a-lookin' sharp, to see  
If folks is watchin'—jes' the way  
They acted that first Saturday

They talked so confidentchully.  
“Well”—says the town-dog, in a low  
And careless tone—“Well, whatch you  
know?”

“‘*Know?*’ ” says the country-dog—“Lots  
more

Than some smart people knows—that's  
shore!”

And then, in his dog-language, he  
Explains how slick he had to be  
When some suspicious folks come roun'  
A-tryin' to track and run him down—  
Like *he'd* had anything to do

With killin' over fifty head  
O' sheep! "Jes' think!—and *me*"—he said,  
    "And me as innocent as *you*,  
That very hour, five mile' away  
In this town like you air to-day!"  
"Ah!" says the town-dog, "there's the beauty  
    O' bein' *prepared* for what may be,  
And *washin'* when you've done your duty!—  
    No stain o' blood on you er me  
    Ner wool in *our* teeth!—*Then*," says he,  
"When wicked man has wronged us so,  
    We ort to learn to be forgivin'—  
Half the world, of course, don't know  
    How the other gits its livin'!"



### PERVERSITY

**Y**OU have more'n likely noticed,  
When you *didn't* when you *could*,  
That jes' the thing you *didn't* do  
Was jes' the thing you *should*.

## HER POET-BROTHER

O H! what ef little childerns all  
Wuz big as parunts is!  
Nen I'd join pa's Masonic Hall  
An' wear gold things like his!  
An' you'd "receive," like ma, an' be  
My "hostuss"—An', gee-whizz!  
We'd *alluz* have ice-cream, ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

Wiv all the money mens is got—  
We'd buy a *Store* wiv that,—  
Ist candy, pies an' cakes, an' not  
No *drygoods*—'cept a hat-  
An'-plume fer *you*—an' "plug" fer me,  
An' clothes like *ma's* an' *his*,  
'At on'y ist fit *us*—ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

An'—ef *we* had a little boy  
An' girl like me an' you,—  
Our Store'd keep ever' kind o' toy  
They'd ever want us to!—

We'd hire "Old Kriss" to 'tend to be  
The boss of all the biz  
An' ist "*charge*" ever'thing—ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

### GRAMPA'S CHOICE

**F**IRST and best of earthly joys,  
I like little girls and boys:  
Which of all do I like best?  
Why, the one that's happiest.

## A LITTLE LAME BOY'S VIEWS

ON 'Scursion-days—an' Shows—an' Fairs—  
They ain't no bad folks anywheres!—  
On street-cars—same as *you*—  
Seems like *somebody* allus sees  
I'm lame, an' takes me on their knees,  
An' holds my crutches, too—  
An' asts me what's my name, an' pays  
My fare theirse'f—On all Big Days!

The mob all *scrowdges* you an' makes  
Enough o' bluffs, fer goodness-sakes!  
But none of 'em *ain't* mad—  
They're only *lettin' on*.—*I* know;—  
An' I can tell you *why* it's so:  
They're all of 'em too *glad*—  
They're *ever' one*, jes' glad as *me*  
To be there, er they *wouldn't* be!

The man that sells the tickets snoops  
My "one-er" in, but sort o' stoops  
An' grins out at me—then  
Looks mean an' business-like an' sucks

His big mustache at me an' chucks  
Too much change out again.—  
He's a *smooth citizen*, an' yit  
He don't fool *me* one little bit!

An' then, *inside*—fer all the jam—  
Folks, seems-like, all knows who I am,  
An' tips me nods an' winks;  
An' even country-folks has made  
Me he'p eat pie an' marmalade,  
With bottled milk fer "drinks"!—  
Folks *all's* so good to me that I—  
Sometimes—I nearly purt' near' *cry*.

An' all the *kids*, high-toned er pore,  
Seems better than they wuz before,  
An' wants to kind o' "stand  
In" with a feller—see him through  
The *free* lay-out an' *sideshows*, too,  
An' do the bloomin' "grand"!  
On 'Scursion-days—an' Shows an' Fairs—  
They ain't no bad folks anywheres!

## A VERY TALL BOY

THE ONE LONE LIMERICK OF UNCLE SIDNEY'S

SOME credulous chroniclers tell us  
Of a very tall youngster named Ellis,  
Whose Pa said, "Ma-ri-er,  
If Bubb grows much higher,  
He'll have to be trained up a trellis."

## THE RAGGEDY MAN ON CHILDREN

**C**HILDERN—take 'em as they run—  
You kin *bet* on, ev'ry one!—  
Treat 'em right and reco'nize  
Human souls is all one size.

Jevver think?—the world's best men  
Wears the same souls they had when  
They run barefoot—'way back where  
All these little children air.

Heerd a boy, not long ago,  
Say his parents *sassed* him so,  
He'd *correct* 'em, ef he could,—  
Then be good ef *they'd* be good.



'LIZABUTH-ANN ON BAKIN'-DAY

**O**UR Hired Girl, when it's bakin'-day  
She's out o' patience allus,  
An' tells us "Hike *outdoors* an' play,  
An' when the cookies's done," she'll say,  
    "Land sake! she'll come an' call us!"  
An' when the little doughbowl's all  
Ist heapin'-full, she'll come an' call—  
    *Nen say*, "She ruther take a switchin'  
Than have a pack o' pesky childern  
    Trackin' round the kitchen!"

## GOLDIE GOODWIN

**M**Y old Uncle Sidney *he* says it's a sign  
All over the Worl', an' ten times out of nine,  
He can tell by the *name* of a child ef the same  
Is a good er bad youngun—ist knows by their  
name!—

So he says, "It's the vurry best sign in the Worl'  
That *Goldie Goodwin* is a good little girl,"—  
An' says, "First she's *gold*—then she's *good*—an'  
behold,  
*Good's* 'bout 'leventy-hunnerd times *better* than  
*gold!*"

## SYMPTOMS

I'M not a-workin' now!—  
I'm jes' a-layin' round  
A-lettin' *other* people plow.—  
I'm cumberin' the ground! . . .  
I jes' don't *keer*!—I've done my sheer  
O' sweatin'!—Anyhow,  
In this dad-blasted weather here,  
I'm not a-workin' *now*!

The corn and wheat and all  
Is doin' well enough!—  
They' got clean on from now tel Fall  
To show what kind o' stuff  
'At's in their *own* dad-burn backbone;  
So, while the Scriptur's 'low  
Man ort to reap as he have sown—  
I'm not a-workin' now!

The grass en-nunder these-  
Here ellums 'long "Old Blue,"  
And shadders o' the sugar-trees,  
Beats farmin' quite a few!  
As feller says,—I ruther guess  
I'll make my comp'ny bow  
And *snooze* a few hours—more er less.—  
I'm not a-workin' now!

## BUB SAYS

THE moon in the sky is a custard-pie,  
An' the clouds is the cream pour'd o'er it,  
An' all o' the glittering stars in the sky  
Is the powdered sugar for it.

. . . . .

Johnts—he's proudest boy in town—  
'Cause his Mommy she cut down  
His Pa's pants fer Johnts—an' there  
Is 'nuff left fer *'nother* pair!

. . . . .

One time, when her Ma was gone,  
Little Elsie she put on  
All her Ma's fine clothes—an' black  
Grow-grain-silk, an' sealskin-sack;  
Nen while she wuz flouncin' out  
In the hall an' round about,

Who's there at the door—an' saw  
Mighty quick at wuz her Ma.  
But ef she ain't saw at all,  
She'd a-knowed her parasol!

. . . . .

Gran'pas an' Gran'mas is funniest folks!—  
Don't be jolly, ner tell no jokes,  
Tell o' the weather an' frost an' snow  
O' that cold New Year's o' long ago;  
An' then they sigh at each other an' cough  
An' talk about suddently droppin' off.

## THE POOR STUDENT

**W**ITH song elate we celebrate  
The struggling Student wight,  
Who seeketh still to pack his pate  
With treasures erudite ;  
Who keepeth guard and watch and ward  
O'er every hour of day,  
Nor less to slight the hours of night,  
He watchful is alway.

Though poor in pence, a wealth of sense  
He storeth in excess—  
With poverty in opulence,  
His needs wax never less.  
His goods are few,—a shelf or two  
Of classics, and a chair—  
A banjo—with a bird's-eye view  
Of back-lots everywhere.

In midnight gloom, shut in his room,  
His wits he nurtures

And yet, despite or wrong or right,  
He nurtureth a ban,—  
He hath the stanchless appetite  
Of any hired man.

On Jason's fleece and storied Greece  
He feeds his hungry mind;  
Then stuffs himself like a valise  
With "eats" of any kind:  
With kings he feigns he feasts, and drains  
The wines of ages gone—  
Then husks a herring's cold remains  
And turns the hydrant on.

In Trojan mail he fronts the gale  
Of ancient battle-rout,  
When, 'las the hour! his pipe must fail,  
And his last "snipe" smush out—  
Nor pauses he, unless it be  
To quote some cryptic scroll  
And poise a sardine pensively  
O'er his immortal soul.

## UNCLE SIDNEY'S RHYMES

**L**ITTLE Rapacity Greed was a glutton :  
He'd eat any meat, from goose-livers to  
mutton ;  
All fowl, flesh, or sausage with all savors through  
it—  
You never saw sausage stuffed as *he* could do it !  
His nice mamma owned, "O he eats as none other  
Than animal kind" ; and his bright little brother  
Sighed, pained to admit a phrase non-eulogistic,  
"Rap eats like a—pardon me—Cannibalistic."  
"He eats—like a *boor*," said his sister—"a shameless  
Plebeian, in sooth, of an ancestry nameless !"  
"He eats," moaned his father, despairingly placid  
And hopeless,—"*he eats like—he eats like an acid !*"



## "BLUE-MONDAY" AT THE SHOE SHOP

IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES

**O**H, if we had a rich boss  
Who liked to have us rest,  
With a dime's lift for a benchmate  
Financially distressed,—  
A boss that's been a "jour." himself  
And ain't forgot the pain  
Of restin' one day in the week,  
Then back to work again!

*Chorus*

*Ho, it's hard times together,  
We've had 'em, you and I,  
In all kinds of weather,  
Let it be wet or dry;  
But I'm bound to earn my livelihood  
Or lay me down and die!*

Poverty compels me

406 "BLUE-MONDAY" AT THE SHOE SHOP.

The sad wail of hunger  
It would drive me insane,  
If it wasn't for Blue-Monday  
When I git to work again!

*Chorus*

*Ho, it's hard times together,  
We've had 'em, you and I,  
In all kinds of weather,  
Let it be wet or dry;  
But I'm bound to earn my livelihood  
Or lay me down and die!*

Then it's stoke up the stove, Boss,  
And drive off the damp:  
Cut out me tops, Boss,  
And lend me your clamps;—  
Pass us your tobäcky  
Till I give me pipe a start. . . .  
Lor', Boss! how we love ye  
For your warm kynd heart!

*Chorus*

*Ho, it's hard times together,  
We've had 'em, you and I,  
In all kinds of weather,  
Let it be wet or dry;*

## THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

### THE BOYS'

THE lisping maid,  
In shine and shade  
Half elfin and half human,  
We love as such—  
Yet twice as much  
Will she be loved as woman.

### THE GIRLS'

The boy we see,  
Of two or three—  
Or even as a baby,  
We love to kiss  
For what he is,  
Yet more for what he may be.

## O. HENRY

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF SHERRARD PLUMMER

O. HENRY, Afrite-chef of all delight!—  
Of all delectables conglomerate  
That stay the starved brain and rejuvenate  
The mental man. Th' esthetic appetite—  
So long anhungered that its "in'ards" fight  
And growl gutwise,—its pangs thou dost  
abate  
And all so amiably alleviate,  
Joy pats its belly as a hobo might  
Who haply hath attained a cherry pie  
With no burnt bottom in it, ner no seeds—  
Nothin' but crispest crust, and thickness  
fit,  
And squishin'-juicy, and jes' mighty nigh  
Too dratted drippin'-sweet fer human needs,  
But fer the cook of mills that goes with it

## WILLIAM McKINLEY

CANTON, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1907

HE said: "It is God's way:  
His will, not ours be done."  
And o'er our land a shadow lay  
That darkened all the sun.  
The voice of jubilee  
That gladdened all the air,  
Fell sudden to a quavering key  
Of suppliance and prayer.

He was our chief—our guide—  
Sprung of our common Earth,  
From youth's long struggle proved and  
tried  
To manhood's highest worth:  
Through toil, he knew all needs  
Of all his toiling kind—  
The favored striver who succeeds—  
The one who falls behind.

The boy's young faith he still

The harvest of man's love—  
A nation's joy that swells  
To heights of Song, or deeps whereof  
But sacred silence tells.

To him his Country seemed  
Even as a Mother, where  
He rested—slept; and once he dreamed—  
As on her bosom there—  
And thrilled to hear, within  
That dream of her, the call  
Of bugles and the clang and din  
Of war. . . . And o'er it all

His rapt eyes caught the bright  
Old Banner, winging wild  
And beck'ning him, as to the fight . . .  
When—even as a child—  
He wakened—And the dream  
Was real! And he leapt  
As led the proud Flag through a gleam  
Of tears the Mother wept.

His was a tender hand—  
Even as a woman's is—

## “MOTHER”

I'M gittin' old—I know,—  
It seems so long ago—  
So long sence John was here!  
He went so young!—our Jim  
'S as old now 'most as him,—  
Close on to thirty year'!

I know I'm gittin' old—  
I know it by the *cold*,  
From time 'at first frost flies.—  
Seems like—sence John was here—  
Winters is more severe;  
And winter I de-spise!

And yet it seems, some days,  
John's here, with his odd ways . . .  
Comes soon-like from the corn-

*"MOTHER"*

When Jim come—La! how good  
Was all the neighborhood!—

And Doctor!—when I heerd  
Him joke John, kind o' low,  
And say: Yes, folks could go—  
PA needn't be afeard!

When Jim come,—John says-'e—  
A-bendin' over me

And baby in the bed—  
And jes' us three,—says-'e  
"Our little family!"

And that was all he said . . .

And cried jes' like a child!—  
Kissed me again, and smiled,—  
'Cause I was cryin' too.

And here I am *again*

A-cryin', same as then—

Yet happy through and through!

The old home's most in mind  
And joys long left behind . . .

Jim's little h'istin' crawl  
Across the floor to where



I cry so *easy* now—  
I cry jes' anyhow  
The fool-tears wants me to!

But Jim *he* won't be told  
'At "Mother" 's gittin' old! . . .  
Hugged me, he did, and smiled  
This morning, and bragged "*shore*"  
He loved me even more  
Than when he was a child!

That's *his* way; but ef *John*  
Was here now, lookin' on,  
He'd shorely know and see:  
"But, 'Mother,' " s'pect he'd say,  
"S'pose you *air* gittin' gray,  
You're younger yet than *me*!"

I'm gittin' old,—because  
Our young days, like they was,  
Keeps comin' back—so clear,  
'At little Jim, once more,  
Comes h'istin' crost the floor  
Fer John's old rockin'-cheer!

. . . . .  
O *beautiful*!—to be  
'A-gittin' old, like me! . . .  
Hey, Jim! Come in now, Jim!  
Your supper's ready, dear!  
(How more, every year,  
He looks and acts like *him*!)

## THE BOYS OF THE OLD GLEE CLUB

YOU-FOLKS rickollect, I know—  
'Tain't so *very* long ago—  
Th' Old Glee Club—was got up here  
'Bout first term Grant tuk the Cheer  
Fer President four year—and then  
Riz—and tuk the thing again!  
Politics was runnin' high,  
And the *Soldiers* mighty nigh  
Swep' the Country—'bout on par  
With their rickord through the War.  
Glee Club, mainly, Soldiers, too—  
Most the Boys had wore the blue,—

They was jest *boys* then, all young—  
And 'bout lively as they sung!  
Now they hain't young any more—  
( 'Less the ones 'at's gone before  
'S got their youth back, glad and free  
'N' keerless as they used to be! )  
*Burgess Brown's* old friends all 'low  
He is 'most as lively now,  
And as full o' music, too,  
As when Old Glee Club was new!  
And *John Blake*, you mind, 'at had  
The near-sightedness so bad,  
When he sung by note, the rest  
Read 'em fer him, er he *guessed*  
How they run—and *sung* 'em, too,  
Clair and sweet as honey-dew!  
*Harry Adams's* here—and he's  
Jollyin' ever' man he sees  
'At complains o' gittin' gray  
Er a-agein' anyway.  
Harry he jest *thrives* on fun—  
"Troubles?" he says,— "Nary one!—  
Got gran'-children I can play  
And keep young with, night and day!"  
Then there's *Ozzy Weaver*—he's  
Kickin', lively as you please,—  
'N' *Dearie Macy*.—Called 'em then  
"The Cherubs." Sung "We are two Men  
O' th' Olden Time." Well! their duets  
Was jest sweet as violets!  
And *Dan Ransdell*—he's still here—

Not jest in the *town*, but near  
 Enough, you bet, to allus come  
 Prompt' on time to vote at home!  
 Dan he's be'n in Washington  
 Sence he went with Harrison. . . .  
 And *John Slauson*—(Boys called John  
 "Sloppy Weather.")—he went on  
 Once to Washington; and Dan  
 Intertained him:—Ever' man,  
 From the President, to all  
 Other big-guns Dan could haul  
 In posish 'ud have to shake  
 Hands with John fer old times' sake.  
 And to hear *John*, when he got  
 Home again, w'y, you'd 'a' caught  
 His own sperit and dry fun  
 And mis-*chieve*-y-ousness 'at run  
 Through his talk of all he see:—  
 "Ruther pokey there, fer *me*,"  
 John says,—“though, of course, I met  
 Mostly jest the *Cabinet*  
 Members; and the President  
 He'd drop round: and then we went  
*Incogg* fer a quiet walk—  
 Er sometimes jest set and talk  
 'Bout old times back here—and how  
 All *you*-boys was doin' now,  
 A *GLEE CLUB* . . .

'T'd shed Washington, D. C.,  
 And jest fall in ranks with you  
 And march home, a-singin', too! "  
 And *Bob Geiger*—*Now* lives down  
 At Atlanty,—but this town  
 'S got Bob's *heart*—a permanent  
 And time-honored resident.  
 Then there's *Mahlon Butler*—still  
 Lookin' like he allus will!  
 "How you feelin'?" s'I, last time  
 I see Mahlon: 'N' *he* says, "I'm  
 '*Feelin'?*' " says, "so peert and gay  
 'F I's *hitched up* I'd run away!"  
 He says, "Course I'm *bald* a bit,  
 But not 'nough to *brag* on it  
 Like *Dave Wallace* does," he says,  
 "With his *two* shamefacedness!"  
 (Dave jest laughs and lifts his "dice"  
 At the joke, and blushes—twice.)  
 And *Ed. Thompson*, *he's* gone on—  
 They's a whole quartette 'at's gone—  
 Yes, a whole quartette, and *more*,  
 Has crossed on the Other Shore. . . .  
*Sabold* and *Doc Wood'ard's* gone—  
 'N' *Ward*; and—last,—*Will Tarkington*.—  
 Ward 'at made an Irish bull  
 Actchully jest beautiful!—  
 " 'Big-nose Ben,' " says Ward, "I s'pose,  
 Makes an eyesore of his nose!"  
 And *Will Tarkington*—Ef *he*

Ever had an *enemy*,  
 The Good Bein's plans has be'n  
 Tampered with!—because all men,  
 Women and childern—ever' one—  
*Loved* to love Will Tarkington!

The last time I heerd 'em *all*  
 Was at Tomilsonian Hall,  
 As I rickollect—and *know*,—  
 Must be'n fifteen year' ago!—  
 Big Mass Meetin'—*thousands* here. . . .  
 Old Dick Thompson in the Cheer  
 On the stage—and three er four  
*Other* "Silver-Tongues" er more! . . .  
 Mind Ben Harrison?—Clean, rich,  
 Ringin' voice—" 'bout concert-pitch,"  
 Tarkington *he* called it, and  
 Said its music 'clipsed the band  
 And Glee Club both rolled in one!—  
 ('Course you all knowed *Harrison!*)  
 Yes, and Old Flag, streamin' clean  
 From the high arch 'bove the scene  
 And each side the Speaker's stand.—  
 And a *Brass*, and *Sheepskin* Band,  
 ('Twixt the speeches 'at was made)  
 'At cut loose and banged and played—  
 S'pose, to have the *noise* all through  
 So's th' crowd could listen to

And sich singin'!—Boys was jest  
 At their very level-best! . . .  
*My!* to *hear* 'em!—From old "Red-  
 White-and-Blue," to "Uncle Ned"!—  
 From "The Sword of Bunker Hill,"  
 To "Billy Magee-Magaw"!—And—still  
 The more they sung, the more, you know,  
 The crowd jest *wouldn't* let 'em go!—  
 Till they reached the final notch  
 O' glory with old "Larboard Watch"!  
 Well! *that* song's a song my soul  
 Jest swings off in, past control!—  
 Allus did and allus will  
 Lift me clair of earthly ill  
 And interrogance and doubt  
 O' what the good Lord's workin' out  
*Anyway* er *anyhow!* . . .  
 Shet my eyes and hear it *now!*—  
 Till, at night, that ship and sea  
 And wet waves jest wallers me  
 Into that same sad yet glad  
 Certainty *the Sailor* had  
 When waked to his watch and ward  
 By th' lone whisper of the Lord—  
 Heerd high 'bove the hoarsest roar  
 O' any storm on sea er shore!

Time's be'n clockin' on, you know!  
 Sabold, who was first to go,  
 Died back East, in ninety-three,  
 At his old home, Albany:

Ward was next to leave us—Died  
New York. . . . How we've laughed and  
cried

Both together at them two  
Friends and comards tried and true!—  
Ner they wasn't, when they died,  
Parted long—'most side-by-side  
They went singin', you might say,  
Till their voices died away  
Kind o' into a duet  
O' silence they're rehearsin' yet.

Old Glee Club's be'n meetin' less  
And less frequenter, I guess,  
Sence so many's had to go—  
And the rest all miss 'em so!  
Still they's calls they' got to make,  
Fer old reputation's sake,  
So to speak; but, 'course, they all  
Can't jest answer *ever* call—  
'Ceptin' Christmas-times, er when  
Charity calls on 'em then;  
And—not *chargin'* anything—  
W'y, the Boys's jest *got* to sing! . . .  
Campaign work, and jubilees  
To wake up the primaries;  
Loyal Legions—G. A. R.'s—  
Big Reunions—Stripes-and-Stars  
Fer Schoolhouses ever'where—  
And Church-doin's, here and there—  
And Me-morial Meetin's, when



Our War-Gov'ner lives again!  
 Yes, and Decoration Days—  
 Martial music—prayers and praise  
 Fer the Boys 'at marched away  
 So's *we'd* have a place to stay! . . .  
 Little childern, 'mongst the flowers,  
 Learnin' 'bout this Land of Ours,  
 And the price these Soldiers paid,  
 Gethered in their last parade. . . .  
 O that sweetest, saddest sound!—  
 "Tenting on the old Campground." . . .  
 The Old Glee Club—singin' so  
 Quaverin'-like and soft and low,  
 Ever' listener in the crowd  
 Sings in *whispers*—but, *out 'loud*,  
 Sings as ef he didn't keer—  
 Not fer *nothin'*! . . . Ketch me here  
 Whilse I'm honest, and I'll say  
*God's* way is the only way! . . .  
 So I' allus felt, i jing!  
 Ever' time the Boys 'ud sing  
 'Bout "A Thousand Years, my Own  
 Columbia!"—er "The Joys we've Known"—  
 "Hear dem Bells"—er "Hi-lo, Hail!"—  
 I have felt God must prevail—  
 Jest like ever boy 'at's gone  
 Of 'em all, whilse he was on

Can't I—many-a-time—jest see  
Them *all*, like they *used* to be!—  
Tarkington, fer instance, clean  
Outside o' the man you *seen*,  
Singin'—till not only you  
*Heerd* his voice but *felt* it, too,  
In back of the bench you set  
In—And 'most can feel it yet!  
Yes, and Will's the last o' five  
Now that's dead—yet still *alive*,  
True as Holy Writ's own word  
Has be'n spoke and man has heard!  
Them was left when Will went on  
Has met once sence he was gone—  
Met jest once—but not to sing  
Ner to practise anything.—  
Facts is, they jest didn't know  
Why they *was* a-meetin' so;—  
But *John Brush* he had it done  
And invited ever' one  
Of 'em he could find, to call  
At his office, "Music Hall,"  
Four o'clock—one Saturd'y  
Afternoon.—And this was three  
Er four weeks, mind, sence the day  
We had laid poor Will away.

But, when all got there, and one-  
 By-one was give' a seat, and none  
 O' Brush's *twinkles* seemed in sight,  
 'N' he looked *bix* all right, all right,—  
 We saw—when he'd locked the door—  
 What *some* of us, years before,  
 Had seen, and long sence fergot—  
 (*Seen* but not *heerd*, like as not.)—  
 How Brush, once when Admiral Brown  
 'S back here in his old home-town  
 And flags ever'wheres—and Old  
 Glee Club tellin' George to "Hold  
 The Fort!" and "We" would "make 'em flee  
 By land and sea," et cetera,—  
 How Brush had got the Boys to sing  
 A song in that-there very thing  
 Was on the table there to-day—  
 Some kind o' 'phone, you know.—But *say!*  
 When John touched it off, and we  
 Heerd it singin'—No-sir-ee!—  
*Not* the *machine* a-singin'—No,—  
 Th' *Old Glee Club* o' long ago! . . .  
 There was *Sabold's* voice again—  
 'N' *Ward's*;—and, sweet as summer-rain,  
 With glad boy-laughture's trills and runs,

*"But who can speak the joy he feels  
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,  
And his tired eyelids slumbering fall,  
He rouses at the welcome call  
Of 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy!'"*

. . . . . And O  
To *hear* them—same as long ago—  
The listeners whispered, still as death,  
With trembling lips and broken breath,  
As with one voice—and eyes all wet,—  
*"God!—God!—Thank God, they're singing  
yet!"*

THE LITTLE MAN IN THE TINSHOP.

WHEN I was a little boy, long ago,  
And spoke of the theatre as "the show",  
The first one that I went to see —  
Mother's brother it was took me  
(My Uncle, of course — though he seemed to be  
Only a boy — I loved him so!)  
And oh, how pleasant he made it all!  
And the things he knew that I should know! —  
Of the stage, and "the drops", and the frescoed wall —  
The balcony, and "the baldhead row" —  
The orchestra, with its melody,  
And the lilt and jingle and gabble.  
Of "The little Man in the Tinshop!"



## “MONA MACHREE”

*Mona Machree, I'm the wanderin' creature now,  
Over the sea;  
Slave of no lass, but a lover of Nature now,  
Careless and free.*

—T. A. DALY

**M**ONA MACHREE! och, the sootherin' flow  
of it,  
Soft as the sea,  
Yet, in under the mild, moves the wild undertow  
of it  
Tuggin' at me,  
Until both the head and the heart o' me's fightin'  
For breath, night a death all so grandly invitin'  
That—barrin' your own livin' yet—I'd delight in,  
Drowned in the deeps of this billowy song to you  
Sung by a lover your beauty has banned,  
Not alone from your love but his dear native land,  
Whilst the kiss of his lips, and touch of his hand,  
And his song—all belong to you,  
Mona Machree!

## SONG DISCORDANT

**I** WANT to say it, and I will:—  
You are as sour as you are sweet,  
And sweeter than the daffodil  
That blossoms at your feet.—  
You are as plain as you are fair;  
And though I hate, I love you still,  
And so—*confound* you, darling! *There!*—  
I want to say it, and I will!

I want to ask it, and I do  
*Demand* of you a perfect trust,—  
But love me as I want you to—  
You must, you minx!—you must!  
You blight and bless me, till I swear  
And pray—chaotic even as you.—  
I curse—Nay, dear,—I *kiss* you. *There!*—  
I want to, and I do!



## LARRY NOOLAN'S NEW YEAR

**B**E-GORRIE, aI wor sorry  
When the Ould Year died:  
An' aI says, "aI'll shtart to-morry,  
Like aI've always thried—  
aI'll give yes all fair warnin'  
aI'll be shtartin' in the mornin'  
From the wakeness aI was born in—  
When the Ould Year died."

The year forninsht the pasht wan,  
When the Ould Year died,  
Says aI, "This is the lasht wan  
aI'll be filled—wid pride."  
So says aI til Miss McCarty  
aI wor meetin' at the party,  
"Lave us both be drinkin' hearty!"  
When the Ould Year died.

So we dined an' wined together,  
When the Ould Year died,  
An' agreed on health an' weather,  
An' the whule wurrld wide,  
An' says aI,—“aI'm thinkin' very  
Much it's you aI'd like to marry”

## LISPING IN NUMBERS

**W**E' got a' Uncle writes poetry-rhymes  
Fer me an' Eddie to *speak*, sometimes,—  
'Cause *he's* a *poet*—an' he gits *paid*  
Fer poetry-writin',—'cause that's his *trade*.  
An' Eddie says he's goin' to try  
To be a poet, too, by an' by  
When he's a man!—an' I 'spect he is,  
'Cause on his slate wunst he print' this  
An' call it

### "THE SQUIRL AND THE FUNY LITEL GIRL"

*"A litel girl  
Whose name wuz Perl  
Went to the woods to play.  
The day wuz brite,  
An' her hart wuz lite  
As she galy skiped a way.*

*"A queer litel chatter,  
A soft litel patter,  
She herd in the top of a tree:  
The squirrel had said*

*"She twisted her curl,  
As she looked at the swirl,  
An' playfully told it 'good day!'  
She calld it 'Bunny'—  
Wuzent that funy?  
An' it noded an' bounded a way."*

Ma read it, an' says "she's awful proud,"—  
An' Pa says "Splendid!" an' laugh' out loud;  
But Uncle says, "You can talk as you please,  
It's a purty good little poetry-piece!"

## BENJAMIN HARRISON

ON THE UNVEILING OF HIS MONUMENT AT INDIAN-  
APOLIS—OCTOBER 27, 1908

AS tangible a form in History  
The Spirit of this man stands forth as here  
He towers in deathless sculpture, high and  
clear  
Against the bright sky of his destiny.  
Sprung of our oldest, noblest ancestry,  
His pride of birth, as lofty as sincere,  
Held kith and kin, as Country, ever dear—  
Such was his sacred faith in you and me.  
Thus, natively, from youth his work was one  
Unselfish service in behalf of all—  
Home, friends, and sharers of his toil and  
stress;  
Ay, loving all men and despising none,  
And swift to answer every righteous call,  
His life was one long deed of worthiness.

The voice of Duty's faintest whisper found  
Him as alert as at her battle cry

Of mothers' prayers and pleadings all around;  
And ever the despairing sob and sigh  
Of stricken wives and orphan children's cry.  
Made all our Land thrice consecrated ground.  
So ran his "Forward!" and so swept his sword—  
On!—on!—till from the fire-and-cloud once more  
Our proud Flag lifted in the glad sunlight  
As though the very Ensign of the Lord  
Unfurled in token that the strike was o'er,  
And victory—as ever—with the right.

LEE O. HARRIS

CHRISTMAS DAY—1909

**O** SAY not he is dead,  
The friend we honored so;  
Lift up a grateful voice instead  
And say: He lives, we know—  
We know it by the light  
Of his enduring love  
Of honor, valor, truth and right,  
And man, and God above.

Remember how he drew  
The child-heart to his own,  
And taught the parable anew,  
And reaped as he had sown;  
Remember with what cheer  
He filled the little lives,  
'And stayed the sob and dried the tear  
With mirth that still survives.

All duties to his kind  
It was his joy to fill;  
With nature gentle and refined,  
Yet dauntless soul and will,

He met the trying need  
Of every troublous call,  
Yet high and clear and glad indeed  
He sung above it all.

Ay, listen! Still we hear  
The patriot song, the lay  
Of love, the woodland note so dear—  
These will not die away.  
Then say not he is dead,  
The friend we honor so,  
But lift a grateful voice instead,  
And say: He lives, we know.

TO BENJ. S. PARKER

**Y**OU sang the song of rare delight  
    “ ’Tis morning and the days are long”—  
A morning fresh and fair and bright  
    As ever dawned in happy song;  
A radiant air, and here and there  
    Were singing birds on sprays of bloom,  
And dewy splendors everywhere,  
    And heavenly breaths of rose perfume—  
All rapturous things were in the song  
    “ ’Tis morning and the days are long.”

O singer of the song divine,  
    Though now you turn your face away  
With never word for me or mine  
    Nor smile forever and a day,  
We guess your meaning, and rejoice  
    In what has come to you—the meed  
Beyond the search of mortal voice  
    And only in the song indeed—  
With you forever, as the song,



## THE HIGHEST GOOD

**T**O attain the highest good  
Of true man and womanhood,  
Simply do your honest best—  
God with joy will do the rest.

## MY CONSCIENCE

SOMETIMES my Conscience says, says  
    he,  
“Don’t you know me?”  
And I, says I, skeered through and through,  
“Of course I do.  
You air a nice chap ever’ way,  
I’m here to say!  
You make me cry—you make me pray,  
And all them good things thataway—  
That is, at *night*. Where do you stay  
Durin’ the day?”

And then my Conscience says, onc’t more,  
“You know me—shore?”  
“Oh, yes,” says I, a-trimblin’ faint,  
“You’re jes’ a saint!  
Your ways is all so holy-right,  
I love you better ever’ night  
You come around,—tel’ plum daylight,  
When you air out o’ sight!”

And then my Conscience sort o' grits  
His teeth, and spits  
On his two hands and grabs, of course,  
Some old remorse,  
And beats me with the big butt-end  
O' *that* thing—tel my closest friend  
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,  
"Be keerful as you'd orto be  
And *allus* think o' me!"



## NOTES



## NOTES

p. 1 "THEM OLD CHEERY WORDS"

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, December, 1896; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, SONGS OF HOME—1910.

p. 5 A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

Printed in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, December, 1896; published in BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 8 YOUR HEIGHT IS OURS

This poem to Richard Henry Stoddard was written for the banquet given in his honor by The Authors' Club in New York City, March 25, 1897; printed in *The Critic*, April 3, 1897; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Richard Henry Stoddard [1825-1903] was a distinguished journalist, poet, critic and editor.

p. 9 HYMN EXULTANT

Written for Easter, April 18, 1897; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 10 "O LIFE! O BEYOND!"

The title is taken from a favorite quotation to be found in Mrs. Browning's *A Rhapsody of Life's Progress*:—

O Life, O Beyond,  
Thou art strange, thou art sweet!

p. 12                    OUR QUEER OLD WORLD

Printed in *McClure's Magazine*, August, 1897; published in *HOME-FOLKS*—1900, *SONGS o' CHEER*—1905.

p. 14    ON A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF STEVENSON

Written about September, 1897; printed with the portrait described in *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1897; published in *HOME-FOLKS*—1900, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK*—1911. In a letter to Miss Clara E. Laughlin, dated October 28, 1897, Mr. Riley tells of an incident associated with the poem:—

I've a youthful photograph of our beloved Robert Louis Stevenson,—and I wrote some maunderings to it—nay, to the lovely man himself—sent picture and lines to a magazine and publishing house,—and they wrote to say portrait and verses would appear in their Christmas magazine, and enclosed a great corpulent check which I had not dreamed of in such connection—so returned it, coyly saying even if I had intended the lines for money, their check was in vast excess of their worth,—but if, in lieu of such sordid compensation, Robert Louis Stevenson's publishers were to send me a set of his books, it would seem to me about all the recompense I could bear.—Well, now here's where only



p. 15

## RUBÁIYÁT OF DOC SIFERS

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, November and December, 1897; published in RUBÁIYÁT OF DOC SIFERS—1897. Dr. Franklin W. Hays, to whom the poem in book form is dedicated and to whom the proem is addressed, was Mr. Riley's warm personal friend, as well as physician. They became acquainted at Greenfield in the early days, and both of them knew the wholesome, old-fashioned characters who inspired the composite of Doc Sifers.

After writing the poem entitled *Doc Sifers* (Vol. III, p. 416) Mr. Riley found that he had developed a congenial subject which would not let him rest, and so, out of pure love for the character, added from time to time a quatrain in the same verse-form and spirit. These stanzas were written on plain white cards, two quatrains on a card, and tossed aside in a haphazard fashion, and though no particular incident was ever left unfinished, or phase of character left half developed, the poem was not made a continuous story. This method was analogous to the style of the *Rubáiyát*, in which there was no special continuity of plan. Though the writing of the poem was similar in method to the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam*, its spirit offers a sharp contrast. In fact, Mr. Riley's poem is an indirect reply to the epicurean pessimism and cynicism of the other poem, presenting "a picture of a wholesome, helpful, industrious man,—a doctor with hale faith in God and man, in contrast to the old Persian's utterly hopeless doctrine." Doc Sifers is the embodiment of altruism and unselfishness, and the incarnation of a cheerful philosophy. Mr. Riley loves the character as devotedly as an old friend.

Mr. Riley's impressions of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam* were contained in a letter dated August

25, 1880, and addressed to Mrs. John M. Judah, who had just loaned him her copy of the poem:—

I owe you many thanks for the privilege given me for the careful reading of this remarkable poem of Khayyam's. As a poem, I think it wonderfully fine in many particulars—only, its logic lures one further and further from the old childish faith, which to possess again, in all its purity, would make me want to die at once while I could—without the vaguest doubt of immortality.

[Here followed the poem *At Sea*, Vol. II, p. 253.]

XLVIII: Daniel Boone [1735-1820] was a celebrated Kentucky pioneer. Mungo Park [1771-1806] was the great African traveler who explored the Niger. In 1799, he wrote *Travels in the Interior of Africa*. Adam Poe was a noted Indiana fighter and associate of Daniel Boone.

#### p. 55 WHERE THE CHILDREN USED TO PLAY

Printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, November 14, 1897, with the title, *An Old-Home Song*, and subtitle, *Written for Music*; published in AFTER-WHILES (not in first edition)—1898, FARM-RHYMES—1901, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911, KNEE DEEP IN JUNE AND OTHER POEMS—1912. "Mother" is the wife.

#### p. 57 MR. FOLEY'S CHRISTMAS

Printed in *The Interior* December 1897. pub-

in first edition)—1898, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 62 CHRISTMAS ALONG THE WIRES

Printed in a supplement to *The Chicago Tribune*, December 19, 1897, with the title, *Christmas Times Along the Wires*; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900.

p. 63, l. 12: Ben Custer's Band was a popular organization hailing from Centerville, Indiana.

p. 72 TO THE BOY WITH A COUNTRY

Written in March, 1898, for Dan Wallingford, age seven, who was a national boy hero at the time, voicing the indignant patriotism aroused through the destruction of the battleship Maine in Havana Harbor. Distressed by the disaster, he sent all his savings, amounting to forty-eight cents, to the Secretary of the Navy with this letter:—

I have been wanting to do something for  
my country  
I think now is the time  
So I send you all the pennies  
I have to help build a new ship  
Dan Wallingford  
7 years old

Secretary Long replied with fitting appreciation, and the entire country thrilled with the story of the little boy's patriotic spirit.

p. 73 AT CROWN HILL

Written at the death of Hiram King Curtis, March 19, 1898; printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, May 26, 1901, with the title, *At Home*, published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE

BOOK—1911. Mr. Curtis [1823-1898], for several years principal of the public schools at Kokomo, Peru and Logansport, Indiana, was the father of John J. Curtis of The Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company, in whose office he met Mr. Riley frequently and formed a cordial friendship with him.

p. 75

## SNOW IN THE AIR

Written prior to May, 1898, at which time it was included in a volume of collected poems called THE GOLDEN YEAR as *Envoy*; published in THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911, with the same title.

p. 76

## THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

An early version of this poem was given by Mr. Riley at a banquet of The Indianapolis Literary Club, May 18, 1898; during the summer it was revised and was printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1898; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. In *The Atlantic Monthly*, just following the title were the words: "*When, why, and by whom, was our flag, The Stars and Stripes, first called 'Old Glory'? Daily query to Press.*" On February 23, 1903, when the State of Indiana presented a sword to Admiral Taylor, who commanded the battleship Indiana in the engagement off Santiago, Mr. Riley read the poem with this introductory tribute to the flag:—

It may seem a late day in which to attempt a tribute to our glorious old flag, the stars and stripes: but that it is an ever newer glory in our eyes and an ever dearer rapture

which to fitly glorify it, or poets may sing its praises till their song seems one with the music of the ripples of the breezes in its silken folds; but no tribute-voice of forum, harp or clarion may well hold mute the one all-universal voice that breaks, with cheers and tears, at every newer sight of our Nation's hallowed emblem—the old flag. Over its brave heroes and defenders, since “the shot heard round the world,” it has been a panoply, a shelter and a shield, and yet how proudly have the embattled hosts gone down that they might lift it to securer heights. Its wavering shade has fallen on the weary marcher softly as the shadow of the maple at his father's door. He has heard its flutterings, like light laughter, in the lull of noonday battle; and, worn with agony, above the surgeon's tent, that all is well. Yea, and in death the sacred banner has enfolded him, even as a mother's fond caress. Ho, but the Lord's own victory in which he shares; the land he loved restored, inviolate, to kinsmen, comrades and oncoming patriot thousands yet to be—the broad old land of freedom firm under foot once more—the old flag overhead! And what inspiring symbol must this banner be to its like brave defenders who go down to sea in ships. One of these—a hapless prisoner for a while—says this of the old flag:—“There's an odd thing about that flag when you meet it on the high seas and the wind is blowing hard, namely, that of all flags I know, it is the most alive; when the wind blows, the most eager and keen, with the stripes flowing and darting, and the stars seeming to dance with the joy of excitement. So that there is none better to go into battle, or come down the street when the fifes are piping ahead; but if you want something to signify peace and quiet, you would be as well off with not such bristling stars and fewer stripes, for the stars will leap and the stripes show their energy whenever the wind blows.” And with righteous pride it is recorded that upon the sea—borne on the throbbing bosom of the gale and baptized with the salt sea spray—this beloved flag of ours was first christened by the name of Old Glory.

p. 79

## ONE WITH A SONG

Dated June 24, 1898; printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, June 25, 1898, with the title, *Frank L. Stanton*; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE

LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Between Mr. Riley and Mr. Frank Lebby Stanton, of *The Atlanta Constitution*, there has long been a hearty friendship. The latter has dedicated two of his happiest poems to Mr. Riley, *A Dream of June* and *James Whitcomb Riley*.

The following cordial verses (undated) were also addressed to Mr. Stanton by Mr. Riley:—

TO FRANK L. STANTON

I

O singer of the South,  
Singing on through drip or drouth,  
With the very bees a-murmur round the honey of your  
mouth,  
Sweeter song or sweeter word  
Never woodland ever heard—  
Simply, Stanton, Master Songster,  
Bard of Nature, you're a bird!

II

So from out the Northland stirred  
May another bird be heard—  
The chirrup of the merest wren beside the mocking-bird!  
But la! no matter whether  
It is wet or shiny weather,  
We'll hop up on the selfsame bough and chirp, and sing  
together.

p. 81

INDIANA

Published in AFTERWHILES (not in first edition)  
—1898, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 82

CHRISTMAS AFTERTHOUGHT

## p. 83      THE CHRISTMAS LONG AGO

Published in RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD (not in first edition)—1898.

## p. 84      EXCEEDING ALL

Published in RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD (not in first edition)—1898, SONGS O' CHEER—1905, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 85      CLAUDE MATTHEWS

Printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, August 30, 1898; hitherto unpublished in book form. Claude Matthews, born in Bath County, Kentucky, December 14, 1845, died at Lafayette, Indiana, August 28, 1898. He married a daughter of Governor James Whitcomb, after whom Mr. Riley was named. In 1892 he became governor of Indiana.

## p. 86      THE SERMON OF THE ROSE

Printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1898; published in LOVE-LYRICS—1899, HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 88      THE ONWARD TRAIL

Written just following the death of Myron W. Reed, at Denver, January 30, 1899, and printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, January 31, 1899; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Myron Reed, born in Brookfield, Vermont, July 24, 1836, was a well-known preacher.

He was one of Mr. Riley's most intimate friends, and accompanied him and W. P. Fishback on a visit to England in 1891. Mrs. May W. Donnan, of Indianapolis, said in *The Indianapolis Journal*, February 13, 1899:—

All who knew Mr. Reed will appreciate the naming of this poem, all who loved him will seize upon its suggestiveness. Many of us think of Mr. Reed as a scout, one who courted the unfamiliar, who loved to explore, who sought not old, tried, beaten paths, but new, untrodden ways. He had the keen eye, the quick ear, the unerring instinct of the Indian. There was an elemental force in him overbalancing rules and doctrines; there was a strain of the primitive, the simple, that opposed the artificial and acquired. He abhorred ceremony, merely as such; he loved freedom of thought, liberty of action, genuineness and spontaneity. There was no air of superiority or patronage in Mr. Reed's preaching, no assumption of righteousness, no pretense of spiritual authority. His listeners felt the oneness with themselves, his sympathy with their failures. They felt he, too, lost the way sometimes, that for him the trail was occasionally obscured, but there are many to whom it is a comfort to know that he had to try as hard as they to keep the good path. What a heart of affliction he had! What a hand to help! Who in Indianapolis does not remember the sermons delivered after the Johnstown disaster, the Lawrenceburg flood, the death of Garfield? Who has forgotten the talks given at the annual meetings of the Charity Association, and the plea for hearts alive to the suffering about us? Who has forgotten the address on Burns, with its call for loving judgment? Who does not remember how God was always pictured as a tender, loving Father? Mr. Reed believed God viewed sin "with other, larger eyes than ours," and he told us not to be afraid. His was the beautiful gospel of hope, as strenuous as that of Browning. His was the flag of courage, never dipping in the face of fear. And his, too, was the doctrine of cheerfulness. He continually echoed Mr. Riley's "When a man's jest glad plum through, God's pleased with him, same as you." A trail is



p. 90

## TO LESLEY

Written for Lesley Payne, the poet's little niece; printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, February 19, 1899; hitherto unpublished in book form. Compare Burns' "O Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley."

p. 91

## THE NATURALIST

Dated Indianapolis, March 4, 1899; printed in *The Hesperian Tree, An Annual of the Ohio Valley*—1900, with the subtitle, *Oliver Davie, on Reading His "Reveries and Recollections"*; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

Oliver Davie [1856-1911], of Columbus, Ohio, was a naturalist, bookman, and author. Robert G. Ingersoll called his *Reveries and Recollections of a Naturalist* [1898] "one of the finest tributes to nature ever penned." Mr. Riley knew Mr. Davie by correspondence.

p. 92

## HER WAITING FACE

Published in LOVE-LYRICS—1899. The fourth line also appears in *The Flying Islands of the Night* [Vol. I, p. 304, last line].

p. 93

## BLOOMS OF MAY

Published in LOVE-LYRICS—1899.

p. 94

## A SONG OF THE ROAD

p. 96

## THE ENDURING

Printed in *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1899; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. This poem is a memory of the old shoe-shop at Greenfield and its quaint English proprietor, Tom Snow, as he was familiarly called, who was an interesting character in the early days at Greenfield. His place was much frequented by the boys of the town because he was a fascinating talker. He was chiefly interested in establishing the first library at Greenfield. See *Jim*, Vol III, p. 365.

Mr. Riley has never read elsewhere the lines quoted from the old engraving, nor has he ever learned their authorship.

p. 98

## A HUMBLE SINGER

Written about September 2, 1899; printed in *The Topeka State Journal* (Kansas), September 15, 1899; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Eugene Ware's *Old Kansas Veteran*, which appeared in *The Indianapolis Journal*, September 2, 1899, inspired the writing of these lines. See note on *The Rhymes of Ironquill*, Vol. IV, p. 527, for further information about Eugene Ware.

p. 99

## THE NOBLEST SERVICE

Written at the death of Dr. Wyckliffe Smith, of Delphi, Indiana, December 28, 1899, and dated December 29; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Dr. Smith, one of the poet's best of friends, was killed at a railroad crossing while making a professional call in the country near Delphi. His daily life was filled with deeds of kindness and service. For the story of

his friendship with Mr. Riley compare the following poems and their notes in Vol. III: *Herr Weiser*, p. 172; *From Delphi to Camden*, p. 174; *On the Banks o' Deer Crick*, p. 290.

p. 100 OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, February, 1900, with the four poems that follow under the general title, *The Hoosier Youngster*; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 102 LITTLE-GIRL-TWO-LITTLE-GIRLS

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, February, 1900, with the title, *The Little Girl That Was Two Little Girls*; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 103 THE PENALTY OF GENIUS

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, February, 1900; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 104 A PARENT REPRIMANDED

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, February, 1900; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 105 IN FERVENT PRAISE OF PICNICS

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, February, 1900; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 106

## THE HOME-VOYAGE

Printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, February 6, 1900; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. General Henry W. Lawton, a veteran of the Civil War, the Indian campaigns in the West, and the Spanish-American War, was born at Toledo, Ohio, March 17, 1843, and was killed by a shot fired from ambush at San Mateo, near Manila, P. I., December 18, 1899. His body was brought back to America and lay in state at Indianapolis, February 6, 1900, before being taken to its last resting place, the soldiers' national cemetery at Arlington. At the time of his death he was a great national hero.

p. 108

## TO THE QUIET OBSERVER

Dated March, 1900, printed in the first issue of *The Quiet Observer*, a small magazine edited by Erasmus Wilson, May 3, 1900; hitherto unpublished in book form. See *Erasmus Wilson*, Vol. IV, p. 113.

p. 109

## PROEM TO "HOME-FOLKS"

Published, without title, as the proem in HOME-FOLKS—1900.

p. 110

## OUR BOYHOOD HAUNTS

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, SONGS OF HOME—1910, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 112

## UNCLE SIDNEY'S LOGIC

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900.

## p. 113 HIS LOVE OF HOME

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900.

## p. 114 TO "UNCLE REMUS"

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900. Between Mr. Riley and Joel Chandler Harris there was an affectionate friendship. On Christmas day, 1904, the latter sent him his new book, *The Rhymes of Uncle Remus*, written at Mr. Riley's suggestion. In this volume Mr. Harris inscribed the following poem, in appreciation of that inspiration, and reminiscent of delightful companionship on summer evenings in Mr. Harris' home, Wren's Nest, near Atlanta, during Mr. Riley's visits. These verses are now published for the first time. The last stanza refers to the dedication of his novel of *Gabriel Tolliver* to Mr. Riley.

## TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

It's ho-my-Riley! kaze all thu my dreams  
 You er allers a-skippin' dat Jim-along-Jeems  
 Wid Jim-along-Joe twel it natchally seems  
 You er here sho 'nough, whar you oughter be,  
 A-bangin' aroun' an' a-loafin' wid me—  
 An' I wish you wuz—Yes-sir-eee!

Well, dish yer book, it b'longs ter you,  
 Kaze you up'd an' tol' me what to do,  
 An' when ter blow on my fil-a-ma-loo:  
 An' I went an' done it, des *ez* you say,  
 Sometimes in de night, sometimes in de day,  
 An' when folks *pestered*, I had um sont away.

Now ol' Gabe Tolliver, he was a shame,  
 A little too long, an' a little too tarne,  
 An' dish yer's de book dat oughter have yo' name  
 De book dat I wrote, dat I wrote, dat I wrote

## p. 115 THE BALLADE OF THE COMING RAIN

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, SONGS OF SUMMER—1908.

## p. 116 TO THE JUDGE

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, SONGS OF HOME—1910, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. The poem was intended for Mr. Riley's old friend, Judge Grandison Offut, of Greenfield.

Stanza 5, ll. 3-4: "Hans Breitmann," the pseudonym of Charles Godfrey Leland; Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Robert J. Burdette, Edgar Wilson Nye, all favorite humorists of the two friends.

## p. 118 A WHOLLY UNSCHOLASTIC OPINION

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900.

## p. 119 A SHORT'NIN' BREAD SONG—PIECED OUT

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900. The chorus is adapted from an old negro song and fiddle tune.

## p. 122 THE UNHEARD

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 124 EQUITY—?

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900.

## p. 127            THE EDGE OF THE WIND

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 128    THE HIRED MAN'S FAITH IN CHILDREN

Published in HOME-FOLKS—1900, SONGS O' CHEER—1905, THE RAGGEDY MAN—1907. See *The Raggedy Man*, Vol. IV, p. 102.

## p. 129            THE LOVELY HUSBAND

Published in *Spirk and Wunk Rhymes, Rounds and Catches* in THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT—1900. Stanza 1 of this poem first appeared in 1898 in the final revision of the poem, *The Flying Islands of the Night*, Vol. I, p. 287, ll. 3-14. At the same time appeared another stanza not included in this version of *The Lovely Husband*. [Cf. Vol. I, p. 302, l. 15 to p. 303, l. 2.] Neither the music nor stanzas 2 and 3 were produced until the 1900 edition of the volume, THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT, where they were published in the section called *Spirk and Wunk Rhymes, Rounds and Catches*.

## p. 133            THREE SEVERAL BIRDS

Published in *Spirk and Wunk Rhymes, Rounds and Catches* in THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT—1900, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 137            THE BED

p. 140

## HOME-FOLKS

Printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, October 28, 1900; published in HOME-FOLKS—1900. The early version consisted of five stanzas only: 1, 2, 4, 8 and 10.

p. 142

## AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING

Printed in *The World* (New York), November 25, 1900; hitherto unpublished in book form.

p. 144 TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Written for the reception to Edmund Clarence Stedman given by The Authors' Club in New York City, December 6, 1900; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Edmund Clarence, Stedman [1833-1908] journalist, scholar, poet, banker, was president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, 1904-1905. There was a long and cordial friendship between him and Mr. Riley.

p. 146 WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

Written early in January, 1901; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902. Mr. Charles Vergil Tevis reports the following from an interview with Mr. Riley, in *The Indianapolis Sentinel*, June 28, 1903:—

I determined to become a showman, a man who preceded



the folks laugh! Especially the ones that had been crying. And maybe I would be a clown who could ride a horse my own self; and then when all the people thought I couldn't ride, I would fool 'em, for that's a clown's business. I had it all planned out, exactly as a thousand other boys have planned it all. During the inception part of this epoch the five-pin-admission-fee-back-yard-circus was my training quarters. Where is the man who will be ignorant of my meaning?

p. 149      WILLIAM PINKNEY FISHBACK

Printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, January 17, 1901; hitherto unpublished in book form. With the poem appeared this notice:—

William P. Fishback died suddenly at his home in Indianapolis, January 15, 1901. He was one of the best-known lawyers in the state, a partner of General [Benjamin] Harrison and [Governor] Albert G. Porter.

Mr. Fishback, a man of remarkable wit and brilliance, was a close friend of Mr. Riley and, accompanied by Myron W. Reed, made a trip to England with him in the summer of 1901.

p. 151      A GOOD MAN

Written after the death of James A. Mount, January 16, 1901; printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, January 18, 1901, with the subtitle, *James A. Mount*; published in *MORNING—1907, SONGS OF HOME—1910, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911*. James A. Mount [1843-1901], farmer and orator, was twenty-fourth governor of Indiana.

p. 152      JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

This tribute, hitherto unpublished in book form, was prepared for the exercises held in memory

of Mr. Riley's friend, John Clark Ridpath, at De-Pauw University, January 20, 1901, on which occasion it was read by Miss Hope Erwin, in Mr. Riley's absence. Dr. Ridpath had died on the thirty-first day of the previous July. Writing to Mrs. Ridpath, February 26, 1901, Mr. Riley said:—

How little we can do for those we so deeply love, after they have gone from us! To me the loss—or, rather, the continued absence—of the doctor is deeply felt, and my world of friends is grown a small world indeed since his presence of old so filled and made it populous.

See *Lines to Perfesser John Clark Ridpath*, Vol. IV, p. 130, and note.

p. 154 HIS HEART OF CONSTANT YOUTH

Written at the death of Major Charles L. Holstein, January 22, 1901; printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, January 25, 1901; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Major Holstein [1843-1901], soldier, lawyer and student, was one of the poet's most congenial and helpful friends. In 1892 he invited Mr. Riley to make his home with him on Lockerbie Street, since which time the poet has resided there. The quotation beneath the title, not printed with the first version, is from Major Holstein's poem, *The Drums*.

p. 157 THE PATHS OF PEACE

Written February 15, 1901; printed in *The Indianapolis News*, February 21, 1901, with the title, *Maurice Thompson*. published in HOME-FOLKS

thor of *Songs of Fair Weather*, *The Witchery of Archery*, etc. For the greater part of his life he lived at Crawfordsville, Indiana. Mr. Riley admired and delighted in his poetry.

p. 159      THE TRIBUTE OF HIS HOME

Written following the death of President Benjamin Harrison at Indianapolis, March 13, 1901; published in HOME-FOLKS (Homestead Edition)—1902, HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. At the time of Harrison's death, Mr. Riley gave the press a statement here partly quoted:—

My first meeting with General Harrison dates back to the time when he appeared as an attorney at the Greenfield bar. Among the members of that bar was my father, Reuben Riley, who was among his ardent admirers. So my affectionate admiration for General Harrison was fixed in my boyhood.

A man more universally esteemed than General Harrison will not be found within the boundaries of our common country. He was a man who inspired the deepest respect of all those with whom he came in contact, and particularly of those who knew him best here in his own home city, where his long life has been passed. We have nothing but praise, honor and affection for our great friend and fellow. This adds to the very distinguished greatness which he so justly earned by his upright, intellectual life.

See *Benjamin Harrison*, p. 430.

p. 160      AMERICA

Dated September 14, 1901, the day President McKinley died, and printed in *The Chicago Eve-*

With the title, *The Messiah of Nations*, the poem was set to music by John Philip Sousa, and sung by a chorus at the dedication of the Indianapolis Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument May 15, 1902. On May 10, 1902, the music was published with the poem in *The Indianapolis News*.

See the following poem and note.

p. 162

#### EVEN AS A CHILD

Written at the burial of President McKinley, September 19, 1901; published in *MORNING—1907*, *LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911*. See preceding note and poem; also *William McKinley*, p. 409.

p. 163

#### THE HOOSIER IN EXILE

Read at a banquet of The Indiana Society of Chicago, December 17, 1901; printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, December 18, 1901; published in *MORNING—1907*, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911*.

p. 165

#### THE QUEST OF THE FATHERS

Read by the author before the New England Society of Detroit, December 20, 1901; printed in *The Detroit Free Press* of the same date; published in *MORNING—1907*, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911*.

p. 168

#### TO THE MOTHER

## p. 169      NEW YEAR'S NURSERY JINGLE

This poem was found on the back of an old envelope with the subheading, 1902; hitherto unpublished in book form.

## p. 170      FOOL-YOUNGENS

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, January, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

## p. 172      A GUSTATORY ACHIEVEMENT

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, January, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

## p. 173      BILLY AND HIS DRUM

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, January, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

## p. 175      A DIVERTED TRAGEDY

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, January, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

## p. 176      THOMAS THE PRETENDER

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, January, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

## p. 178      TO MY SISTER

Written February 10, 1902, for Mrs. Henry Eitel; hitherto unpublished in book form.

p. 179

## THE SOLDIER

Read by the author at the dedicatory exercises of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Indianapolis, May 15, 1902, for which occasion the poem was written; printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, May 16; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. See *A Monument to the Soldiers*, Vol. III, p. 148, and its note.

p. 182

## A CHRISTMAS GLEE

Written in June, 1902, printed in *The Reader*, December, 1905; published in MORNING—1907. Mr. Riley composed music for these verses and this accompanied the words when printed in *The Reader*.

p. 184

## NO BOYS KNOWS

Mr. Riley completed this poem just prior to the exercises at Yale University, June 25, 1902, when the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him, and read it that day at the Alumni Dinner; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 186

## HIS PA'S ROMANCE

Written during the summer of 1902, printed in

dated January 20, 1902, by A. C. Fishback, of Brazil, Indiana, who had read the story in the early eighties in a newspaper. He vouched for the fact of the incident, but could not recall where it happened.

p. 198      TO JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Published as a dedicatory poem in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902, "gratefully and affectionately inscribed to Joel Chandler Harris." See *To "Uncle Remus,"* p. 114, and note; and also *If Uncle Remus Please ter 'Scusen Me*, p. 360.

p. 199      THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

Introductory poem in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902, published in *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK*—1911.

p. 201      ELMER BROWN

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902.

p. 203      THE RAMBO-TREE

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902. The Rambo apple has an unusually delicious flavor.

p. 205      FIND THE FAVORITE

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*

p. 208

## THE BOY PATRIOT

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. These aspirations were vividly experienced by the boy Riley while his father was at the front in the sixties. Even more than saber and rifle, the drum appealed to him, as witness the interview with Charles Virgil Tevis, in *The Indianapolis Sentinel*, June 28, 1903:—

[One of my earliest aspirations] was to be the man who thumps the snare-drum in the band. I wanted to dangle my feet over the tail-board of the band wagon and beat that drum. In my dreams the wagon was all gold and pictures, like the one in the show parade. The man who puffed over the biggest horn didn't inspire such admiration and envy in my mind as did the snare-drummer. In time I realized this treasured ambition. I dangled my legs over the back of the band wagon and rattled noisy symphonies and abused the sheepskin to my heart's content, and the public's, too! But the reality somehow destroyed the inspiration of my dreams. After a while (a short time) I forgot that the consummate joy of living depended upon a tenor drum.

p. 210

## EXTREMES

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 211

## INTELLECTUAL LIMITATIONS

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.

p. 212

## A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS



## p. 215      LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—  
1902.

## p. 217      THE KATYDIDS

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—  
1902.

## p. 219      THE NOBLE OLD ELM

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—  
1902.

## p. 220      EVENSONG

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—  
1902, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 221      AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY-TALE

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—  
1902.

## p. 223      THE TWINS

Published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—  
1902. The jargon of the refrain is from Burns'  
*Verses on Captain Grose*, beginning:—

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?  
Igo and ago,  
If he's amang his friends or foes?  
Iram, coram, dago.

## p. 225      THE LITTLE LADY

## p. 227 "COMPANY MANNERS"

Published in **THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.**

p. 228 **THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE**

Published in **THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.**

p. 230 **THE BEST TIMES**

Published in **THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.**

## p. 231 "HIK-TEE-DIK"

Published in **THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.** "Hik-tee-dik" was the youthful war-cry of "Billy" (Dr. William Morris Pierson), and "Buddy," the boy Riley. See Vol. I, p. 408.

## p. 233 "OLD BOB WHITE"

Published in **THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.**

p. 234 **A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY**

Published in **THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN—1902.**

*One of His Animal Stories:* The poem is founded on fact. The incident was told the poet by his lecture manager, John Marcus Dickey, who related it as his own experience.

p. 236, l. 21: "Waumus," a knit coat.

The second stanza of *Uncle Brightens Up*, printed in *The Century Magazine*, February, 1900,

with the title, *A Pet of Uncle Sidney's*; the third stanza printed in *The Century Magazine*, January 1902, with the title, *In the Kindergarten of Noble Song*.

*And Another of Our Betsy*, with the title, *Our Betsy*, published in *HIS PA'S ROMANCE* (Greenfield Edition and Red Series only)—1903, *WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG*—1906.

*The Imperious Angler* written in a letter to a little friend, Edith Thomas Medairy (called "Dory-Ann"), September 25, 1901.

p. 246                      A SONG OF SINGING

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK*—1911. Stanza 2, entitled *Sing*, appears in *HOME-FOLKS* (Homestead Edition)—1900, where lines 3-4 read:—

Sing! robin on the garden-wall  
Or redbird by the woodland spring.

p. 247                      THE JAYBIRD

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902.

p. 248                      A BEAR FAMILY

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902.

p. 251                      SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK*—1911. The initials as sub-headings refer to the authors in whose fashion the verses were written: William Shakespeare,

Robert Herrick, William Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, William Morris. See the third paragraph, on p. 548, Vol. II.

p. 257                      CLIMATIC SORCERY

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902.

p. 258      THE TREASURE OF THE WISE MAN

Published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—1902, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK*—1911.

p. 259                      OLD GRANNY DUSK

Written September-October, 1902; published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN*—(second edition)—1902, *HIS PA'S ROMANCE*—1903.

p. 260                      FIRE AT NIGHT

Written September-October, 1902; published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN* (second edition)—1902, *HIS PA'S ROMANCE*—1903.

p. 261                      THE YOUNG OLD MAN

Written September-October, 1902; published in *THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN* (second edition)—1902, *HIS PA'S ROMANCE*—1903, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK*—1911.

p. 263      SOME CHRISTMAS YOUNGSTERS

## p. 266 TWILIGHT STORIES

Written September-October, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN (second edition)—1902, HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903.

## p. 267 "GO READ YOUR BOOK!"

Written July-October, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN (second edition)—1902, HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 269 WHEN UNCLE DOC WAS YOUNG

Written September-October, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN (second edition)—1902, HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903.

## p. 271 THE LISPER

Written September-October, 1902; published in THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN (second edition)—1902, HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903, WHEN THE HEART BEATS YOUNG—1906, CHILD-VERSE—1908.

## p. 273 A MOTTO

Written probably early in 1903; hitherto unpublished in book form. These lines were written in answer to a request from a college fraternity for a motto.

## p. 274 A SIMPLE RECIPE

*Man Out of the Right Kind of a Boy*; printed in *Collier's Weekly*, February 28, 1903; published in *HIS PA'S ROMANCE*—1903. See *Busch and Tommy*, Vol. IV, p. 59, and its note.

## p. 275

## HER LONESOMENESS

Printed in *The Youth's Companion*, February 26, 1903; published in *WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG*—1906, *HIS PA'S ROMANCE* (Homestead Edition)—1908, *CHILD-VERSE*—1908. Elizabeth, the little daughter of President Harrison, was the occasion of these verses. She said to her father one morning, "I get so lonesome about you."

In a lecture often delivered in the early eighties Mr. Riley made this comment on child utterance:—

There are unconscious poets all about us: men and women, who, in their most commonplace duties and avocations, are unconsciously sweetening their lives and our own with the poetic drippings of their melodious natures. And if we but analyze the incoherent lisplings of the children—our own Paul Dombey—how often may we find the virgin ore of poetic thought. I recall an instance of this character, furnished by a little fellow yet in dresses, who was caught staring absently from the window at the sky one day, and softly crooning over and over to himself the words: "Lonesome as a pale daylight moon—lonesome as a daylight moon!" And I know many ambitious writers of verse who would be proud to lay claim to that simple utterance; for it is poetry, so pure and perfect, in even technical construction, that it might have adorned the song of any master.

p. 279

## THE TOY-BALLOON

Printed in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, March, 1903; published in *HIS PA'S ROMANCE*—1903.

p. 281

## THE OLD DAYS

Written about April, 1903; printed in *Collier's Weekly*, December 5, 1903, with the title, *Old Days*; published in *MORNING—1907, SONGS OF HOME—1910, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911*.

The following, from an undated manuscript fragment, touches on the same theme in dialect:—

In the old days 'at's past and gone,  
As dead as where yer walkin' on  
The graves of them you loved and lost  
In Spring o' life, afore the frost  
O' death set in—In the old days  
I face around and gaze and gaze.

p. 282

## TO A POET ON HIS MARRIAGE

Written in June, 1903; hitherto unpublished in book form. Mr. Riley sent these lines to his good friend, Mr. Madison Cawein, on the occasion of the latter's marriage to Miss Gertrude McKelvey, at Louisville, June 4, 1903. See *A Southern Singer*, Vol. IV, p. 36; and note.

p. 283

## LOCKERBIE FAIR

Written in June, 1903, for the second Lockerbie Street Fair held June 24-26; published in *HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911*. The poem was sold in pamphlet form in one of the

## p. 285            THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

Printed in *Collier's Weekly*, September 26, 1903;  
published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903.

## p. 287            PROSE OR VERSE?

Published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903.

## p. 288            BILLY MILLER'S CIRCUS-SHOW

Published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE—1903, SONGS  
O' CHEER—1905, THE ORPHANT ANNIE BOOK—  
1908, EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT—1911. See  
*When We First Played "Show,"* p. 146, and its  
note.

## p. 290            IT'S GOT TO BE

Printed in *Success Magazine*, December, 1903;  
published in MORNING—1907, SONGS OF HOME—  
1910.

## p. 293            CHRISTMAS SEASON

Written for Christmas, 1903; published in HIS  
PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908. The  
verses were sent in a Christmas letter to the poet,  
Miss Edith M. Thomas, and her niece, Miss Edith  
Thomas ("Dorv-Ann") Medairy. with this addi-



p. 295

## ART AND POETRY

Written for The Press Artists' Exhibition held at the Claypool Hotel (Indianapolis) the last week in January, 1904; hitherto unpublished in book form. The lines were addressed to the famous cartoonist, Homer C. Davenport [1867-1912].

## p. 296 THE CHILDREN OF THE CHILDLESS

Printed in *Collier's Weekly*, April 2, 1904; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 298

## HOOSIER SPRING-POETRY

Printed in *The Century Magazine*, June, 1904; published in MORNING—1907, SONGS OF SUMMER—1908, A SUMMER'S DAY AND OTHER POEMS—1911.

p. 300

## THE VOICE OF PEACE

Dated November 17, 1904, on which day the Independence Bell was exhibited in Indianapolis to the school children; printed in *The Reader*, July, 1905; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. For the early form of the lines see Vol. I, pp. 255-6.

p. 302

## A DEFECTIVE SANTA CLAUS

Printed in *Collier's Weekly*, December 3, 1904;  
Published in A DEFECTIVE SANTA CLAUS—1904;  
HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908.

## p. 313 WHAT LITTLE SAUL GOT, CHRISTMAS

Printed in *The Cosmopolitan*, December, 1904; published in WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG—1906, MORNING—1907, THE RUNAWAY BOY—1908.

## p. 315 GENERAL LEW WALLACE

Written at the death of General Lew Wallace, February 16, 1905; printed in *Collier's Weekly*, March 4, 1905; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. General Lew Wallace was born at Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827, and served throughout the Civil War. At the unveiling of the Wallace monument in the Hall of Fame, Washington, January 11, 1910, Mr. Riley read this poem, preceded by the following four stanzas written for the occasion.

Even as his sculptured counterpart  
Shall here endure through dateless time,  
So lives he still, in soul and heart,  
Heroic and sublime—  
A kinsman of us all, and yet  
A prince of high and heavenly strain,  
The world's love as his coronet,  
Throughout an endless reign.

Ay, still he lives—where harvests hum  
And days of bounteous peace are ours;  
Or at the sudden whirring drum  
When battle tempest lowers—  
He lives and moves, through war's alarm,  
A sensate spirit, leading still  
His legions with a wavering arm  
And an unwavering will.

What heights of inspiration he

Who meets and smites the impious foe  
 That strikes the banner we so love:  
 It shields our every home below  
 Or hope of home Above.

Shall ever, in the coming years,  
 The Spirit of the Soldier fail  
 To fire men's lips with answering cheers  
 And prayers while arms prevail?—  
 And shall not art forever shrine  
 Him living in her record thus,  
 And History, in glowing line,  
 Prolong his life for us!

p. 317

ON READING DR. HENRY VAN DYKE'S VOLUME  
 OF POEMS—MUSIC

Printed in *The Reader*, March, 1905; published in *MORNING*—1907, *THE LOCKERBIE BOOK*—1911. Mr. Riley's friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, author and poet, and long an effective teacher at Princeton University, is now minister to The Hague. It may be interesting to know that he has written a tribute *To James Whitcomb Riley, Gardener*.

p. 319 HER SMILE OF CHEER AND VOICE OF SONG

Printed in *The Indianapolis News*, April 3, 1905, with the title, *Spring Fails*; published in *SONGS O' CHEER*—1905. This poem is a tribute to Mrs. Anna Randall, written at the time of her death, March 30, 1905. Mrs. Randall was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee O. Harris, and a schoolmate of Mr. Riley. See *To Annie*, Vol. I, p. 135, and its note.

p. 320

THINKIN' BACK

p. 322

## SIS RAPALYE

Printed in *Collier's Weekly*, April 15, 1905; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 324

## TO BLISS CARMAN

Published as the dedicatory poem to SONGS o' CHEER—1905, also published in THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Mr. Carman has long been a friend of Mr. Riley's; and one evidence of his regard may be found in an appreciation of Mr. Riley's work written by him for *The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1898.

p. 326

## A SONG O' CHEER

Published as the proem to SONGS o' CHEER—1905; published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908.

p. 327

## CHILD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

Published in SONGS o' CHEER—1905, HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 328

## I GOT TO FACE MOTHER TO-DAY!

Printed in *The Reader*, September, 1905; published in MORNING—1907.

## SOME IMITATIONS

The next poems in the order of composition are *Pomona*, *The Passing of a Zephyr*, and *Ef Uncle Remus Please ter 'Scusen Me*, all published in *The Reader*, October, 1905, and grouped with some later poems under the general heading, *Some Imitations*, in this volume, p. 357.

p. 332

HENRY IRVING

Written at the death of Sir Henry Irving, October 13, 1905; printed in *Collier's Weekly*, October 28, 1905; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Mr. Irving and Mr. Riley met many times, both in America and on the latter's visit to England in 1891. Through all his associations with the actor, the poet was never able to separate his real personality from the gentle character played by him when he first saw him on the stage. This was in the play *Olivia*, and the part was the kindly Vicar of Wakefield, whose character Irving lived throughout the play in an all-perfect subtlety. Mr. Riley was impressed not alone with the great actor's art, but with his kindness to all about him and his consideration for even the humblest helper, in consequence of which he was loved and revered by every soul who knew him.

p. 333

LINCOLN—THE BOY

Printed in *Collier's Weekly*, February 10, 1906; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. See *Lincoln*, Vol. III, p. 201.

p. 334

NICHOLAS OBERTING

Written just after February 25, 1906, at which time the item quoted below the title appeared in

*The Indianapolis Star*; published in MORNING—1907.

p. 337

### RABBIT

Printed in *The Reader*, May, 1906; published in MORNING—1907.

p. 339

### A SPRING SONG AND A LATER

As indicated by the original manuscript, written late in August, 1906, with the title, *The Two Songs*; published in MORNING—1907, SONGS OF HOME—1910, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 340

### OURS

As explained by the subheading, read at a banquet given Henry Watterson, December 8, 1906; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. In the original the following stanzas precede those of the present version :—

By more than his great State—  
By more than all the great  
United States, we rate  
Our love for one  
Whose home is anywhere  
His hat's off and the air  
Of heaven strokes his hair :—  
Our Watterson!

And even though he goes  
To Spain—and finds, in *rows*,  
His "castles"—grand as those  
Of Cervantes.—

To his State, then, we do  
 Like loving homage to.—  
 It nurtured Boone; it grew  
     Us Prentice,—Clay;  
 The Crittendens (You know 'm!)  
 'Twas Lincoln's native loam—  
 Their "Old Kentucky Home"  
     The World's, to-day!

As all the glorious list  
 Swings back, through Fancy's mist,  
 We see the hands they kissed—  
     The maids—the wives—  
 The mothers—of a race  
 We meet here, face to face:  
 Their lives, by highest grace,  
     Heroic lives.

Henry Watterson is the editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and a distinguished orator, writer and politician. The occasion of this poem gave the poet an opportunity to show appreciation for his friend's tribute to him before the Indiana State Teachers' Association, December 28, 1905, at Indianapolis.

p. 342

## OLD INDIANY

Written early in December, 1906; hitherto unpublished in book form. In preparing these lines Mr. Riley had in contemplation a banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago, December 11, 1906, but he did not use them. On this occasion Mr. George Ade, referred to in the last lines, was toast-master.

p. 345, l. 21: The quotation is adapted from Lowell.

p. 345

## LONGFELLOW

Written for the centennial anniversary of Longfellow's birth, February 27, 1907; published in

MORNING—1907; THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. See Notes, Vol. I, p. 412; *Longfellow's Love for the Children*, Vol. III, p. 25; *Longfellow*, Vol. IV, p. 205.

p. 346

#### WITH A CHILD-BOOK

Written in March, 1907; published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908. These lines were written in a volume of *The Tailor of Gloucester* sent by Mr. Riley as a birthday gift to Mr. Madison Cawein's little son, Preston, March 18, 1907.

p. 347

#### THE DOCTOR

Printed in *The Indianapolis Star*, April 29, 1907; published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. Of this poem Dr. A. W. Brayton, of Indianapolis, said in *The Indianapolis Medical Journal*, May, 1911:—

And at last in the full ripeness of years Mr. Riley made his last and greatest tribute to the whole medical profession in full appreciation of the knowledge of the great progress in the sciences of chemistry and biology which physicians have applied to the curing and prevention of disease. For this purpose he took the occasion of the death of an old friend—the most romantic figure of his generation of physicians; a scientist, a soldier, a philanthropist, a combination of the scientific mind and the artistic temperament; a worker, a teacher, a helpful citizen, a loving father and brave soldier; one who knew not fear, cared not for tradition and was not deceived by names or phrases. Mr. Riley did not dwell upon science or philosophy; he saw the great field and purpose of medicine as expressed in and dominating the general practitioner and surgeon, rather than the man of science and so he “idealized the doctor some” in the poem, *The Doctor*, which appeared in *The Indianapolis Star* the morning of Dr. W. B. Fletcher's funeral and burial, April 29, 1907. Five stanzas there are—forty lines, each ringing clear and true as those in Kipling's



*Recessional*, and like that poem which was the crowning and unexpected—even unasked for climax of the great English exhibit of her power and glory, calling the proud and haughty to the stern and essential things of natural life and duty, “lest we forget”—so this tribute to the doctor calls him to his great function of a minister to the minds and souls as well as to the bodies of his patients.

Two other stanzas to the doctor, both inscribed by Mr. Riley in books presented Dr. Joseph Eastman in the early eighties, are here given:—

Take the best man ever wuz  
At Death's door, with Heaven in sight;  
He don't want no Infinite.  
He wants health, that's what he does,  
And the doctor, and he's right.

This second inscription was afterward used by the family upon the monument over Dr. Eastman's grave:—

First laureate of humanity,  
Lo, science is his poetry!  
With noblest master hand sweeps he  
The harp-strings of Anatomy.

p. 349

ABE MARTIN

Written in the spring of 1907; hitherto unpublished among Mr. Riley's works. This poem was used by Mr. F. Kinsey Hubbard (Kin Hubbard), whose cartoons appear in *The Indianapolis News*, as the introductory poem to his first book, *Abe Martin of Brown County, Indiana*, printed in 1907.

p. 351

MORNING

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 352 THE LOVELINESS

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 354 A PARTING GUEST

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 355 "OUT OF REACH"

Published in MORNING—1907, SONGS OF HOME—1910, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 356 MY FOE

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

## p. 357 SOME IMITATIONS

Published in MORNING—1907.

## I POMONA

Printed in *The Reader*, October, 1905, with the pseudonym John Challing; published also in SONGS OF SUMMER—1908. See *A Southern Singer*, Vol. IV, p. 36; *To a Poet on His Marriage*, p. 282.

## II THE PASSING OF A ZEPHYR

Printed in *The Reader*, October, 1905, under the pseudonym John Challing.

## III EF UNCLE REMUS PLEASE TER 'SCUSEN ME

Printed in *The Reader*, October, 1905, under the pseudonym John Challing. The following clipping

from *The Indianapolis News* of July 14, 1903, the immediate inspiration of these verses, was sent to Joel Chandler Harris with the manuscript, which is reproduced in facsimile in this volume:—

**FIGHTING RABBIT HAS DOG FOR A COMPANION**

SHOALS, IND., July 14.—A familiar sight in the streets here is a white rabbit and white bird dog belonging to T. V. Allbright, which are inseparable companions. Occasionally the dog wanders away from the rabbit, and the rabbit then comes into the business portion of the town in search of the dog. The rabbit is a fighter, and has whipped several strange dogs that attacked it. It never runs from a dog; instead, it strikes its assailant so hard on the nose with its forefeet that the dog generally turns tail and flees.

See *To Joel Chandler Harris*, p. 198, and its note.

**V VAUDEVILLE SKITS**

From old darky songs in general, but not from any particular ones.

p. 366

**THE ROSE-LADY**

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 367

**A HOOSIER CALENDAR**

Published in MORNING—1907, as special edition, illustrated by Gustave Baumann, ALL THE YEAR ROUND—1912. Stanza 2, l. 6: *Hosler Joe* is a poem by Oscar Wild.

p. 372

**THE LITTLE WOMAN**

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 375

## WHAT TITLE?

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. This is a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt.

p. 376

## YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. The three lines introducing this poem as though by quotation are Mr. Riley's own. The inspiration expressed itself in this form.

p. 378

## THE REST

Published in MORNING—1907, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. The poem is written to a fancied character,—hence the initials.

p. 380

## WE MUST BELIEVE

Published in MORNING—1907, SONGS OF HOME—1910, THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911.

p. 382

## THE HIRED MAN'S DOG-STORY

Published in MORNING—1907. The poem is dedicated to Dr. James Newton Matthews. See the note, *James Newton Matthews*, Vol. IV, p. 537.

p. 389

## PERVERSITY

Published in MORNING—1907.

- 390

HER BROTHER

- p. 392 GRAMPA'S CHOICE

Published in MORNING—1907.

- p. 393 A LITTLE LAME BOY'S VIEWS

Published in MORNING—1907.

- p. 395 A VERY TALL BOY

Published in MORNING—1907.

- p. 396 THE RAGGEDY MAN ON CHILDREN

Published in MORNING—1907, THE RAGGEDY MAN—1907.

- p. 397 'LIZABUTH-ANN ON BAKIN'-DAY

Published in MORNING—1907, THE ORPHANT ANNIE BOOK—1908, THE BOY LIVES ON OUR FARM—1911.

- p. 398 GOLDIE GOODWIN

Published in MORNING—1907.

- p. 399 SYMPTOMS

Published in MORNING—1907. Stanza 3, l. 2: "Old Blue" river. There is a stream of this name near Greenfield.

- p. 400 BUB SAYS

Published in MORNING—1907.

- p. 402 THE POOR STUDENT

Published in MORNING—1907.

## p. 404           UNCLE SIDNEY'S RHYMES

Published in MORNING—1907.

## p. 405   "BLUE-MONDAY" AT THE SHOE SHOP

Printed in MORNING—1907. See the note on *Jim*, Vol. III, p. 365.

## p. 407           THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

Published in MORNING—1907.

## p. 408           O. HENRY

Written August 15, 1907; hitherto unpublished in book form. Mr. Riley inscribed these lines in a set of his works presented to O. Henry [Sidney Porter (1867-1910)], the short-story writer. The subtitle refers to Sherrard Plummer, a character in *A Madison Square Arabian Night* [in *The Trimmed Lamp*], a story Mr. Riley took particular pleasure in.

## p. 409           WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Dated September 30, 1907, printed in *The Indianapolis Journal*, October 1, 1907; hitherto unpublished in book form. Mr. Riley read this poem

## p. 414 THE BOYS OF THE OLD GLEE CLUB

Printed in *The Reader*, November, 1907; published in a special edition, THE BOYS OF THE OLD GLEE CLUB—1907, HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908. The poem is dedicated "To Newton Booth Tarkington." The *Indianapolis News* of November 2, 1907, said:—

James Whitcomb Riley's latest poem, *The Boys of the Old Glee Club*, appears in the November issue of *The Reader Magazine*. The glee club of which the Hoosier poet writes will be better known to residents of Indianapolis, and of Indiana, as the "Bald-Headed Glee Club." All its members, those who survive as well as those who have passed away, were personally acquainted with Mr. Riley and beloved by him. For years the singers appeared at various entertainments, giving freely of their services to assist in numerous worthy causes, singing at the reunions of old soldiers, at church fairs and sociables, for friends, for social gatherings, for their own amusement and for charity. The origin of the club can be traced to the first Harrison campaign in which it performed gallant service for the "favorite son" of Indiana. But it did not long remain a political glee club. Its members, all well known in the city and the State, found other calls for their talents, and to these responded freely and gladly.

As the years passed, however, age set its quaver upon their voices and it was not often that the old glee club could be mustered in strength to appear at public entertainments. Some of the younger members moved from the city and those of older years passed, one by one, to their long rest. As Mr. Riley recites, John Blake is no longer a resident of Indianapolis; Colonel Dan M. Ransdell is in Washington, sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate; Macy and Weaver have both moved away; Bob Geiger lives in Georgia; Henry C. Adams, Mahlon Butler, David Wallace, Burgess Brown—these four alone remain. Sabold was the first to die, then came the deaths of John Slauson and Ward, and next Doctor Woodward and Edward P. Thompson followed those who had gone before. It was a cruel blow to those who had loved the men, as these old members of the old glee club had loved them, but it came with far less crushing weight than did the death of Col. Will Tarkington, the next to pass beyond the gate. "Ever' one," says Mr. Riley, "loved to love Will Tarkington."

The incident which the poet makes use of is no idle fiction of the romanticist. The phonograph record was taken, as Mr. Riley recites, and, at the home of John T. Brush, following the death of Mr. Tarkington, it was placed in the machine. The voices that came back to the old members of the club, now gray with age, holding dear the memories of the past, came to them as voices of the dead—

“Not the *machine* a-singin’—No,  
Th’ Old Glee Club o’ long ago!  
Seeming to call, with hail and cheer,  
From Heaven’s high seas down to us here.”

p. 420, l. 11: Dick Thompson, mentioned in *Regarding Terry Hut* and its note, Vol. III, p. 325.

p. 425, l. 9: Rear Admiral George Brown [1835-1913], a Hoosier born, and a veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars, who lived at Indianapolis after his retirement.

The songs mentioned in the poem are described as follows: *Larboard Watch*, an old sailors’ song, music composed by T. Williams; *Uncle Ned*, a negro song, words and music by Stephen Foster; *The Sword of Bunker Hill*, words by William Ross Wallace, set to music by Covert; “Billy Magee-Magaw,”—*Crow Song*, an old college song, author and composer unknown (can be found in *College Songs* compiled by Henry Randall Waite); *Tenting on the Old Camp Ground*, words and music by Walter Kittredge; “A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia!”,—*Song of a Thousand Years*, words



## p. 425 "MONA MACHREE"

The manuscript, in a presentation volume, is dated May 20, 1908, with this inscription: "To T. A. Daly, Esq., with hale greetings of his old contemporary, James Whitcomb Riley"; hitherto unpublished in book form. *Mona Machree* is a poem by Mr. Daly which Mr. Riley greatly admires.

## p. 426 SONG DISCORDANT

Published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908.

## p. 427 LARRY NOOLAN'S NEW YEAR

Published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908.

## p. 428 LISPING IN NUMBERS

Published in HIS PA'S ROMANCE (Homestead Edition)—1908. The "little poetry-piece" here produced was preserved by Mr. Riley's sister, whose little son, Edmund H. Eitel, had written it.

## p. 430 BENJAMIN HARRISON

Written for the unveiling of the Harrison monument at Indianapolis, October 27, 1908, when Mr. Riley read these two sonnets and the sonnet entitled *The Tribute of His Home*, p. 159; the three sonnets printed as one poem, with the title, *The Tribute of*

## p. 432 LEE O. HARRIS—CHRISTMAS DAY, 1909

Written December 25, 1909; printed in *The Indianapolis Star*, December 27, 1909; hitherto unpublished in book form. Captain Lee O. Harris, the poet's old friend and teacher, died at Greenfield, December 23, 1909, aged seventy. The friendship that began when the boy Riley was his pupil deepened with the years as the latter came the better to understand and appreciate the fine qualities of his old master and the service he had rendered. They often counseled together over their poetical endeavors and always maintained the most affectionate friendship. See *James Whitcomb Riley—A Sketch*, Vol. I, pp. 370, 377; *Three Singing Friends*, Vol. IV, p. 272, and its note.

## p. 434

## TO BENJ. S. PARKER

Written on the day of the death of Benjamin S. Parker, March 14, 1911; printed in *The Indianapolis Star*, March 15, 1911; published in THE LOCKERBIE BOOK—1911. When Mr. Riley wrote this poem he was himself very ill. The death of his old comrade, one of his first literary friends, moved him to disregard his physician's command to abstain from writing. The news of Parker's death was communicated to him about midday and during the afternoon he composed the poem.

See *Three Singing Friends*, Vol. IV, p. 272, and its note.

## p. 435

## THE HIGHEST GOOD

p. 436

## MY CONSCIENCE

Completed April 17, 1913; printed in *The Century Magazine*, July, 1913; hitherto unpublished in book form. This poem was begun about November, 1888, and the unfinished manuscript was lost to view until discovered in the work of preparing this edition. Mr. Riley completed and revised the verses on April 17, 1913.

## TO THE CHILDREN

On September 29, 1913, Mr. Riley learned that the school children of Indianapolis had planned to honor him on his birthday, October 7, with exercises in the schools, a poetry shower, and a parade past his home. In appreciation he wrote the following stanza, which appeared on a souvenir he presented to the children on the occasion:—

O CHILDREN, so mild  
In pure worth, and so wild  
With delight, take the love of  
An "Elderly child."

The quotation in the last line is from Frederick Locker-Lampson.



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